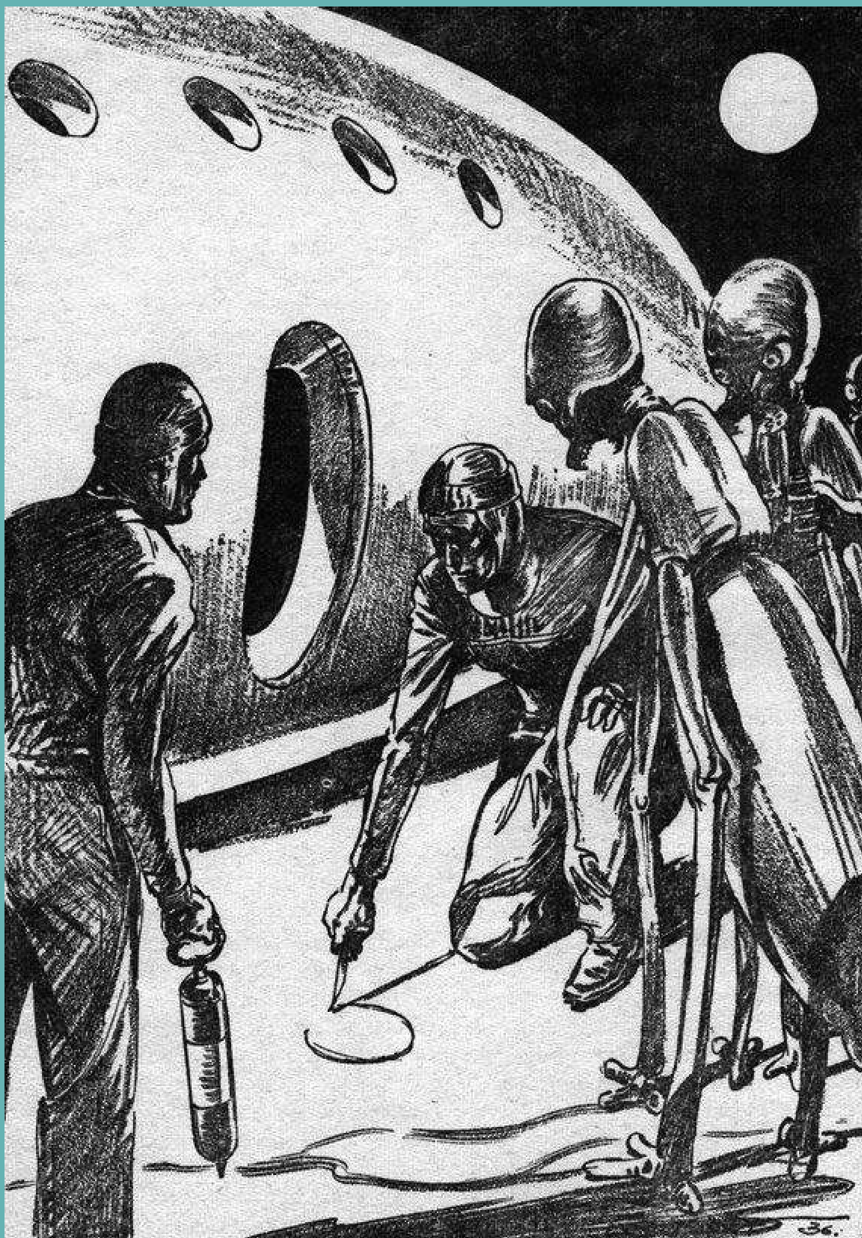
Avant l'éclosion des ovnis et de l'ufologie...



Marc Hallet

Liège - Juillet 2020

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La mise en page originelle a été conçue pour un fichier PDF et pour nul autre type de fichier

Liège - Chez l'auteur

Juillet 2020

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your head, old man. We can't blink the facts. We saw them with our own eyes, and I personally scrutinized them rather carefully with the glasses. Besides, they're matter of common report among the Jovians. The creatures are real enough."

"O, yes, as far as that's concerned, I suppose they are. But——"

"Yes—what?"

"It doesn't seem reasonable, Chief. In the first place, it's too cold in outside space for living creatures; in the second place, they couldn't fly out there, because there's no air to fly in. I don't suppose they have electronic engines. In the third place——"

"All right, Marlin, we'll get at those things in due season. I want you to know all about them, because we have to deal with them *right now*. This looks to me like the worst things we have ever gone up against. It *might* happen, you know, that they would get me, in which case you would be the one the organization would look to."



. . . an aerocar containing nine persons . . . set out from London for a neighboring city—Southampton, I believe. That was evening. . . .

Marlin's face went amazing tender for one so huge and so muscular. "Don't talk like that, Chief. I—I—don't like it. If you go, I go, too. But—you're right about it, Chief. I guess I'm just a coward." He turned to look the other squarely in the eyes. "Chief, I'm *afraid* of the damn things!"

Mansonby thrust out his hand impulsively. "Shake on that, old tiger. So am I—terribly afraid of them—desperately afraid. But we must remember that the whole solar system depends to a greater or less degree upon the Mansonby Interplanetary. Our lives—yours, mine, Maltapa's, Rala's, and every mother's son of us—our lives have to stand between them and harm. If we have to spend our lives right down to the last man of us, why we have to, and that's all there is to it. As a matter of fact, I'm fearfully worried about Maltapa and his men, in spite of Maltapa's undoubted power and cleverness. They're on their way to Jupiter right now to meet these elementals. We ought to be with them; but how can we be? Our hands will be more than full right here within the next few days, if I'm not badly mistaken."

"Yes, I understand, Chief. Maltapa's apt to be impulsive, but Lord! he's magnificent when he's in action. Man, man! When I think how he and his Martians waded through those Drugos! But let's get started at this thing. You were going to say——"

Mansonby reached into his desk and brought out a thick pamphlet of bound pages. "This, Marlin, is the translation by Professor Arrata Mela, the Jovian linguist and scientist, of the voyage of the people of the planet Ekkis to Jupiter, many many years ago. You may take it as completely authentic. The ship is there on Jupiter today. The people of the Ekkisian cities of Jupiter are there. You might read it over some other time when you get a chance, just for what you can get out of it. But there's one little part I want to read to

phone conversation with Mansonby at the Ello-ta home. The human being will never believe others. He must see for himself—an admirable trait, albeit often disastrous. Living themselves on a mere grain of cosmic sand, knowing almost nothing of what goes on in the great universe, they yet assume and insist that such and such things *cannot be*.



The fields and range were decimated of livestock.

It was impossible to put the whole country into jail for disobedience. A tithe of the offenders, taken here and there to show that the police meant business, already crowded to overflowing all available places of detention. These were imprisoned for a day, or a day and a night at the most, given a "good talking to," and upon promising future obedience, turned loose with a warning.

Many probably knew nothing about the orders. Incredible as it may seem, there were still many who had not been willing to spend the few paltry pennies that would have put radio appliances into their homes, or even the still smaller sum to supply themselves with old-style telephones. There was no way to reach and warn such, as all mail deliveries had been suspended.

Many laughed at "the whole ridiculous business." In general, the more they were warned, the less they heeded. The like had never been heard of—was outside their experience or belief. Such fantastic creatures as the police were trying to frighten them with were simply absurd. There could not be intelligent living beings of any such sort. The prevalent verdict was that there was no such animal. They would assuredly have known it before if there had been. Did the police think they were children to run into the house and hide in a closet, just because something or other had blundered accidentally into their atmosphere?

So they laughed and went about the business of making a little more money. An aerocar would be flying along; an automobile on the highway; men at work in the fields; women and children on picnics; groups of people here and there—then a swift, soundless swoop from above, the suffocating embrace of the creatures of their unbelief, and that was the end for the men, women and children. The people were literally "gobbled up" by the thousands as the number of the enemy increased during the succeeding weeks.

The larger ships were not molested at first, the intelligent creatures evidently either realizing that the big craft were too much for them, or else awaiting the time when easier prey should be lacking.

Over the United States the sinister dragons of the ether, in ever-multiplying numbers, hovered and dived, wheeled and dived again and again, ghostly, foul, nauseous; and each time, human beings or animals passed into the ravening maws.

Slowly, stubbornly, realization came to the populace, as the detestable hordes overspread the Earth, and a mad panic set in, which reached its remotest corners. All races, colors, and conditions alike—such as were left of them—began to mill about in frantic terror. If it had at first been difficult to coax or browbeat them to do anything in the way of taking precautions, it was now impossible to get them to do anything but skulk in their homes, or whatever places seemed to offer them the most security from the primordial menace.

The police, armies, and navies of the whole Earth riddled the mysterious creatures with millions of bullets and shells from the guns of the airships—in vain, as Sanderson had predicted. Some were shattered in vital parts, and brought down, but for the greater part they remained unharmed. A hundred bullets flung into one of them had little more effect than sticking pins into jelly. Such specimens as were secured the scientists experimented with, dissected, analyzed, tested, and talked about, and reduced their findings to copious nothings; but nothing was established that had not already been known or suspected. The learned doctors of science could offer no means for their destruction. The rare, unchemical tissues of which they were made would yield to none of the known treatments. All they knew was that electricity reduced them to delicate ashes.

INTRODUCTION

Il y a bien des années de cela, j'ai produit une série de textes illustrés par lesquels j'ai démontré que les « pulps » américains de science-fiction avaient très certainement influencé les esprits de telle manière que l'observation de Kenneth Arnold soit rapidement englobée dans une mythologie particulière reposant sur l'existence d'extraterrestres qui nous rendraient visite dans des vaisseaux cigaroïdes ou discoïdaux. (Voir références en fin du présent chapitre)

Un certain nombre d'auteurs développèrent également cette idée. Néanmoins, les illustrations qu'ils utilisèrent pour leurs démonstrations furent souvent les mêmes et le nombre de celles-ci reste dès lors assez limité. D'une part ceux qui proposèrent des illustrations originales ne firent habituellement que reprendre des couvertures de magazines qu'ils avaient trouvées ici et là sans trop chercher, et d'autre part ils furent copiés par d'autres qui ne prirent même pas la peine de faire des recherches personnelles en la matière. C'est ainsi qu'une illustration plusieurs fois utilisée pour tenter de prouver que l'idée d'enlèvement de vaches ou chevaux par des ovnis avait été puisée dans les « pulps » américains n'a finalement jamais été dénoncée comme une fausse preuve. Pourtant, en réalité, elle n'a aucun rapport avec les ovnis puisqu'elle montre une vache happée par une sorte de « dragon » volant dérivé d'une méduse (Voir ci-contre - *Amazing Stories Quarterly* - Spring 1930).

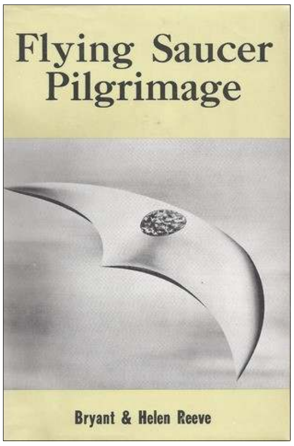
Aujourd'hui, grâce aux efforts de collectionneurs passionnés de science-fiction qui ont numérisé des quantités de publications, internet permet d'effectuer des recherches fouillées dans ce domaine. Il est donc surprenant de constater que personne ne semble s'y atteler !

C'est pourquoi j'ai décidé récemment d'approfondir encore certaines investigations que j'avais faites il y a quelques années et qui m'avaient déjà permis d'exhumer bien d'autres illustrations que celles habituellement proposées. Je ne me suis en effet pas contenté des couvertures des « pulps » ; je suis allé voir à l'intérieur de ceux-ci !

Mais je crois nécessaire de faire précéder mes « trouvailles » de quelques commentaires utiles...

Au début du XXème siècle, lorsque les auteurs et illustrateurs de science-fiction durent décrire ou représenter des engins exotiques capables de voyager dans nos cieux ou dans l'espace, ils en imaginèrent principalement deux types : ceux dérivés de la fusée classique ou du ballon dirigeable qui furent donc représentés sous forme de cylindres pointus ou non, et ceux d'apparence simplement sphéroïdale (parfois à facettes). La plupart de ces vaisseaux comportaient des rangées de hublots

circulaires ou rectangulaires. Certains de ces engins étaient lisses et d'autres laissaient apparaître de nombreux boulons et rivets. D'autres formes de vaisseaux furent cependant imaginées, souvent dérivées de plateformes rectangulaires ou non.



C'est évidemment l'expression « soucoupes volantes », inventée par un journaliste peu après la fameuse observation de Kenneth Arnold en 1947, qui engendra la forme discoïdale classique qu'eurent au départ le plus grand nombre des ovnis signalés. Cependant, on parla très vite d'autres types d'engins mystérieux : des « cigares volants » (considérés souvent comme de gigantesques transporteurs d'engins plus petits), des ballons de rugby, des obus, des champignons et bien d'autres choses jusqu'aux plus récents triangles ou losanges qui firent la fortune de la pseudo vague ovni belge. Curieusement, l'aile volante réellement décrite par Kenneth Arnold et qui fut illustrée à l'époque ici et là dans des publications ufologiques (par exemple sur la couverture du livre des Reeves reproduite ci-contre) tomba rapidement dans l'oubli. Pourtant, ce type d'avion qui fut expérimenté en Allemagne pendant la seconde guerre mondiale puis par Northrop aux USA dès avant l'observation de Kenneth Arnold existe toujours sous la forme du bombardier B2 Northrop. On notera pourtant que l'aile volante fut également représentée dès 1930 dans le numéro d'automne d'*Amazing Stories Quarterly* (voir page ci-contre).

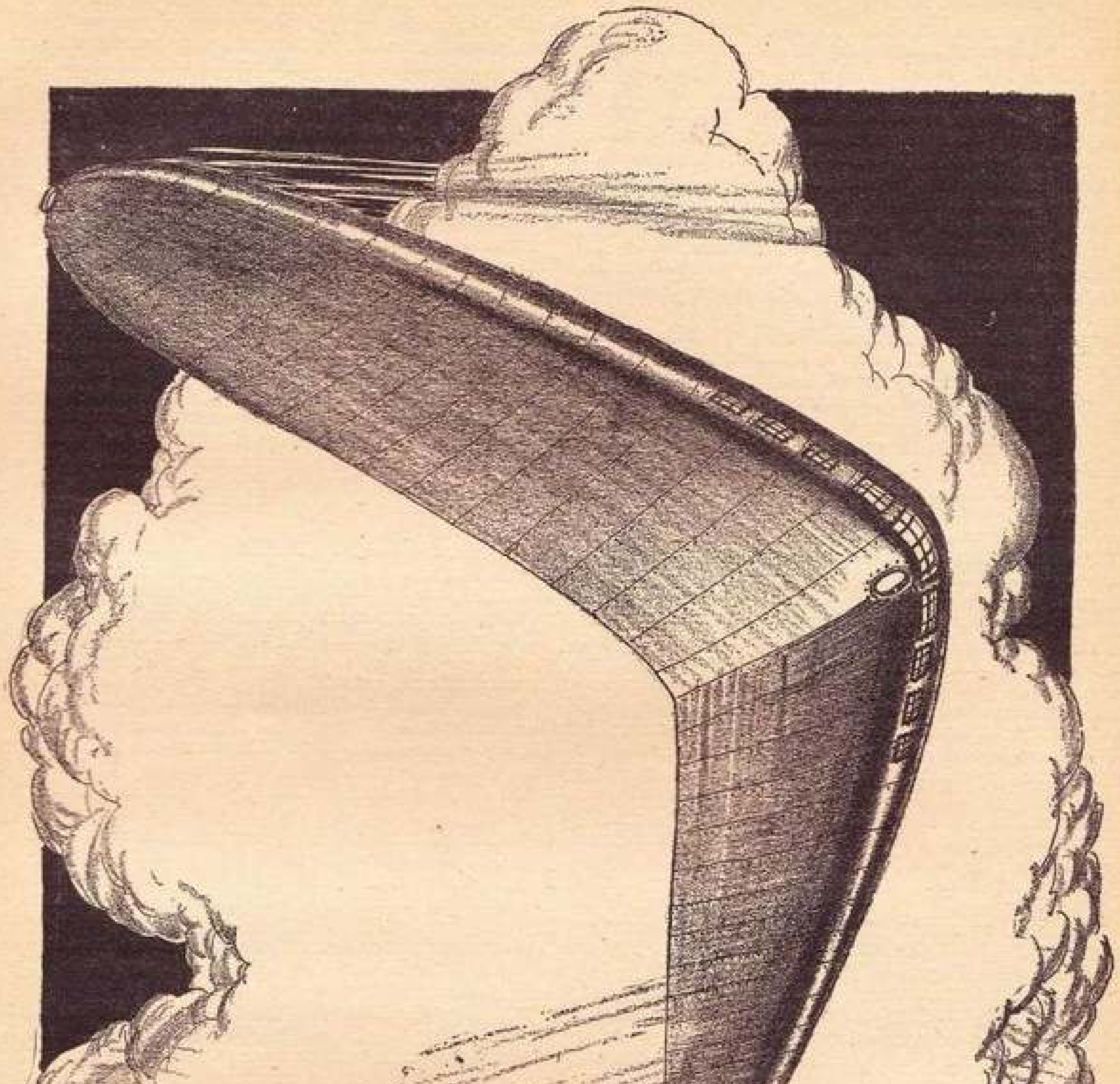
Dans les « pulps » américains comme dans le reste de la littérature de science-fiction, les extraterrestres furent souvent représentés comme des monstres dérivés des insectes, des serpents, des méduses, des poissons ou même des batraciens. Mais ils furent également souvent humanoïdes, bien que bizarrement colorés (verts), dotés de membres grêles ou tentaculaires, ou ayant de grosses têtes chauves aux grands yeux ronds montées sur de petits corps.

Les « pulps » américains visaient clairement un public masculin. Ces magazines à bon marché contenaient en effet systématiquement des publicités ne s'adressant qu'aux hommes et ne présentaient jamais les femmes que sous quelques stéréotypes plaisant aux machistes. Même les illustrations avaient souvent ce caractère machiste et certaines fusées étaient incroyablement phalliques comme par exemple dans l'illustration d'*Amazing Stories* de février 1929 reproduite en page 4 ci-après.

Certains thèmes revenaient dans les récits et illustrations de manière quasi obsessionnelle. Par exemple le « rayon » désintégrateur, paralysant ou téléporteur ; la notion d'enlèvement ainsi que celle de l'opération chirurgicale ou de l'examen médical sur une table prévue à cet effet et souvent entourée d'appareils mystérieux. Cette même table médicale apparaissait également dans certains récits d'horreur dont évidemment ceux inspirés des expériences du Dr Frankenstein. Et ce n'est pas un hasard si les « rencontres du quatrième type » comportent nombre d'examens médicaux traumatisants de même que la littérature érotique ou l'industrie pornographique où de telles scènes sont également souvent exploitées...

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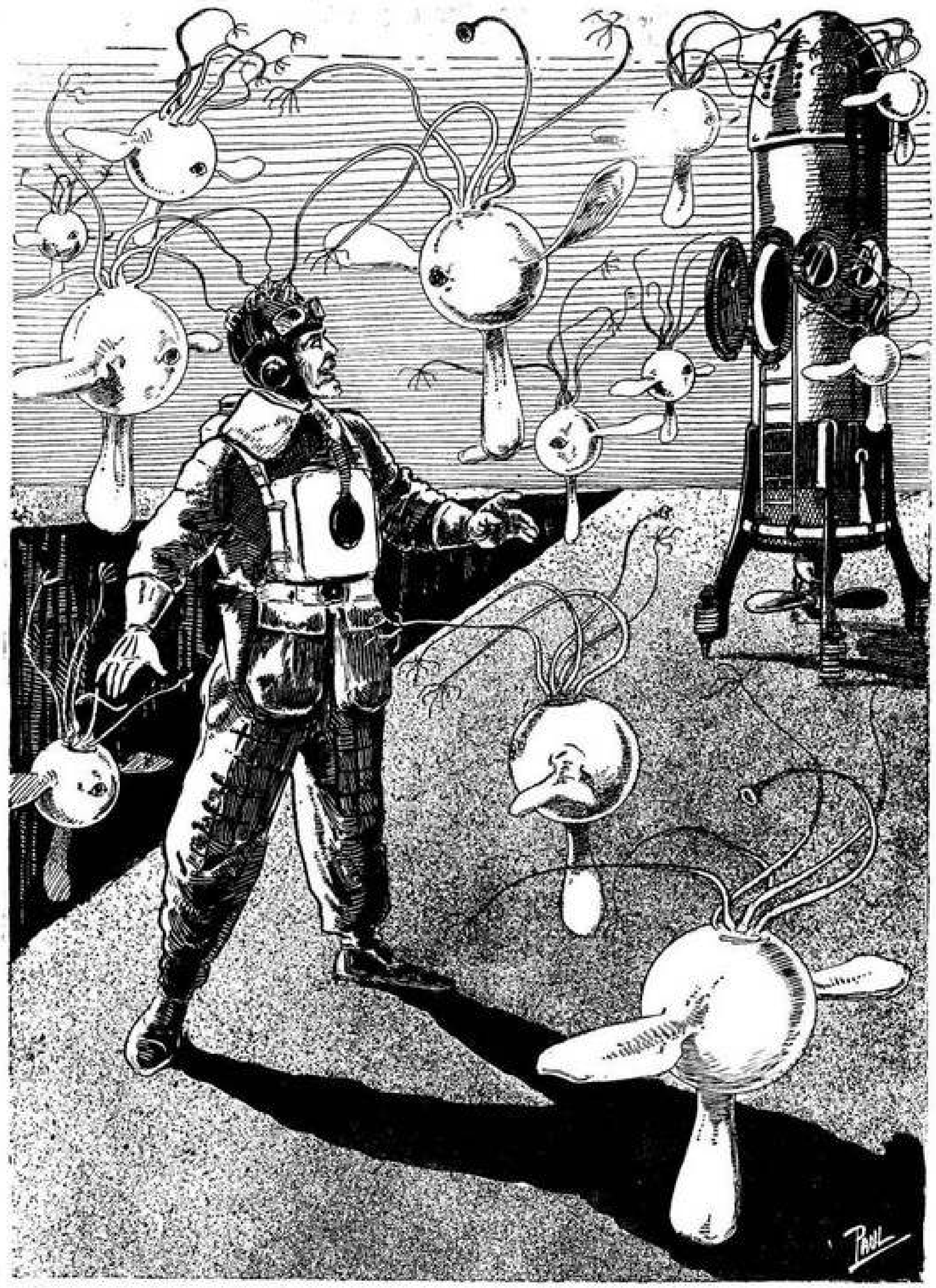


With an odd twisting motion, the large piece of metal made its way into space.



FOR four hours James De Loach sat in his private office, eating his heart out with anxiety and dread for his daughter's safety. Then his private secretary announced a caller, Mr. Hill. The name was unfamiliar and De Loach asked brusquely whether there had been an appointment. He was told that the man was one of the inventors attached to Aviation Consolidated and was calling at the request of the president of the company.

"Show him in," said the great man, and there was a stern tone to his voice that boded no good to the young man.



As it steadied itself in the air, I gazed at it in some apprehension, for I was unarmed, but it showed no hostility whatever—nothing but curiosity. Then suddenly the words were imprinted on my brain as clearly as if they had been spoken: "Whence came you?" . . . Then I became aware of others and turned.

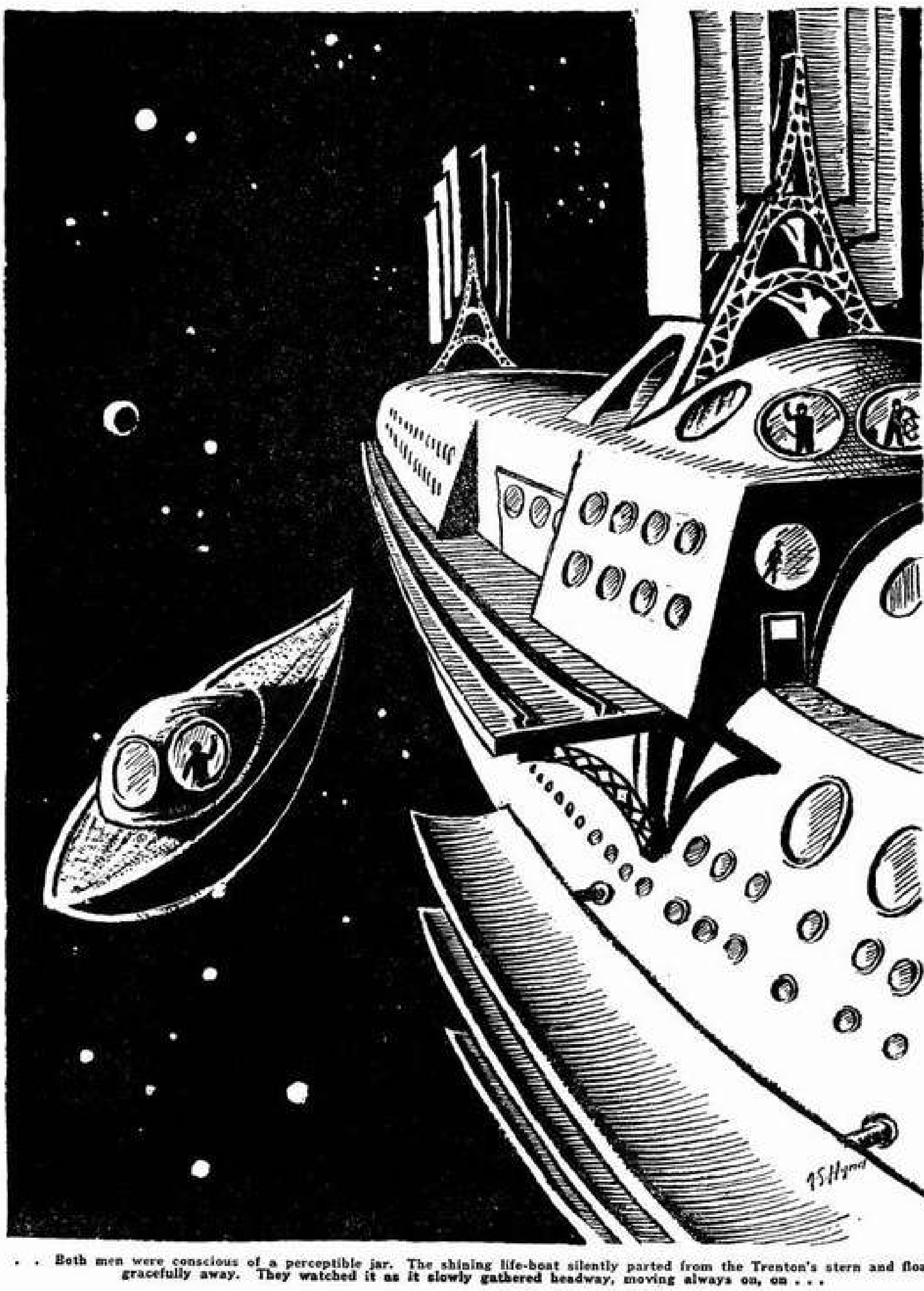
LES GALERIES

Dans les pages qui suivent, on trouvera toutes sortes d'illustrations de magazines américains de science-fiction dont les dates de parution s'échelonnent entre 1927 et 1937. Je les ai classées chronologiquement. Elles montrent des engins de toutes formes, à commencer par des cylindres dont certains sont porteurs de plus petits vaisseaux (notion de « vaisseau-mère » très prisée par les contactés des années '50).

Certaines de ces illustrations sont évidemment plus « parlantes » ou « évocatrices » que d'autres, si on les considère par rapport à la littérature ufologique qui a débuté en juin-juillet 1947. On voudra bien conserver à l'esprit que j'ai éliminé nombre d'illustrations montrant des objets cigaroïdes, par trop nombreuses, certaines se rapprochant d'ailleurs de trop près du type de fusée classique.

ON *the* MARTIAN WAY

By Capt. H. G. Bishop, U.S.A.



. . Both men were conscious of a perceptible jar. The shining life-boat silently parted from the Trenton's stern and floated gracefully away. They watched it as it slowly gathered headway, moving always on, on . . .

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Amazing Stories - 1927 Feb

THIRD HONORABLE MENTION IN THE $500 PRIZE COVER CONTEST
Awarded to William H. Christie, 1949 Crescent Road, Foul Bay, Victoria, B. C., Canada, for "*The Lost Continent.*"



The Doctor released the machine from his grasp and there it remained, spinning like a little world in space.

The LOST CONTINENT
By Cecil B. White

CHAPTER I

THE name of Doctor Joseph Lamont is so well known to the public that it is hardly necessary to introduce him. The startling advances which have recently been made in liberating the energy of the atom and the still more remarkable feat of the actual creation of matter from energy are, as nearly everyone knows, due to his untiring efforts.

Five years ago I had the good fortune of being selected to fill a vacancy in his small staff. A few months previously I had graduated with honors in physics at Chicago. Evidently he had been impressed with the new methods I had developed in my line of attack on the problem of atomic structure, for after the appearance of my paper in the *Journal of Physical Science*, which resulted from these investigations, I received a short note requesting me to call upon him at my earliest convenience. The outcome of my visit was that I was elected to fill a position which I had not even dared to hope for.

THIS story, which has been awarded Third Honorable Mention, is particularly interesting because it was written by a prominent astronomer and embodies some very interesting bits of real science. Of all the prize-winning stories submitted, this one certainly contains the best science. It contains quite a good deal of unusual thoughts on the Fourth Dimension. Furthermore, if you wish to have a good insight into the Einstein Theory, in a manner that will be easy to understand by laymen, here is your chance to get a pleasant and palatable dose of it. The idea of bringing the lost Atlantis into the realm of the story we consider a happy thought. Certainly the author made the most of it in his original and really ingenious manner.

About two years ago he requested me to come into his office, asking me to bring Harvey, another member of the staff, in with me. This was an unusual occurrence, for we were generally given our instructions in typewritten form by his sec-

FOURTH HONORABLE MENTION IN THE $500 PRIZE COVER CONTEST

Awarded to D. B. McRae, 392 E Street, San Bernardino, California, for *"The Gravitomobile."*



He placed a piece of copper on the bench where the tweezers had lain. When he released it, it flew to join the tweezers. Then a piece of rubber, a lead pencil, some silver coins, and finally, a glass stopper from a nearby bottle leaped to the knob when they were brought near.

The GRAVITOMOBILE

By D. B. McRae

THIS time the illustration on the December, 1926, cover, furnishes the author a chance to work out, mathematically, some very ingenious ideas on gravitation. The last theories of the structure of the atom are used in a most entertaining manner in the development of a dramatic story. You will not only enjoy this story, but its O. Henry ending will probably leave you nonplussed for the time being. All in all, it is really a good yarn, with a "different" treatment.

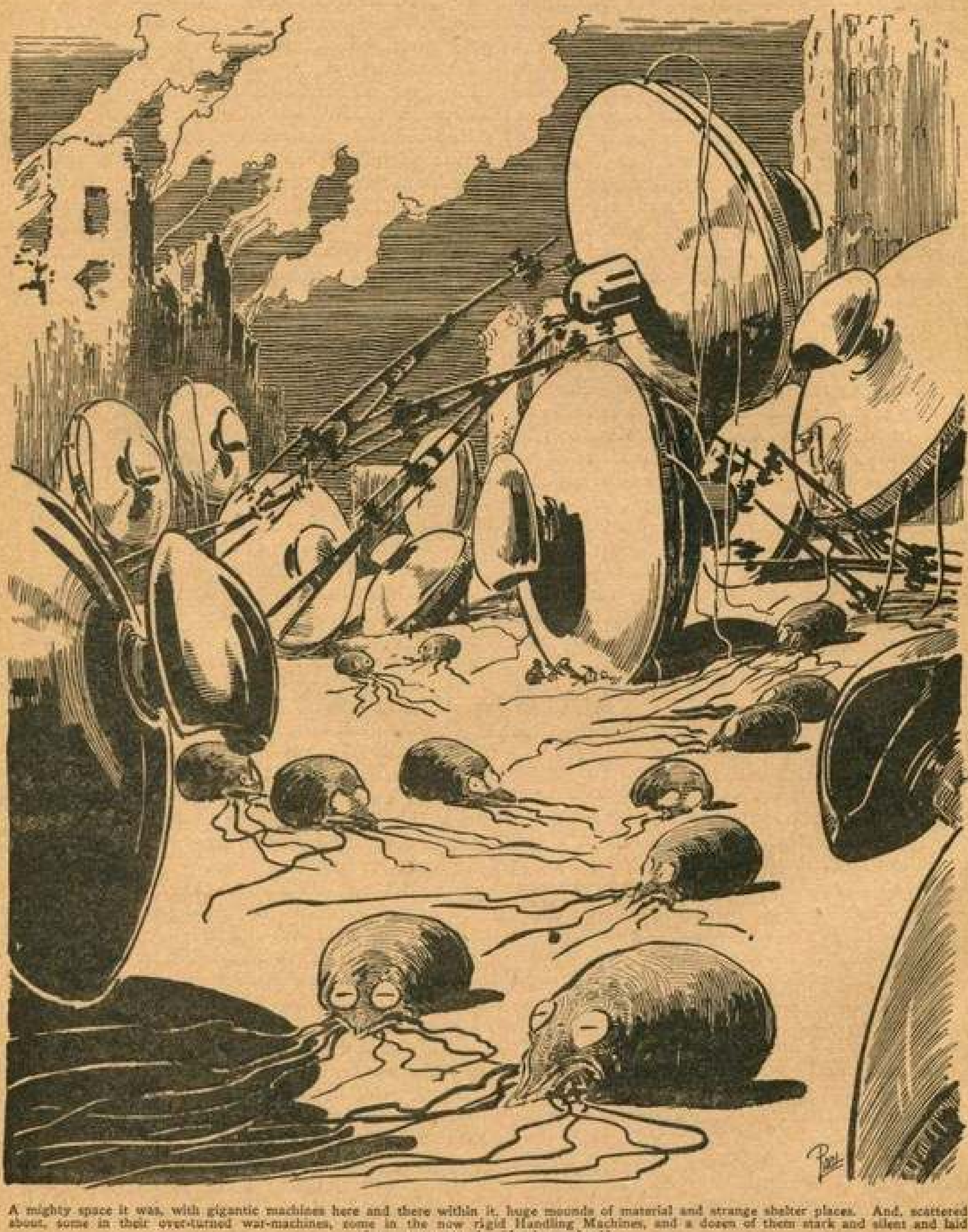
THE ancient little engine slowly and laboriously grunted its way over the rusty rails and finally came to a halt by the side of a lonesome shack. At one end of the decrepit building there dangled a weather-beaten sign with the words, "El Centro," still faintly legible.

Surely this could not be the place where I was to meet my old friend Harry Teasdale. I glanced at the letter he had written me. Yes, it certainly said "El Centro," and it further assured me that he would meet me there. I descended from the old caboose which this Mexican railroad was pleased to call their passenger car, seated myself on a bench which looked as though it might collapse at any moment, and prepared to await my friend's arrival. As the train pulled out, the conductor gazed pityingly in my direction, as though somewhat in doubt as to the sanity of any one who would stop in that forsaken place.

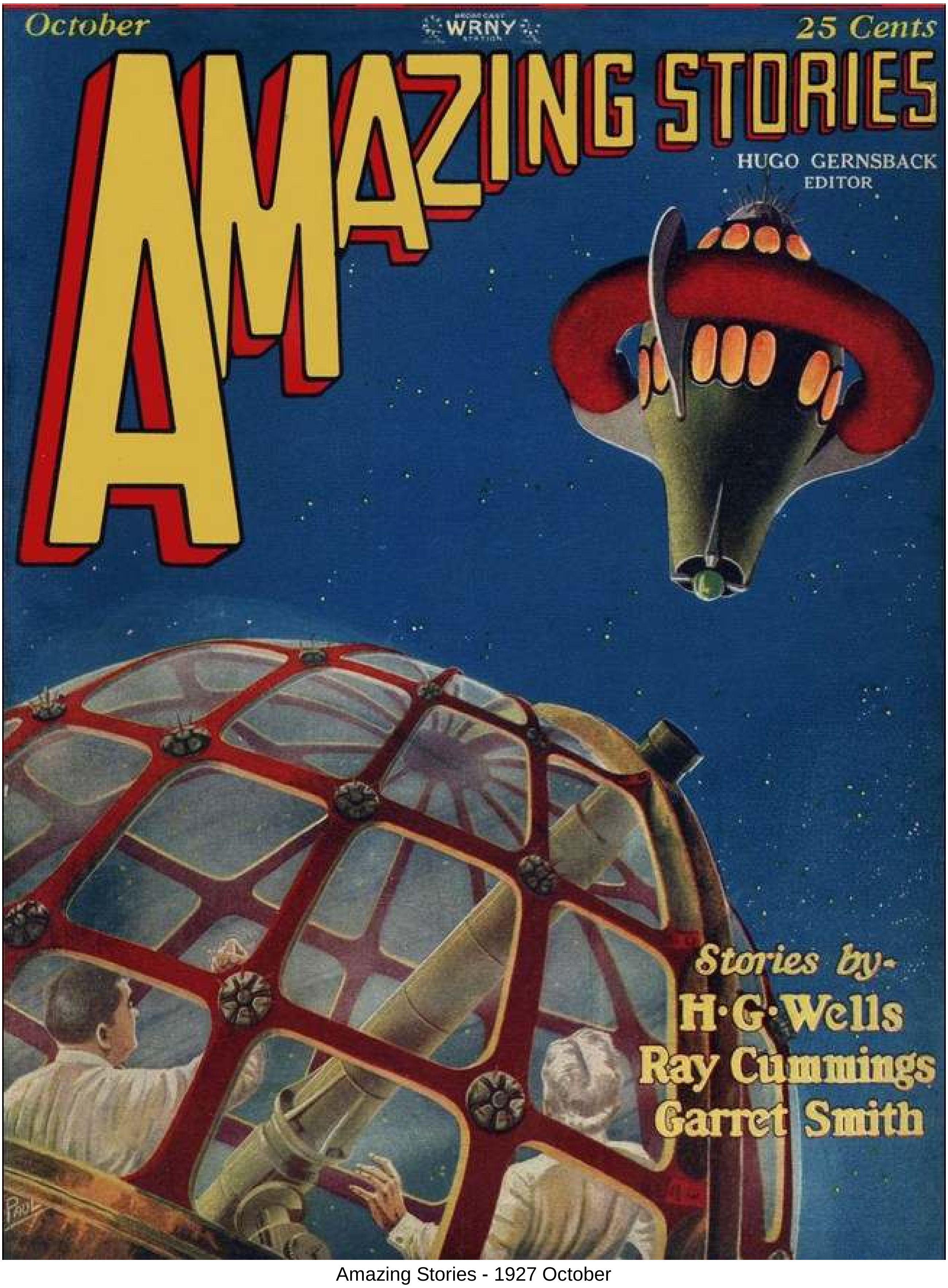
I had come there as a result of an invitation from Harry Teasdale, an old college chum of mine. We had started together in a scientific course a good many years ago, but I had soon fallen by the wayside, mathematics being the chief cause of my downfall. I had flunked so many "exams" that the

The WAR of the WORLDS
By H. G. Wells

Author of "Under the Knife," "The Time Machine," etc.



A mighty space it was, with gigantic machines here and there within it, huge mounds of material and strange shelter places. And, scattered about, some in their over-turned war-machines, some in the now rigid Handling Machines, and a dozen of them stark and silent and laid in a row, were the Martians—*dead!*



Amazing Stories - 1927 October

The Astounding Discoveries of DOCTOR MENTIROSO

by A. Hyatt Verrill

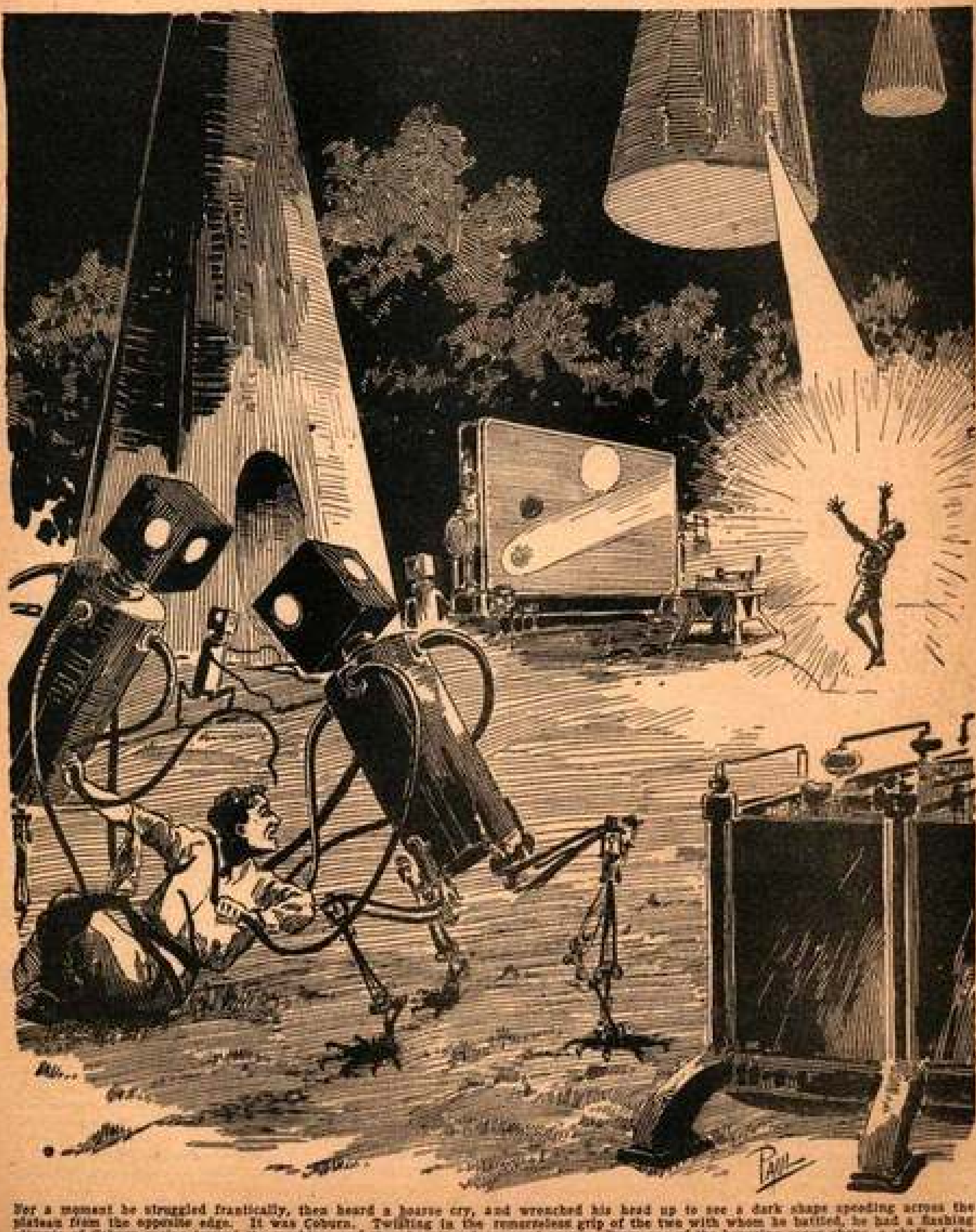
Author of "Through the Crater's Rim," "The Plague of the Living Death," etc.



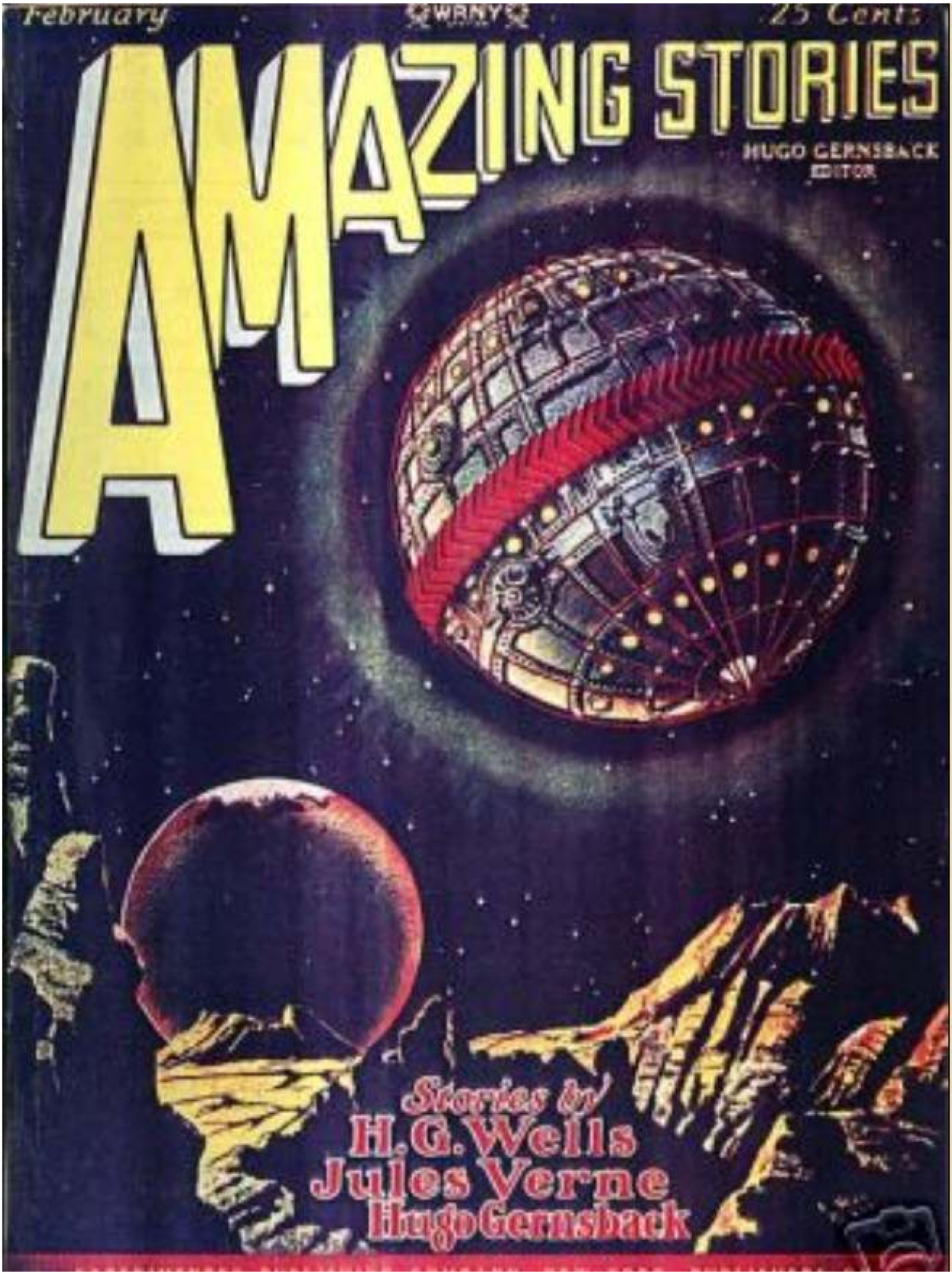
Amazing Styories - 1927 November

The COMET DOOM

by Edmond Hamilton

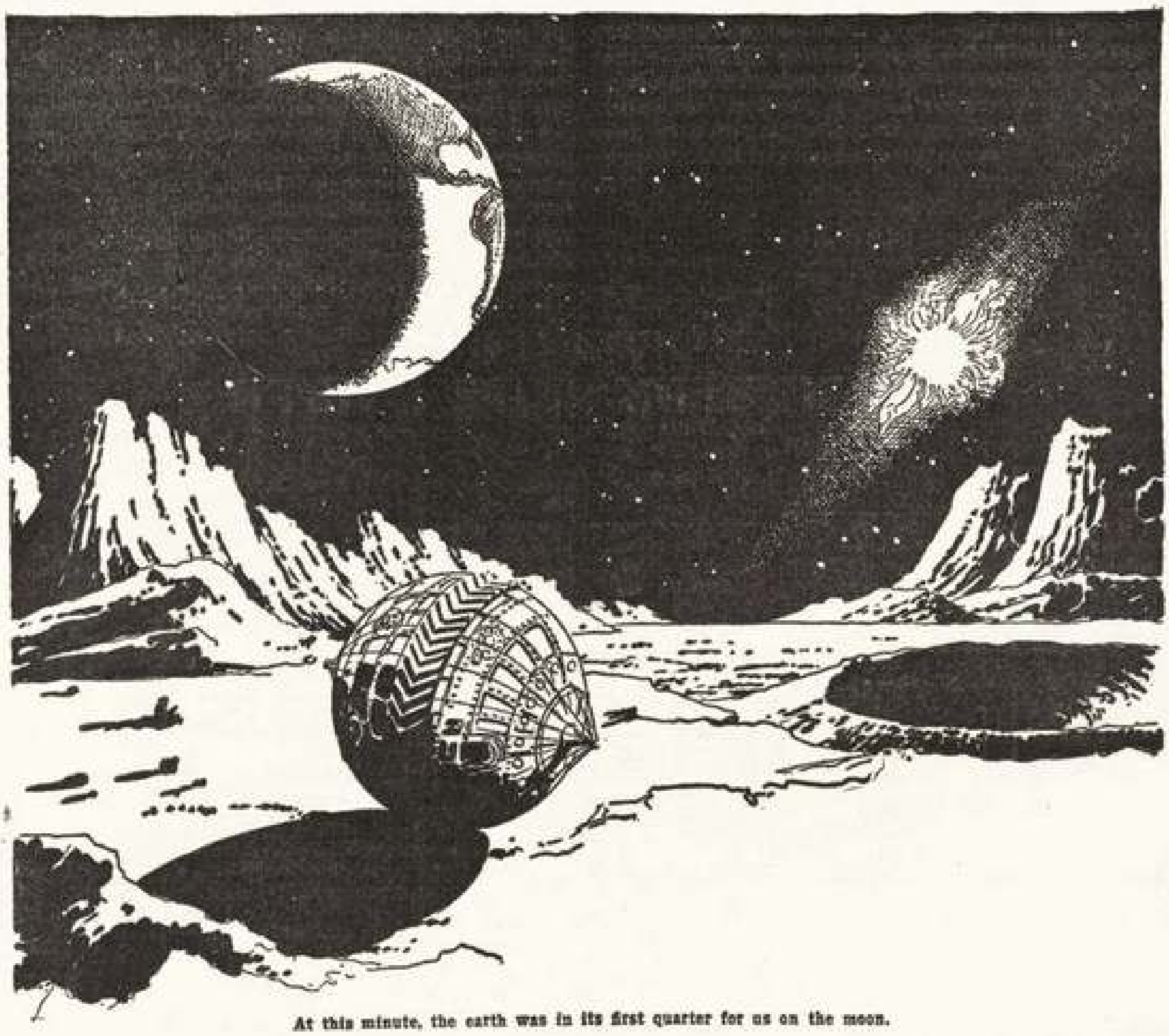


For a moment he struggled frantically, then heard a hoarse cry, and wrenched his head up to see a dark shape speeding across the plateau from the opposite edge. It was Coburn. Twisting in the remorseless grip of the two with whom he battled, he had a flashing glimpse of Coburn racing toward the machine, and then he uttered a cry of agony. From one of the hovering cones above, a shaft of the light-ray had flashed down and it struck Coburn squarely. A moment he was visible, encircled in a halo of blinding light. . . .



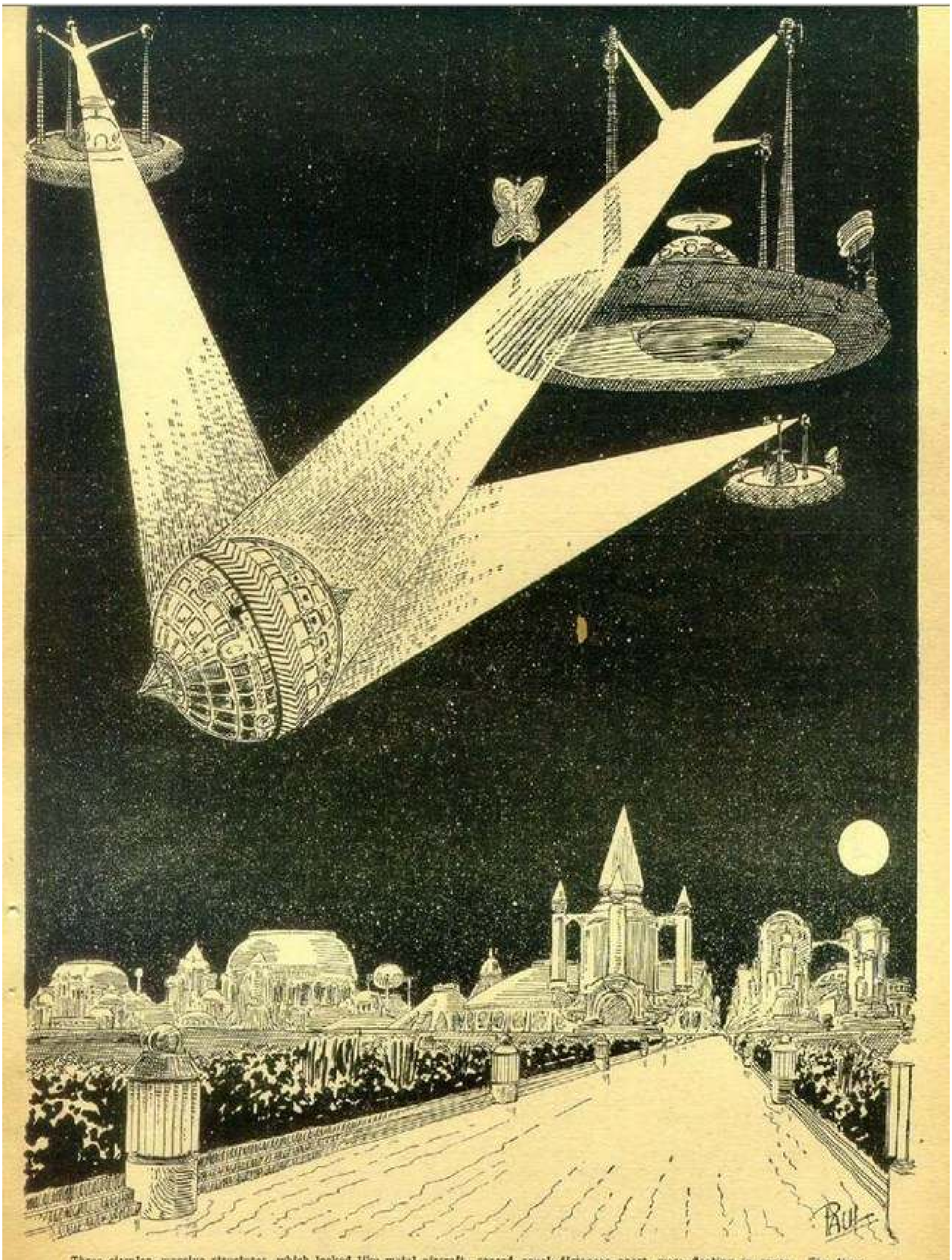
Amazing Stories - 1928 February

1156 AMAZING STORIES

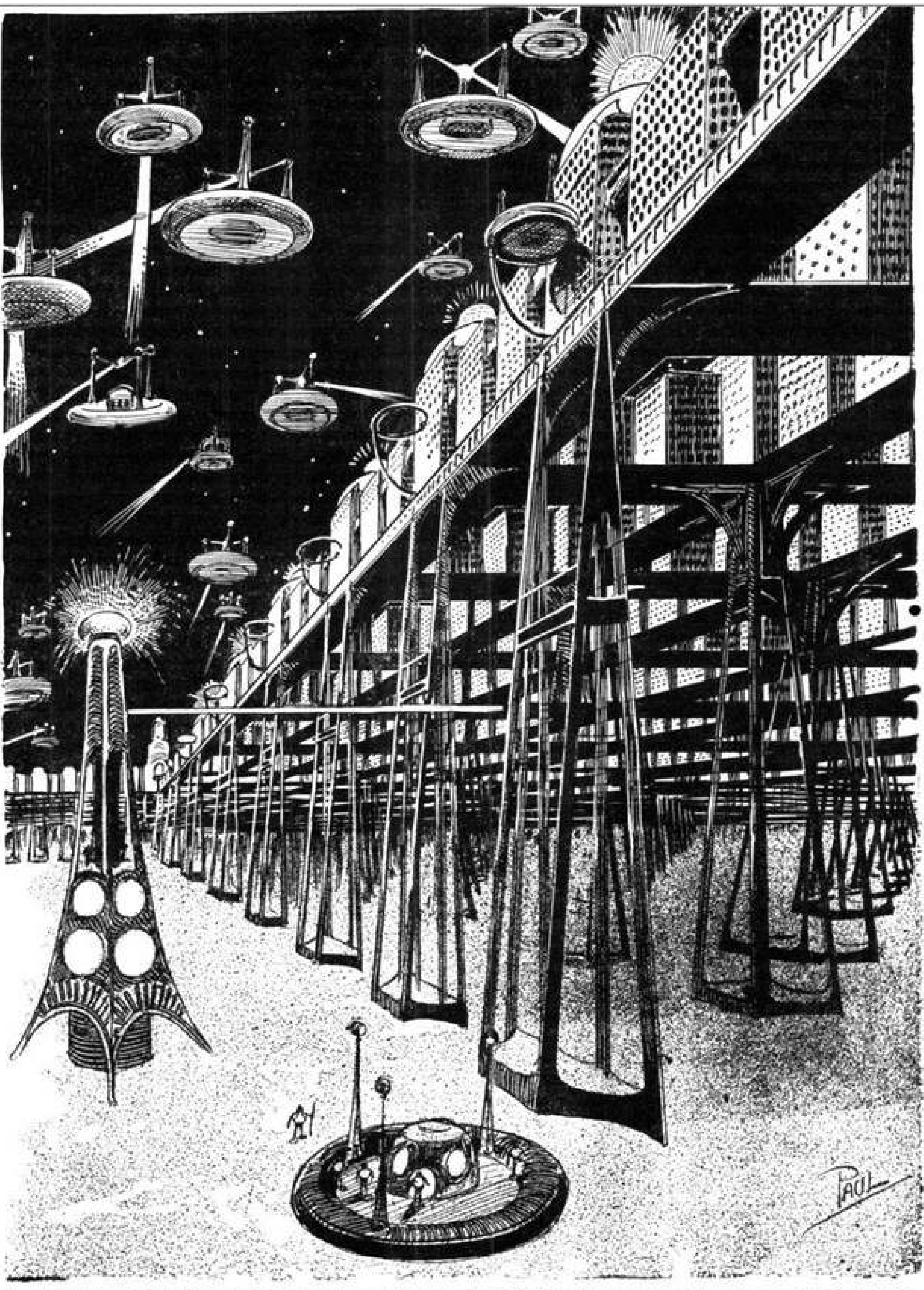


At this minute, the earth was in its first quarter for us on the moon.

Amazing Stories - 1928 March



Three circular, massive structures, which looked like metal aircraft, spaced equal distances apart, were floating in space. The three flyers marked an equilateral triangle while in the exact center, but about one mile lower down than the flyers, our *Interstellar* was floating. Three shafts of an intense yellow ray were turned on us, and it was this light, or rather the peculiar properties of the rays, which had made us captives to the Martians' superior intelligence.



". . . all buildings and structures on Mars, with few exceptions, are located 500 feet above the ground, in order to make life bearable. Thus all "cities" are built high up in the air; this feature gives the stranger his greatest surprise. . . . We saw thousands of these flyers gliding noiselessly through the thin air, their intense yellow propelling light shafts playing all over the sky and over the ground.

Amazing Stories - 1928 June

to us, or that somewhere, among the Wyomings or some other nearby gang, there were traitors so degraded as to commit that unthinkable act of trafficking in information with the Hans. In either contingency, she argued, other Han raids would follow, and since the Susquannas had a highly developed organization and more than usually productive plants, the next raid might be expected to strike them.

But at any rate it was clearly our business to get in touch with the other fugitives as quickly as possible, so in spite of muscles that were sore from the excessive leaping of the day before, we continued on our way.

We traveled for only a couple of hours when we saw a multi-colored rocket in the sky, some ten miles ahead of us.

"Bear to the left, Tony," Wilma said, "and listen for the whistle."

"Why?" I asked.

"Haven't they given you the rocket code yet?" she replied. "That's what the green, followed by yellow and purple means; to concentrate five miles east of the rocket position. You know the rocket position itself might draw a play of disintegrator beams."

It did not take us long to reach the neighborhood of the indicated rallying, though we were now traveling beneath the trees, with but an occasional leap to a top branch to see if any more rocket smoke was floating above. And soon we heard a distant whistle.

We found about half the Gang already there, in a spot where the trees met high above a little stream. The Big Boss and Raidbosses were busy reorganizing the remnants.

We reported to Boss Hart at once. He was silent, but interested, when he heard our story.

"You two stick close to me," he said, adding grimly, "I'm going back to the valley at once with a hundred picked men, and I'll need you."

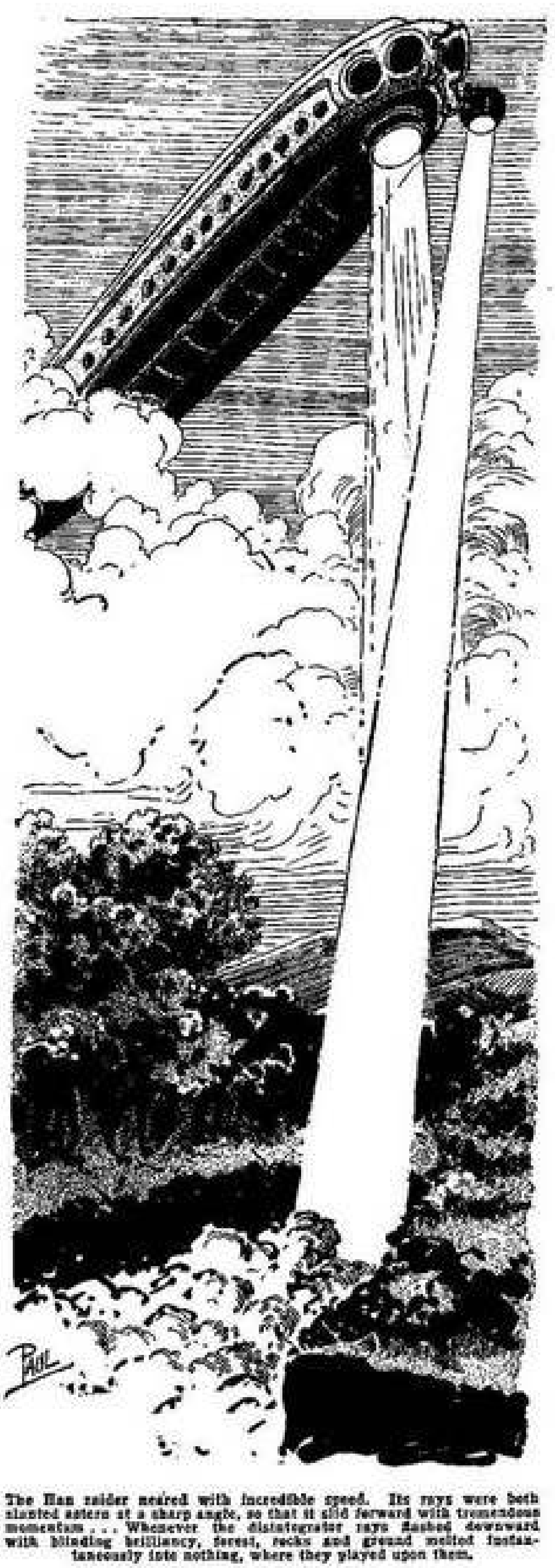
CHAPTER V

Setting the Trap

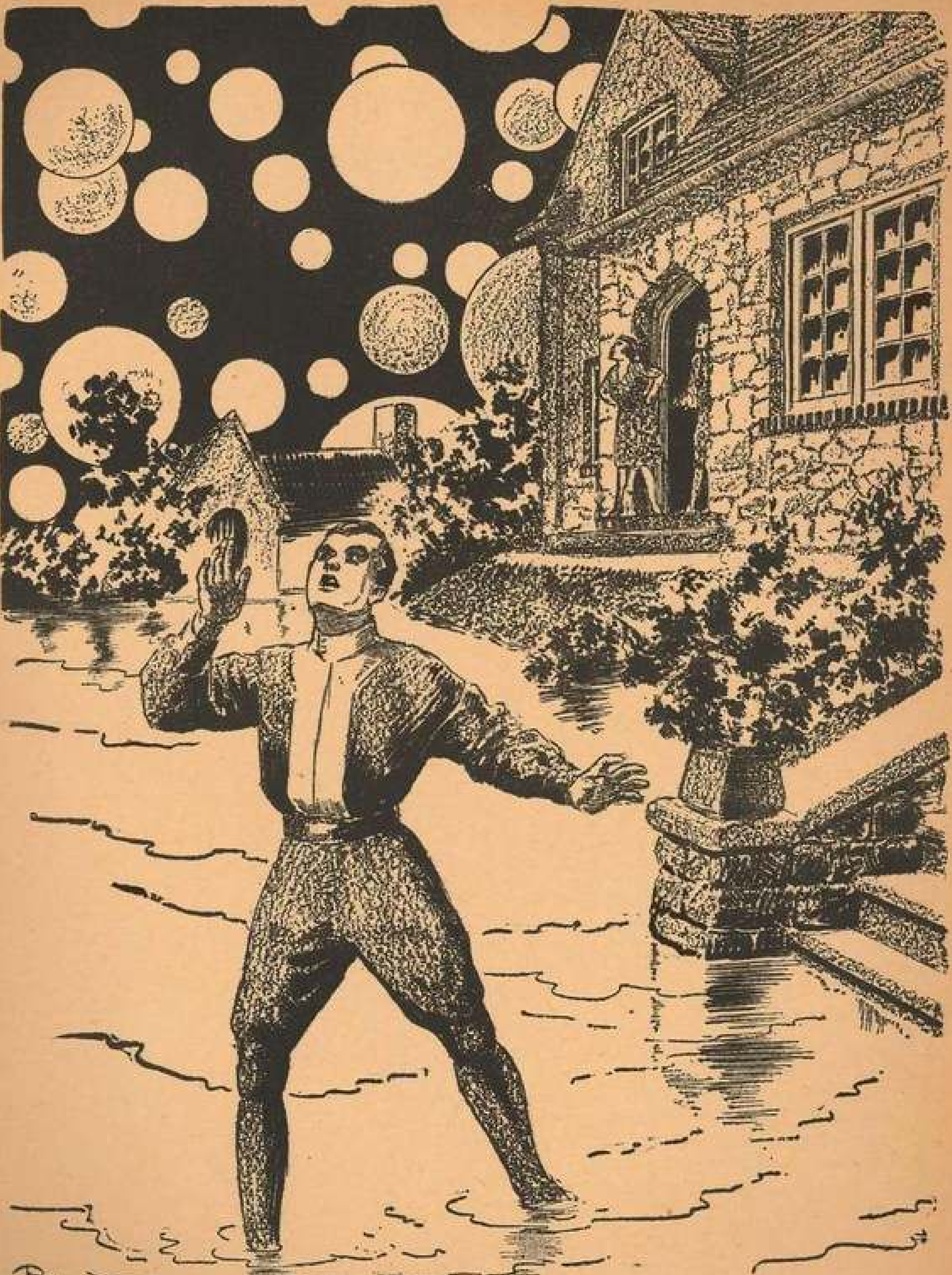
INSIDE of fifteen minutes we were on our way. A certain amount of caution was sacrificed for the sake of speed, and the men leaped away either across the forest top, or over open spaces of ground, but concentration was forbidden. The Big Boss named the spot on the hillside as the rallying point.

"We'll have to take a chance on being seen, so long as we don't group," he declared, "at least until within five miles of the rallying spot. From then on I want every man to disappear from sight and to travel under cover. And keep your ultrophones open, and tuned on ten-four-seven-six."

Wilma and I had received our battle equipment from the Gear boss. It consisted of a long-gun, a hand-gun, with a special case of ammunition constructed of inertron, which made the load weigh but a few ounces, and a short sword. This gear we strapped over each other's shoulders, on top of our jumping belts. In addition, we each received an ultrophone, and a light inertron blanket rolled into a cylinder about six inches long by two or three in diameter. This fabric was exceedingly thin and light, but it had considerable warmth, be-



The Han raider neared with incredible speed. Its rays were both slanted astern at a sharp angle, so that it slid forward with tremendous momentum . . . Whenever the disintegrator rays flashed downward with blinding brilliancy, forest, rocks and ground melted instantaneously into nothing, where they played upon them.



The clouds continued to scatter until several fiery balls varying in red, blue and yellow light, were visible through the rift. Might it be that the inhabitants of Pleasantown were celebrating the cessation of the deluge in a most extraordinary manner?



The Skylark darted forward and crashed completely through the great airship. . . . She was an embodied thunderbolt; a huge, irresistible, indestructible projectile, directed by a keen brain inside. . . .

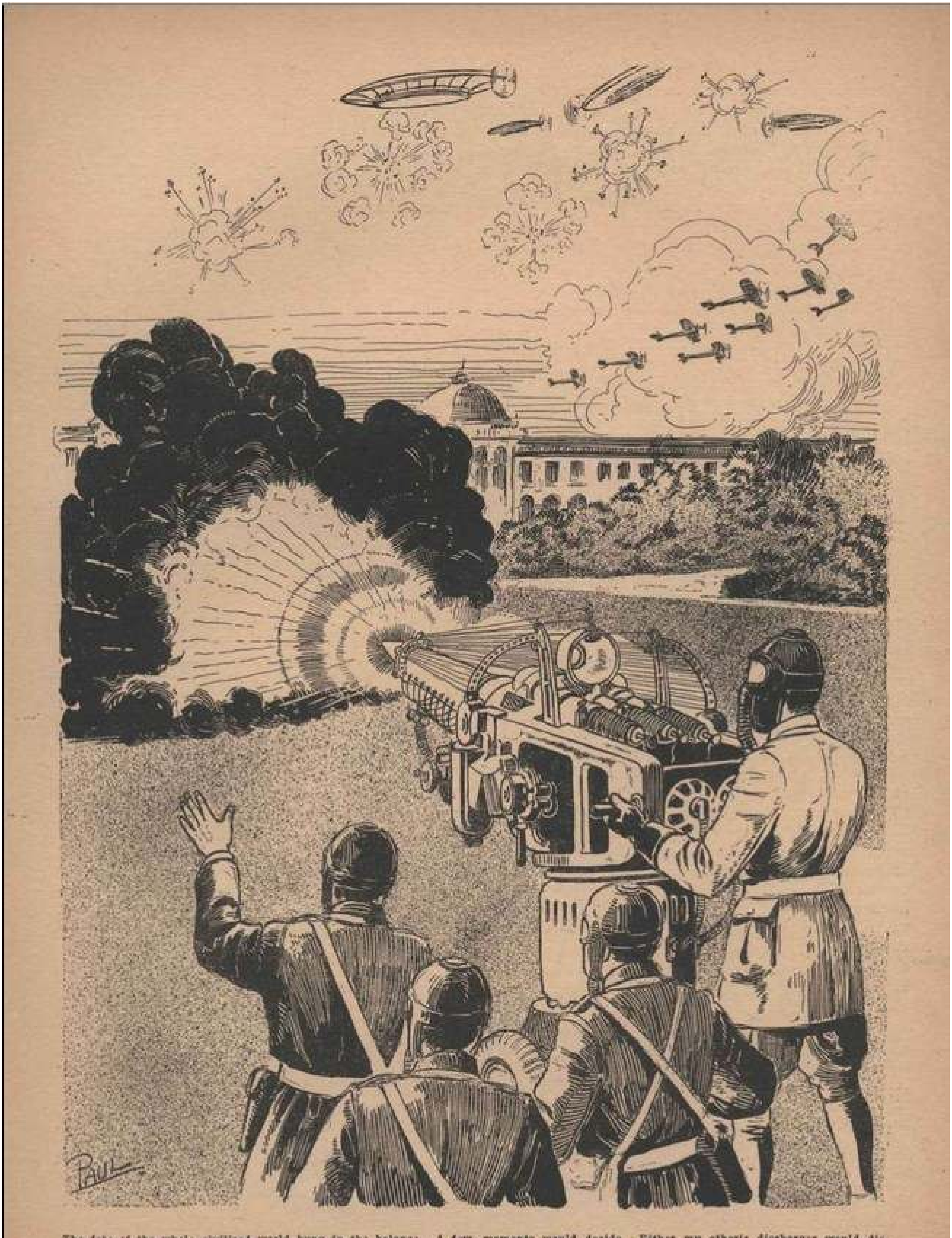


A tiny black tube was projected over the edge of the hull and a stream of vivid violet light came from it. It played upon us, and upon the squirming captives below. . . . Every muscle relaxed under the influence of that deadly, paralyzing ray of light . . . and we fell headlong to the bottom of the net, three more floundering bodies. . . .

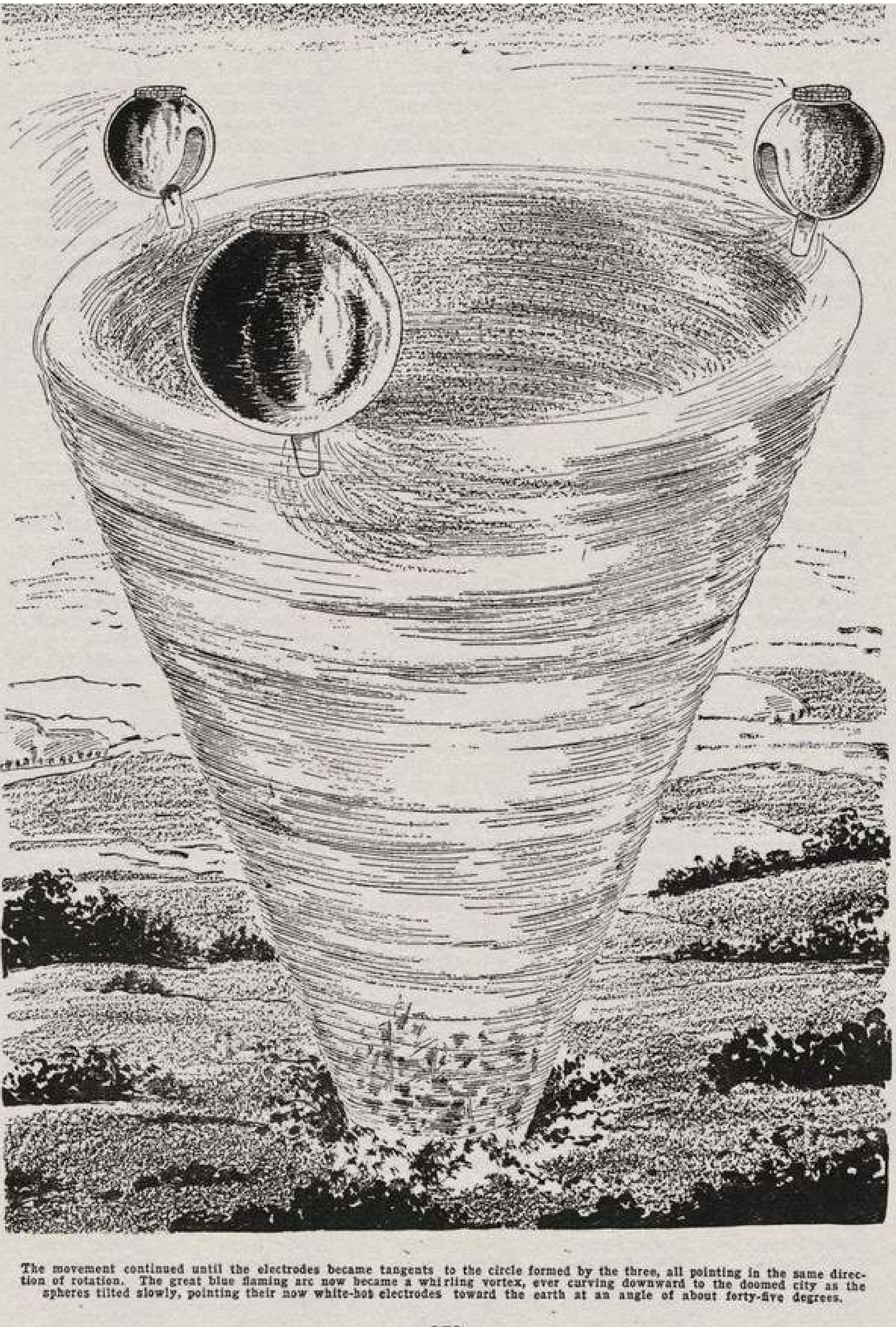


Before us were seven new monstrosities—seven feet tall from their small, aristocratic, high-arched feet to the tops of their great globular heads—and each one clutched a glass rod about two feet long.

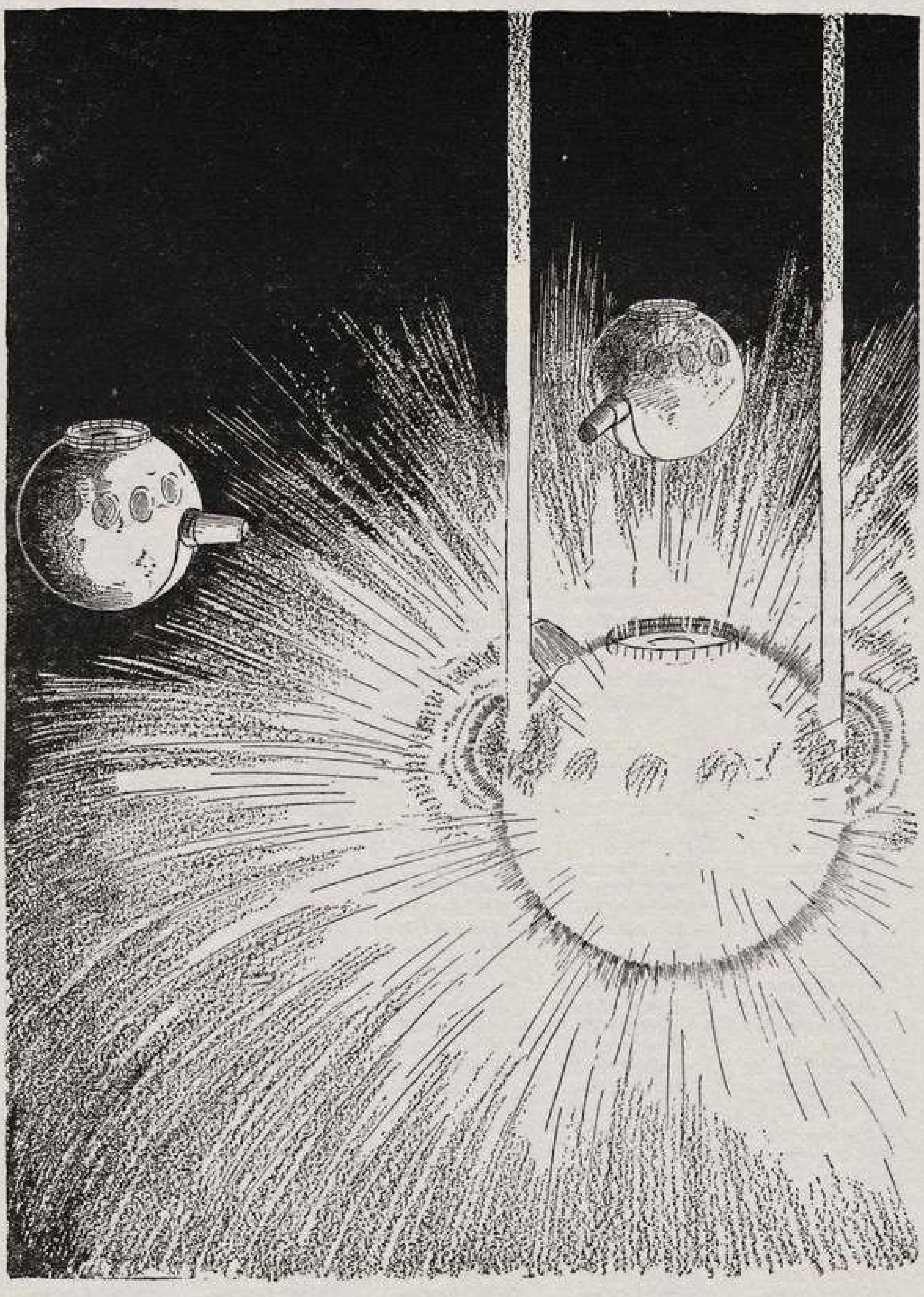
Amazing Stories - 1928 November



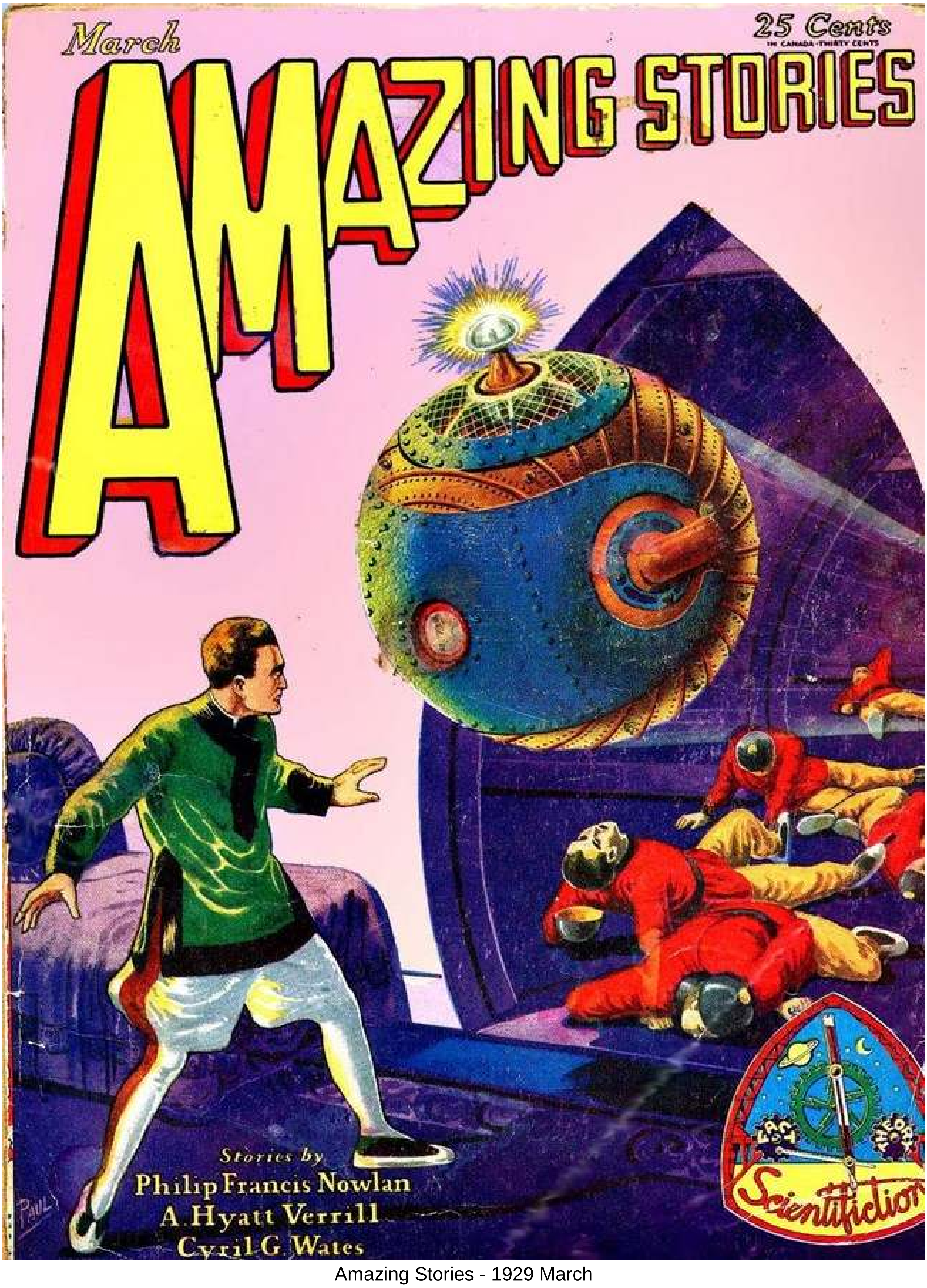
The fate of the whole civilized world hung in the balance. A few moments would decide. Either my etheric discharges would disintegrate the molecules of that poisonous vapor into harmless atoms, or the cloud would roll on and on, would envelope us . . . and make the people of the underworld Lords of the upper air as well.



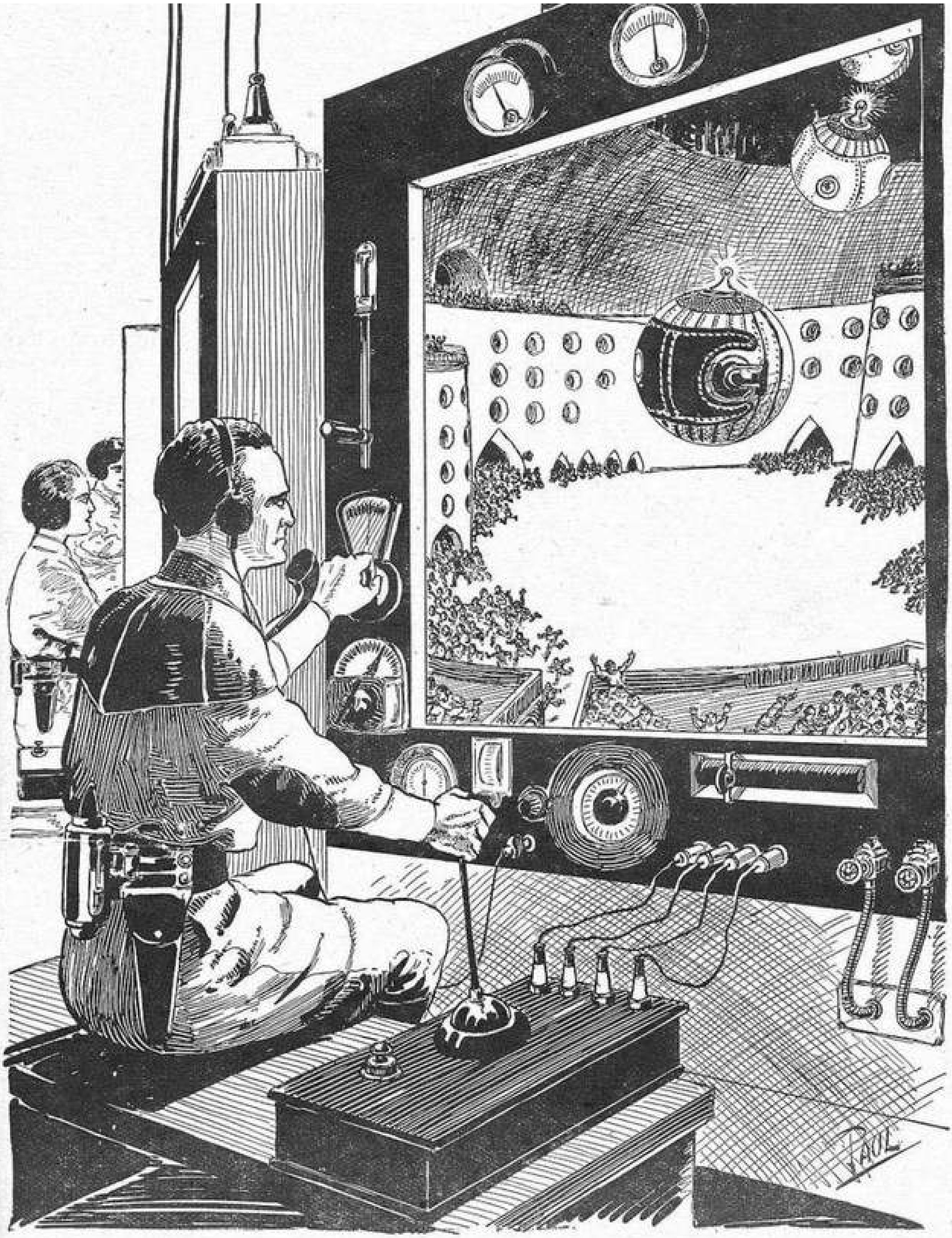
The movement continued until the electrodes became tangents to the circle formed by the three, all pointing in the same direction of rotation. The great blue flaming arc now became a whirling vortex, ever curving downward to the doomed city as the spheres tilted slowly, pointing their now white-hot electrodes toward the earth at an angle of about forty-five degrees.



In less than ten seconds the great ball was a beautiful pyrotechnic display. Silently, majestically, it spread into a magnificent sunburst, lighting the countryside for miles around and showering it with numberless incandescent fragments.

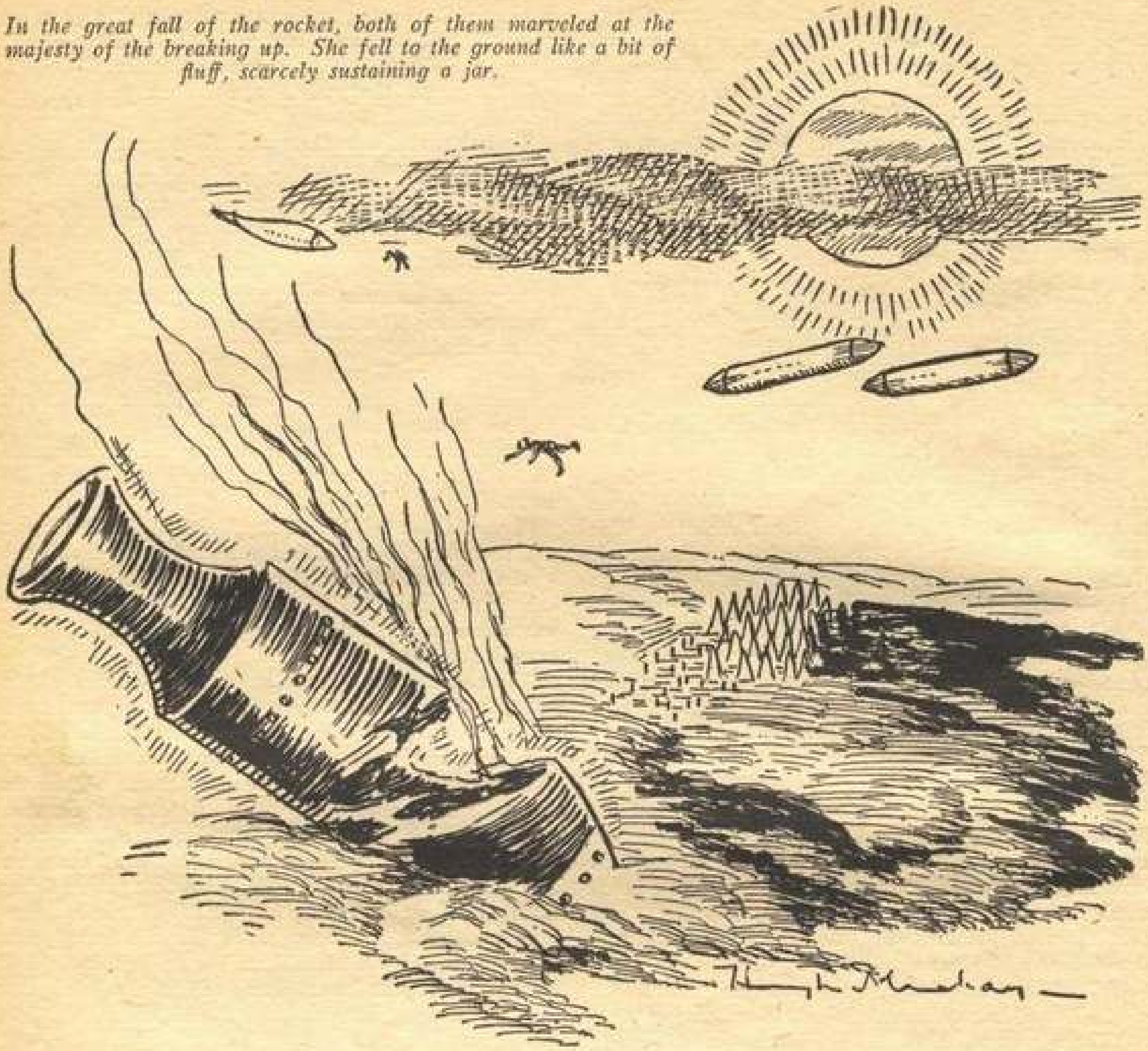


Amazing Stories - 1929 March

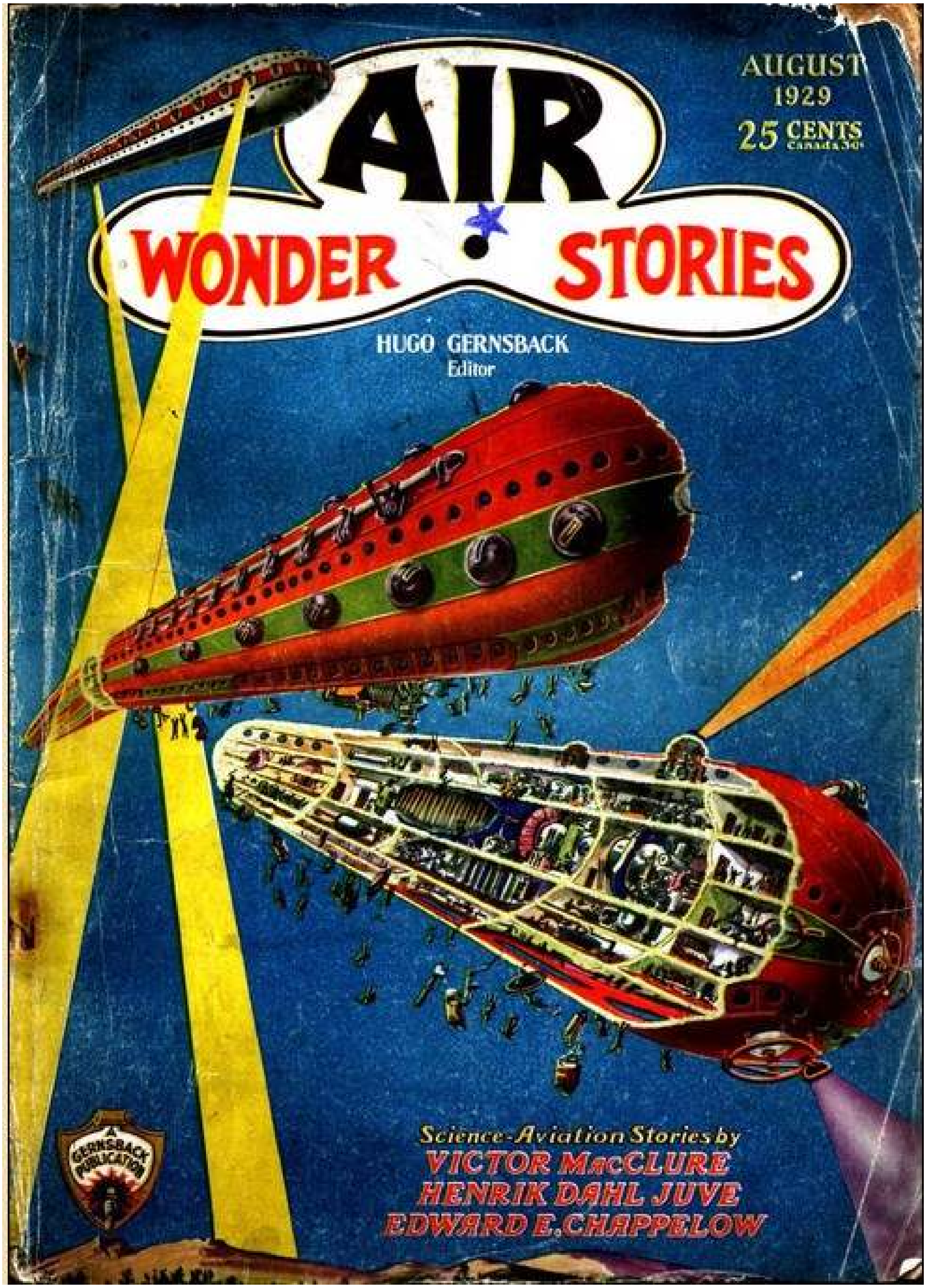


It emerged into the great vaulted excavation, capable of holding a thousand or more persons, from which the various escape tunnels radiated. Down these tunnels the last remnants of a crowd of fugitives were disappearing.

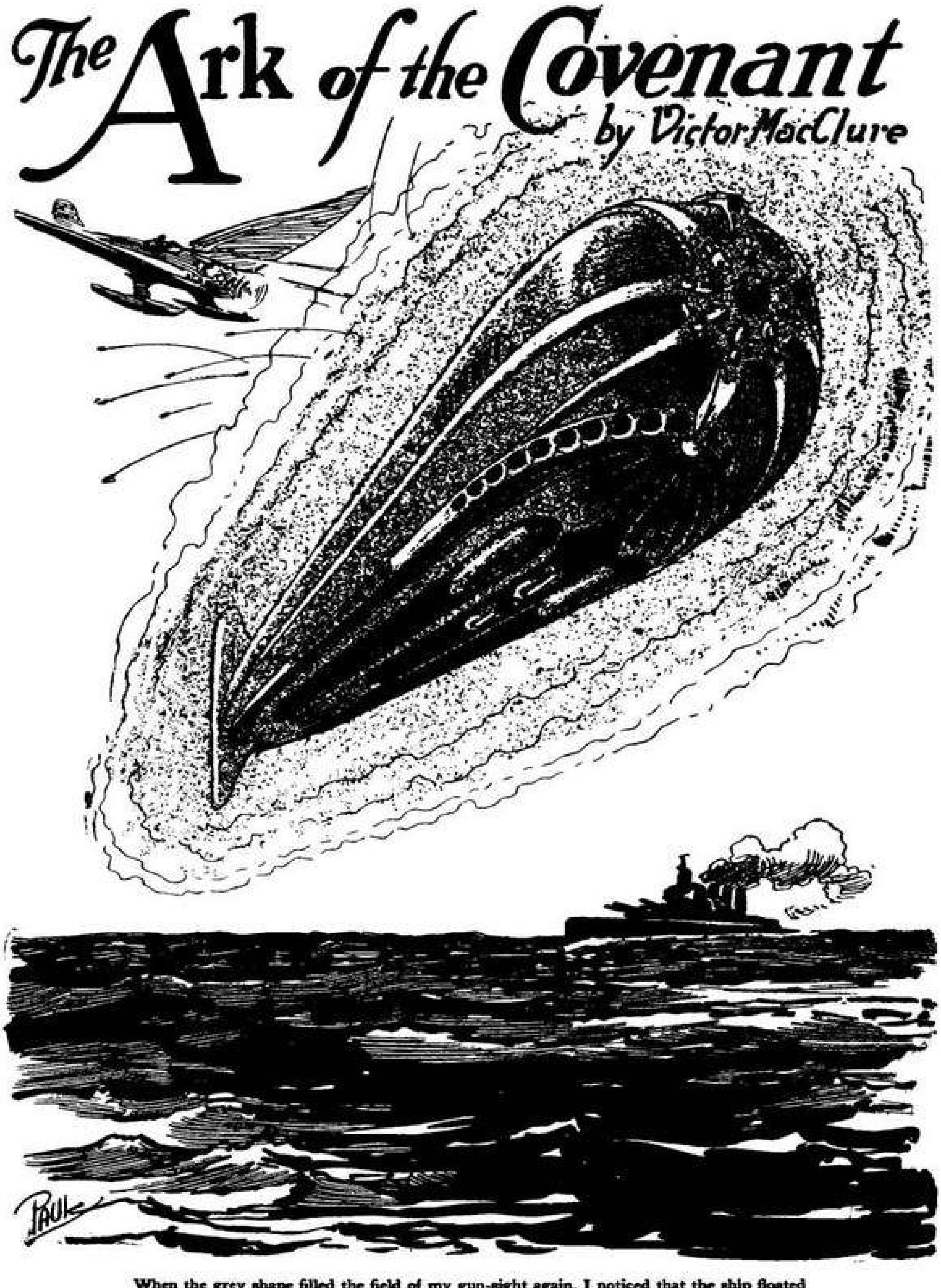
In the great fall of the rocket, both of them marveled at the majesty of the breaking up. She fell to the ground like a bit of fluff, scarcely sustaining a jar.



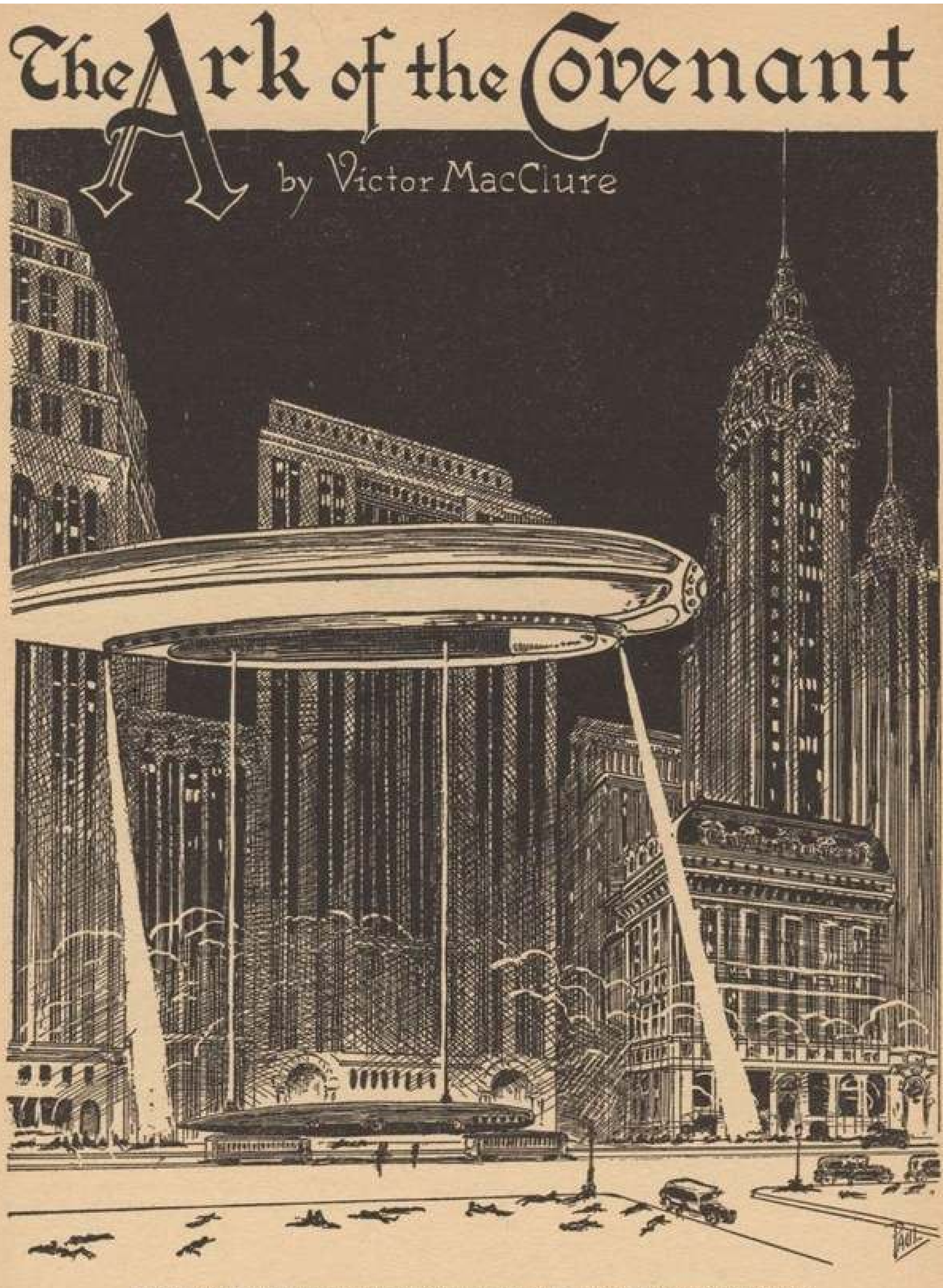
Amazing Stories -1929 August



Air Wonder Stories - 1929 August



When the grey shape filled the field of my gun-sight again, I noticed that the ship floated in a thin pinkish haze that shimmered, as heat from a hillside in summer. And as I pressed the trigger, the dancing refraction spoiled my aim,



We lay over Wall Street; and the gondola was lowered, telephone communications giving us directions. We had strewn bombs all about the district so that gas clouds wreathed in the streets.

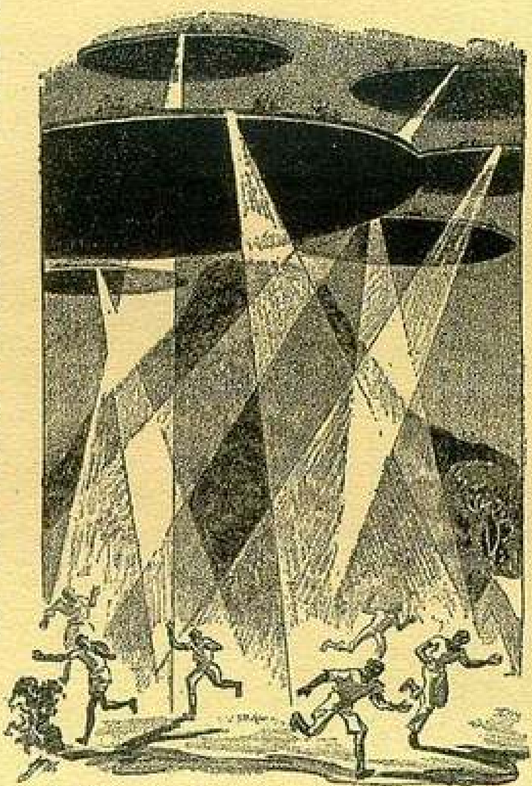
camp, were suddenly slanting downward from the mound's summit toward our clearing!

"It was that that broke the spell of astonishment that had been laid upon Howland and the others there who watched. Howland himself still stood utterly dumfounded, but the others, sensing peril, had uttered sharp cries, were leaping back, away from the mound, toward the river. Within another moment those flat great circles had shot downward through the moonlight, above the clearing, and then there was a hiss of suddenly released force, and from the hovering circles' sides there stabbed downward a half-dozen broad beams of pale and misty green light. Down those beams shot toward the running Willings and the others, toward the fear-crazed natives leaping to the river, and as they struck through the air, a swift succession of terrific detonations struck my ears. Then, as I stood there still inside the jungle's edge, spellbound with horror, I saw Willings and the others stagger and fall as the pale green beams struck them, saw their bodies swell out, shatter, *explode!*

"Even in that horror-stunned moment I guessed, I think, what it was that I was seeing, what terrific weapon it was that was embodied in that misty pale green ray. It was a vacuum-producing ray, I saw even then, one that destroyed instantly whatever atmosphere or air it touched, without affecting other matter. It was thus, I guessed, that the green rays had slain Willings and the others, but even as the thought flashed across my brain it passed, since now the great flat circles were dipping toward the clearing's surface!

"HOWLAND had stood in that dread instant of death in his tracks, motionless with astounded horror as I was, and because he had not fled, the rays had not stabbed toward him. The circles were swooping down toward him, their throbbing loud in my ears, and for the first time my own peril came home to my terror-dazed brain and I shrank back into the jungle at whose edge I stood. There, crouching in the thick vegetation, I gazed with pounding heart out into the moonlit clearing as the circles slanted downward. I saw them land swiftly about Howland, saw that they were grouped in a ring about him there on the ground, great flat circles of metal gleaming in the moonlight, noticed scores of vague shapes upon the surface of those circles, about a central mechanism that seemed to propel and guide them. Then, as I crouched there, there slid aside sections in the protecting walls of the circles, and out of them upon the ground there stepped a score or more of shapes toward Howland, shapes at sight of which a cry of horror all but escaped me. I had, unconsciously, looked upon these terrible attackers as human, at least, but it was not human shapes that stepped forward into the moonlight. They were not men at all, as we know them. They were—turtle-men!

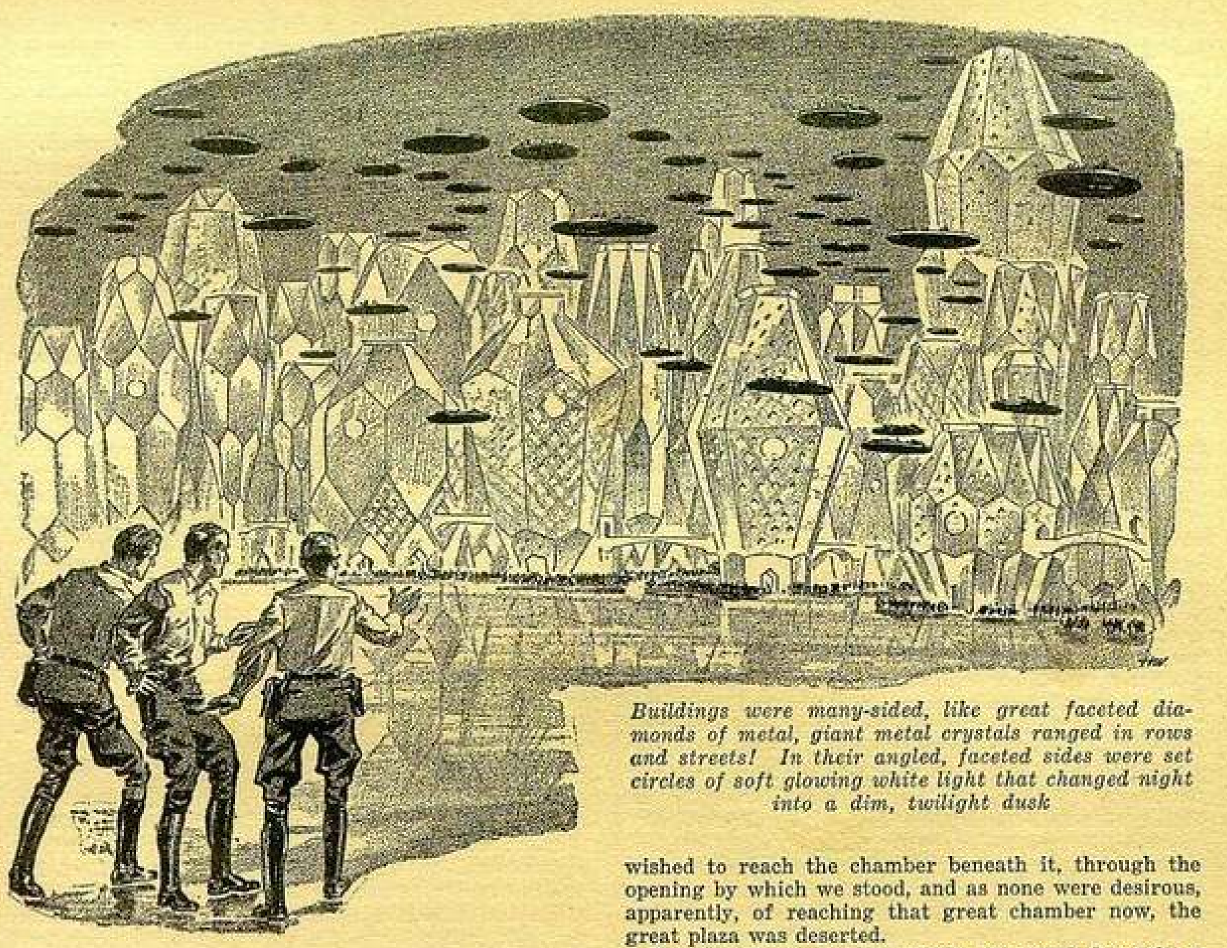
"Turtle-men! It is only by that term that I can describe them, since the bulbous, upright body of each, some four feet in height, was encased completely in thick, dark shell. From the lower part of that shell-cased body projected two powerful thick limbs ending in broad-webbed and taloned paws, while similar shorter limbs or arms jutted from the body's upper portion. There was an opening in the body's case of shell at the top, and from that opening there projected upward on a flexible, snake-like white neck, the tapering, turtle-like head, its two lidless eyes set on either side with the narrow mouth between them. So grotesque were these turtle-creatures in their mingled familiar and unfamiliar appearance that I felt my senses reeling as I gazed upon them. Then I gripped myself, saw that some of the turtle-men held weapons or instruments of gleaming metal in their grasp, small metal hemispheres to whose curved side a handle was attached and whose flat side they kept turned upon Howland, who stood still swaying in spellbound horror before them.



And from the hovering circles' sides there stabbed downward a half-dozen broad beams of pale and misty green light—toward the running Willings and the others

"A moment they faced him, holding those gleaming hemispheres which were apparently containers of the deadly vacuum ray, and then one spoke. His voice was not loud but was of deeply-vibrating chords, a deep bass so low that many tones in it were but barely caught by my ears. It was to Howland that he had spoken, apparently, though his meaning was of course totally unintelligible to him. Howland, though, spoke back in answer, his voice unsteady, apparently to show the creatures that he was intelligent also. They regarded him again in silence, held for a few moments a deep-toned conversation among themselves, and then, still threatening Howland with the hemispheres, came closer to him, examined the clothing he wore, his general appearance, then stepped back from him. Then one, apparently the leader, uttered a deep order, and at once two of the creatures behind him had stepped forward and had secured Howland's hands behind him with swift-clicking metal bonds of some kind, had secured his ankles likewise and were carrying him to one of the flying-circles resting upon the ground behind them, into which they placed him. Howland was a prisoner!

"All this had taken but moments to enact, there in the brilliant moonlight of the clearing, and now, with Howland disposed of, the turtle-men turned their attention to the camp itself. Swiftly they began a thorough examination of all in it, of the bodies of the scientists lying not far from them, of the natives lying beyond, of the tents and of all in them. I shrank back into the protecting darkness of the jungle vegetation about me as they came nearer, and heard their deep tones only yards away from me, as they carried on their



Buildings were many-sided, like great faceted diamonds of metal, giant metal crystals ranged in rows and streets! In their angled, faceted sides were set circles of soft glowing white light that changed night into a dim, twilight dusk

go back—back to warn our world. But during those twenty-four hours there is a chance, a million to one chance, I admit, that we may be able to find Howland here, to escape discovery by these swarming turtle-creatures, and to take him back with us!"

"But to venture into this city around us—these streets crowded with turtle-creatures—is death!" I exclaimed. "Even now it is a miracle, that even through this dusk we haven't been discovered on the plaza, at the city's center!"

"We must risk it," Carson said. "Some of the streets in the city around us, you can see, are hardly used by the turtle-creatures, while others are swarming with them. Well, if we can make our way through these comparatively deserted streets, in this dusk, we can perhaps evade the turtle-creatures long enough to find some clue to Howland's fate."

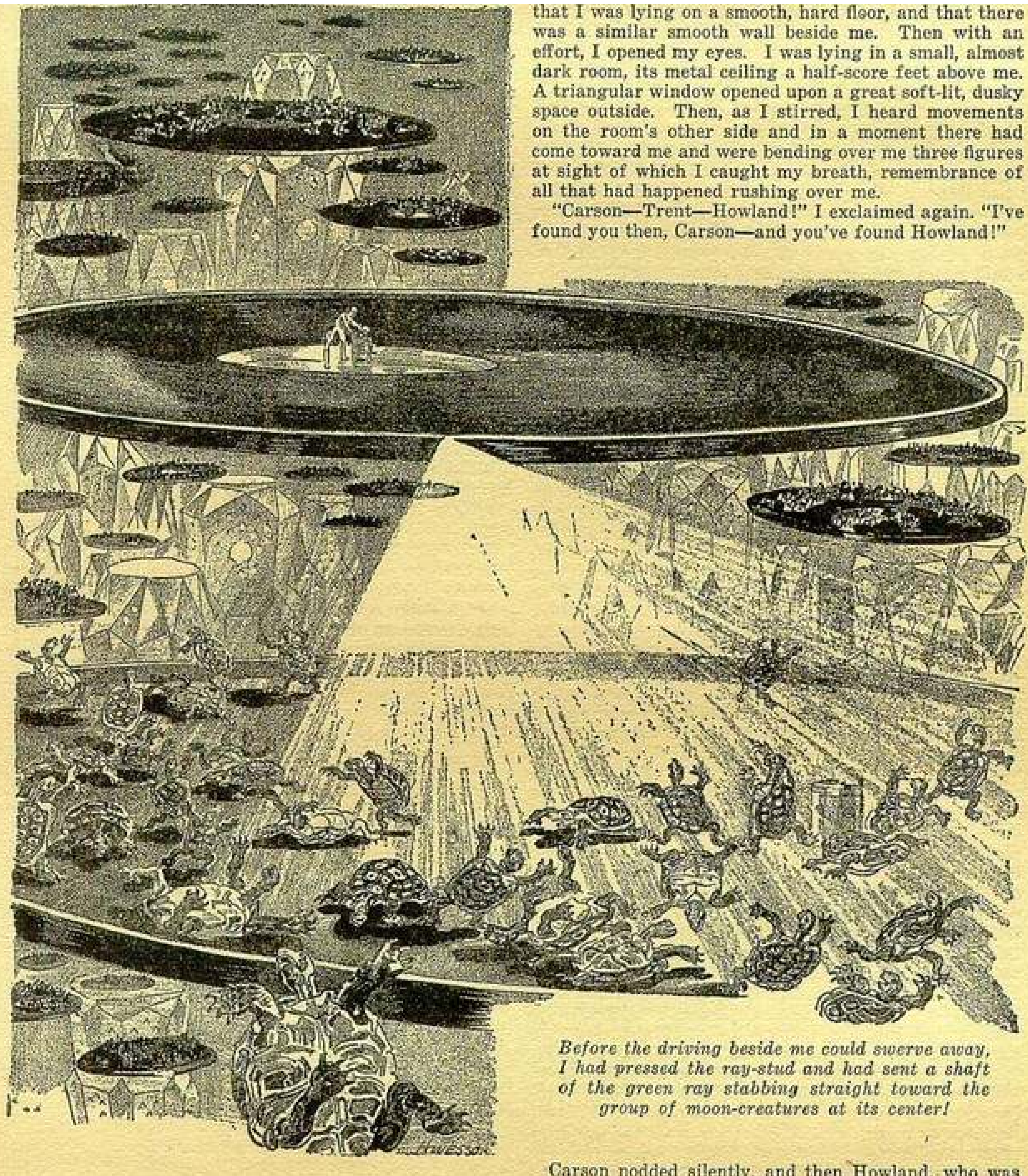
Gazing about us again, straining our eyes through the dusk across the great plaza's surface, we could see that Carson was right and that some of the narrow streets that branched from that plaza were almost empty of turtle-creatures, while the other and broader ones were filled with masses of them, apparently most of them carrying with them tools or instruments of one sort or another. All this we could only perceive as through a misty screen, through the dusk that lay unchangingly over all this lunar city. Yet we were puzzled by the fact, thankful as we were for it, that no turtle-creatures moved upon or across the great plaza at whose center we stood. It was evident, to us, after a moment's thought, that only those came out on the plaza who wished to reach the chamber beneath it, through the opening by which we stood, and as none were desirous, apparently, of reaching that great chamber now, the great plaza was deserted.

Pausing there, peering about, we stood for only a moment longer, and then Carson, with a silent gesture, was leading the way across the plaza, through the soft thick dusk toward its edge, toward one of the narrow and almost empty streets that branched from that edge. Before us as we moved on, hearts beating rapidly with every step, the gigantic crystal-like building loomed larger, and to our ears came louder the sounds of activity from the thronged broader streets, the deep bass note of many turtle-voices, the throbbing of many flying-circles that sped past in the dusk high overhead. Even through the shrouding dusk it seemed impossible that we could move nearer toward the great buildings without being discovered, but Carson was leading the way straight toward one of the narrower and emptier streets, a mere crevice between the great towering metal buildings, and once we reached its deeper shadow we might elude the creatures without great trouble, I knew. On we crept through the dusk toward it, then suddenly flung ourselves flat, as a flying-circle throbbing by overhead dipped suddenly close toward us!

Lying there with pounding heart, it seemed impossible that we had not been seen by those on it, but in a moment it had passed, and with the next moment we were up again, moving on through the dusk toward the deeper dusk of the narrow chasm-like street that opened through the looming buildings before us. We were almost at that opening now, but a few yards from its welcome deeper shadow. We were within yards, feet of it, of the great plaza's edge, when we stopped abruptly and recoiled! For into that narrow opening just before us, from one of the great buildings beside it, had emerged a dozen or more dark, upright forms conversing

that I was lying on a smooth, hard floor, and that there was a similar smooth wall beside me. Then with an effort, I opened my eyes. I was lying in a small, almost dark room, its metal ceiling a half-score feet above me. A triangular window opened upon a great soft-lit, dusky space outside. Then, as I stirred, I heard movements on the room's other side and in a moment there had come toward me and were bending over me three figures at sight of which I caught my breath, remembrance of all that had happened rushing over me.

"Carson—Trent—Howland!" I exclaimed again. "I've found you then, Carson—and you've found Howland!"



Before the driving beside me could swerve away, I had pressed the ray-stud and had sent a shaft of the green ray stabbing straight toward the group of moon-creatures at its center!

felt myself swaying, stumbling and falling before them, and then they and all else about me vanished from my mind as darkness overwhelmed me.

CHAPTER VIII

Howland's Story

CONSCIOUSNESS came back to me through fiery mists of pain, consciousness in which my first sensation was of a throbbing ache that beat through my brain like the dull beat of a great machine. Moving about somewhat exploringly, I became aware

Carson nodded silently, and then Howland, who was bending down with keen, eager face to help me to a sitting position, spoke.

"Carson and Trent and you have found me," he said, "have come from earth to moon to find me—but only to be imprisoned with me!"

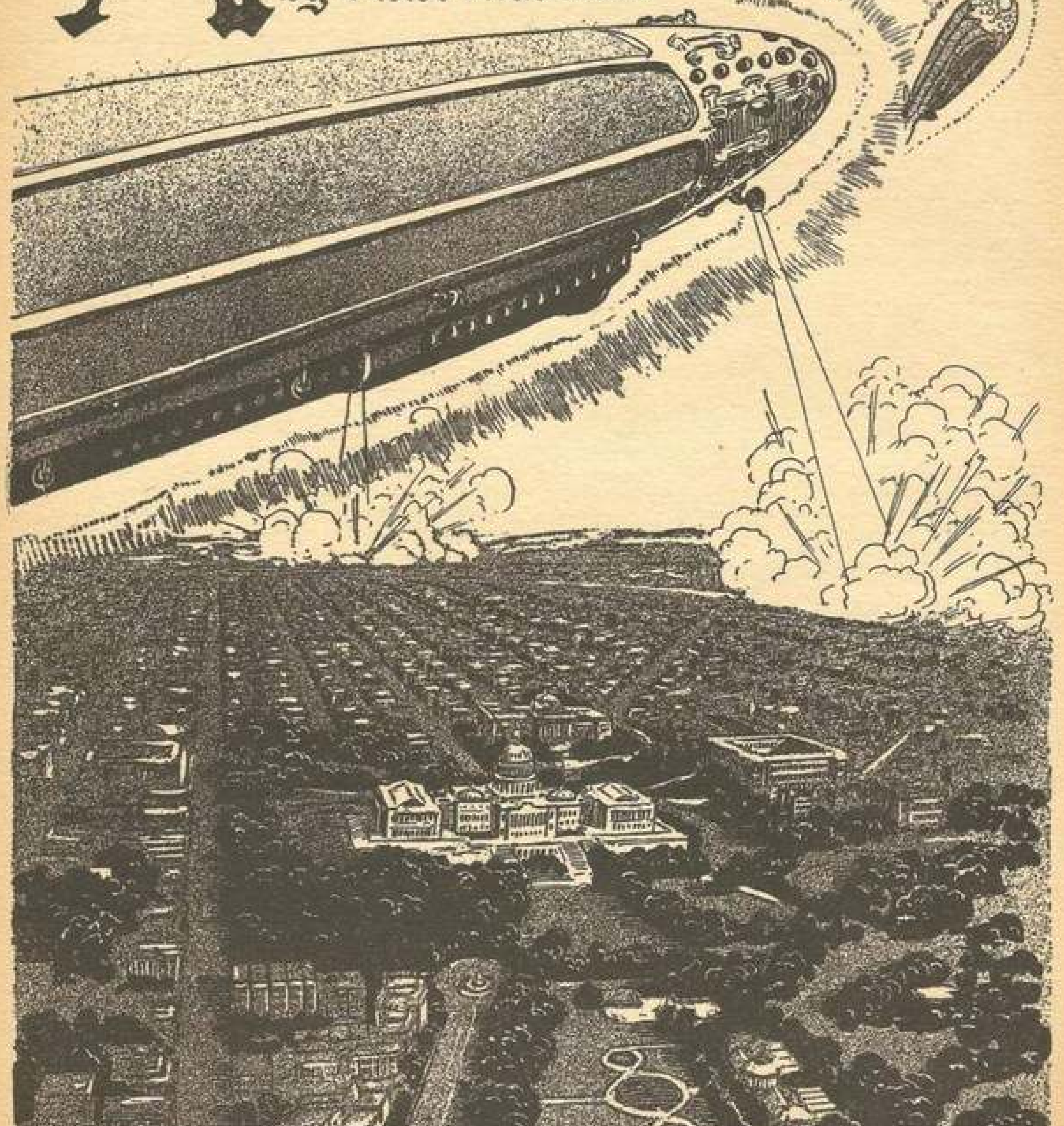
I turned to Carson. "Then you and Trent were captured in that fight on the plaza—brought here and imprisoned?" I asked. He nodded.

"Captured there and brought here and imprisoned with Howland, only a few hours ago," he said. "But you, Foster?"

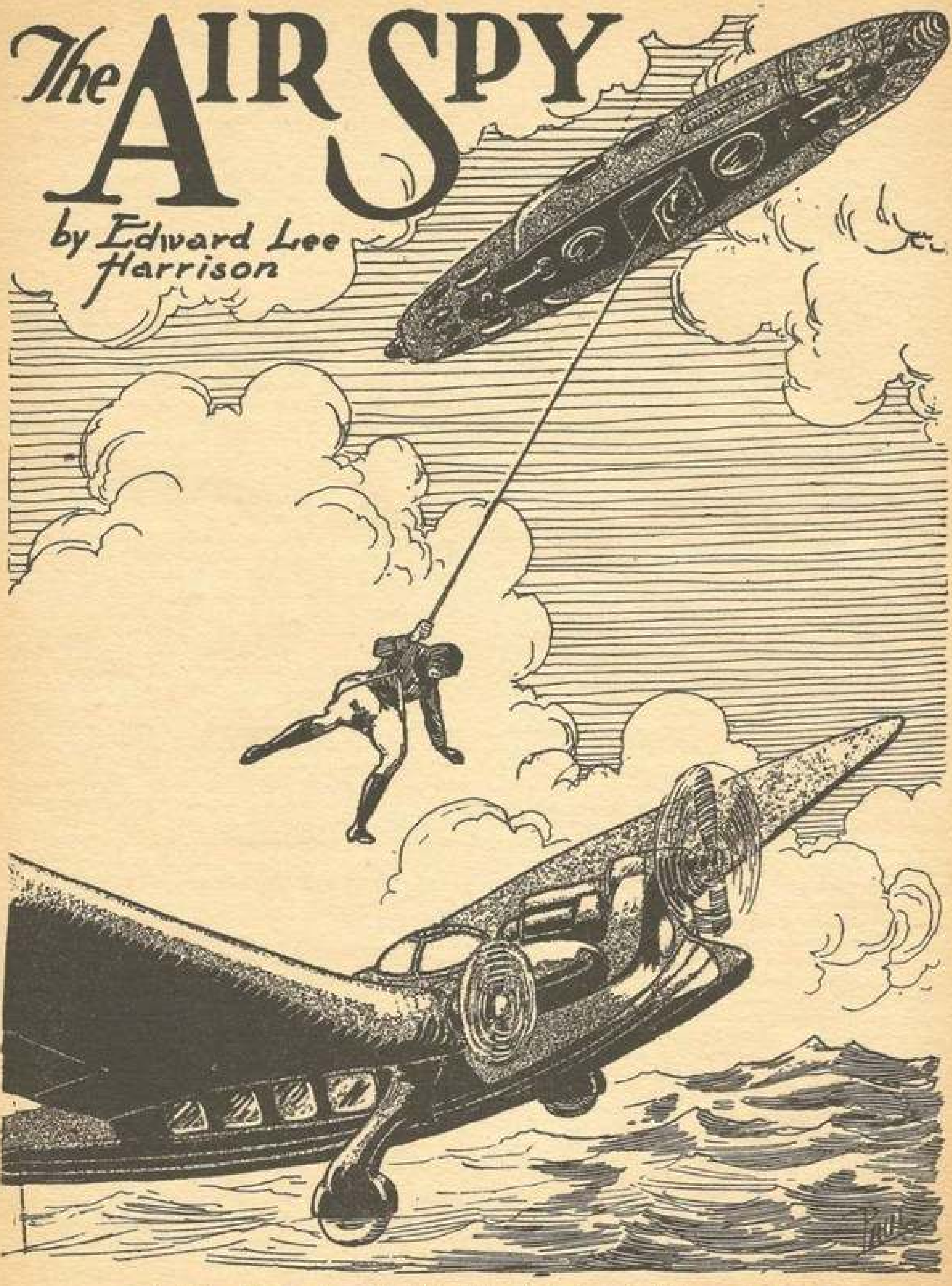
Swiftly I explained to him how I had managed to escape the moon-creatures, when the alarm had been given, by concealing myself in the great chamber of the

The Ark of the Covenant

by Victor MacClure

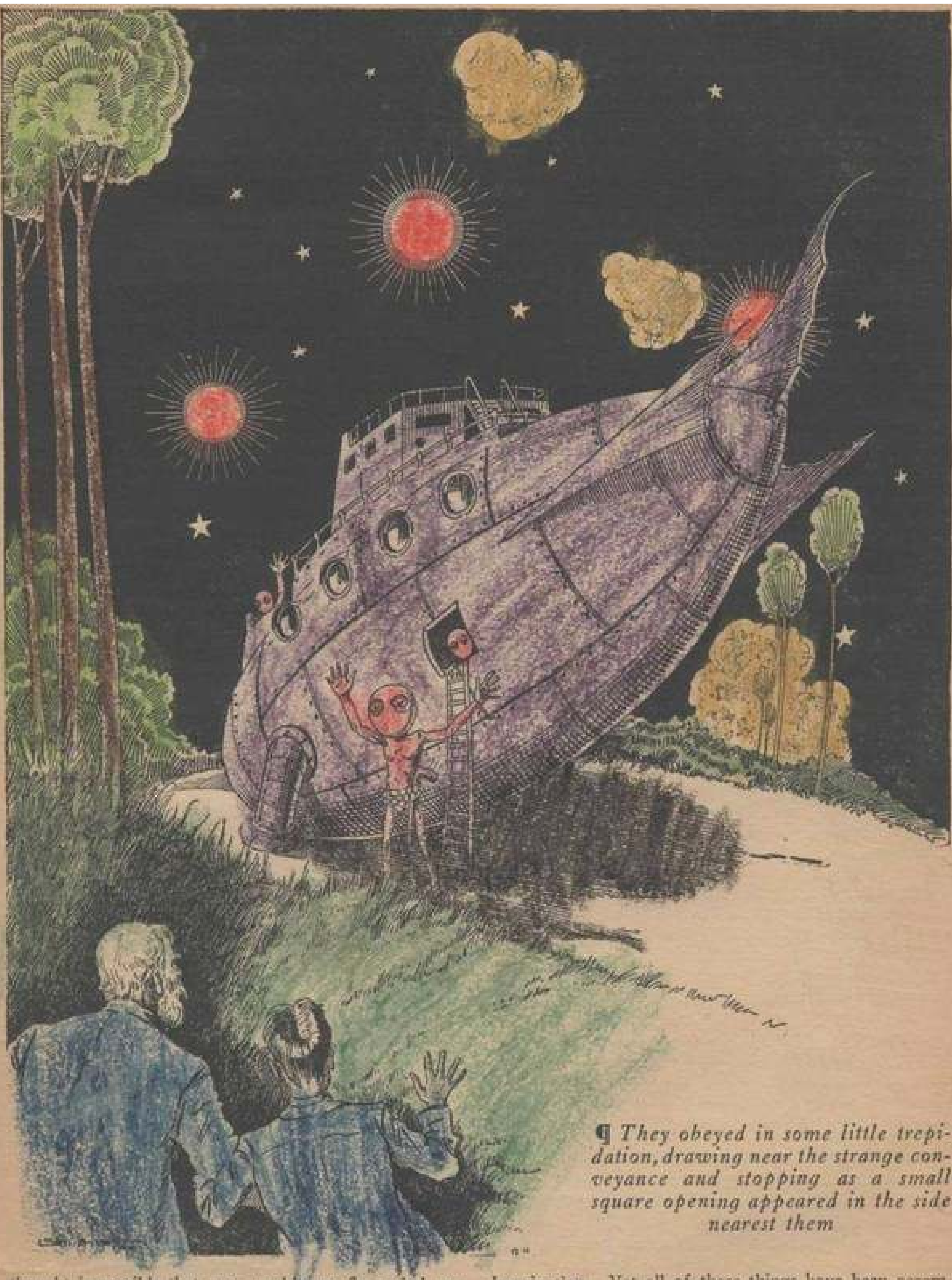


A gout of flame shot up from the rise beyond the cemetery and a vast plume of smoke, at the root of which buildings seemed to part—rent and shattered. The airship shook to a tremendous report.



Lifted clear of the great vessel, the little device with its human freight swung far astern in the fierce rush of the air. The passenger's whole attention was riveted on the black craft below.

Air Wonder Stories - 1929 October



¶ *They obeyed in some little trepidation, drawing near the strange conveyance and stopping as a small square opening appeared in the side nearest them*

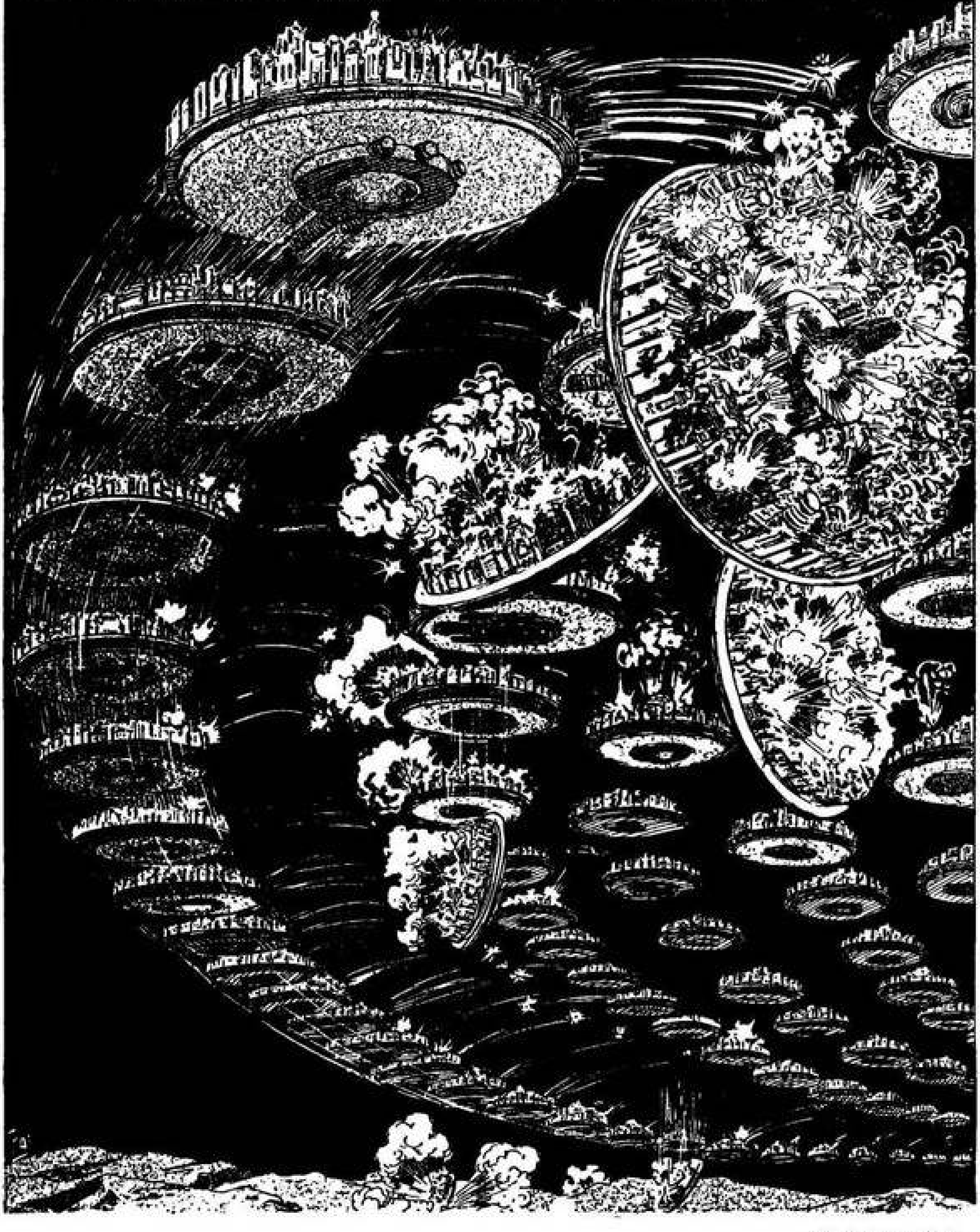
thought impossible that man would ever fly—mind you, fly in the atmosphere like a bird. Ten centuries ago it was thought that gravity could never be counteracted or overcome. And less than five centuries ago a trip to one of the planets was held to be the height of ridiculous imagination. Yet all of these things have been accomplished, and much more. No, I would not say the trip is impossible."

"But it is hardly probable, is it?"

"Hardly. Though the thing merits consideration."

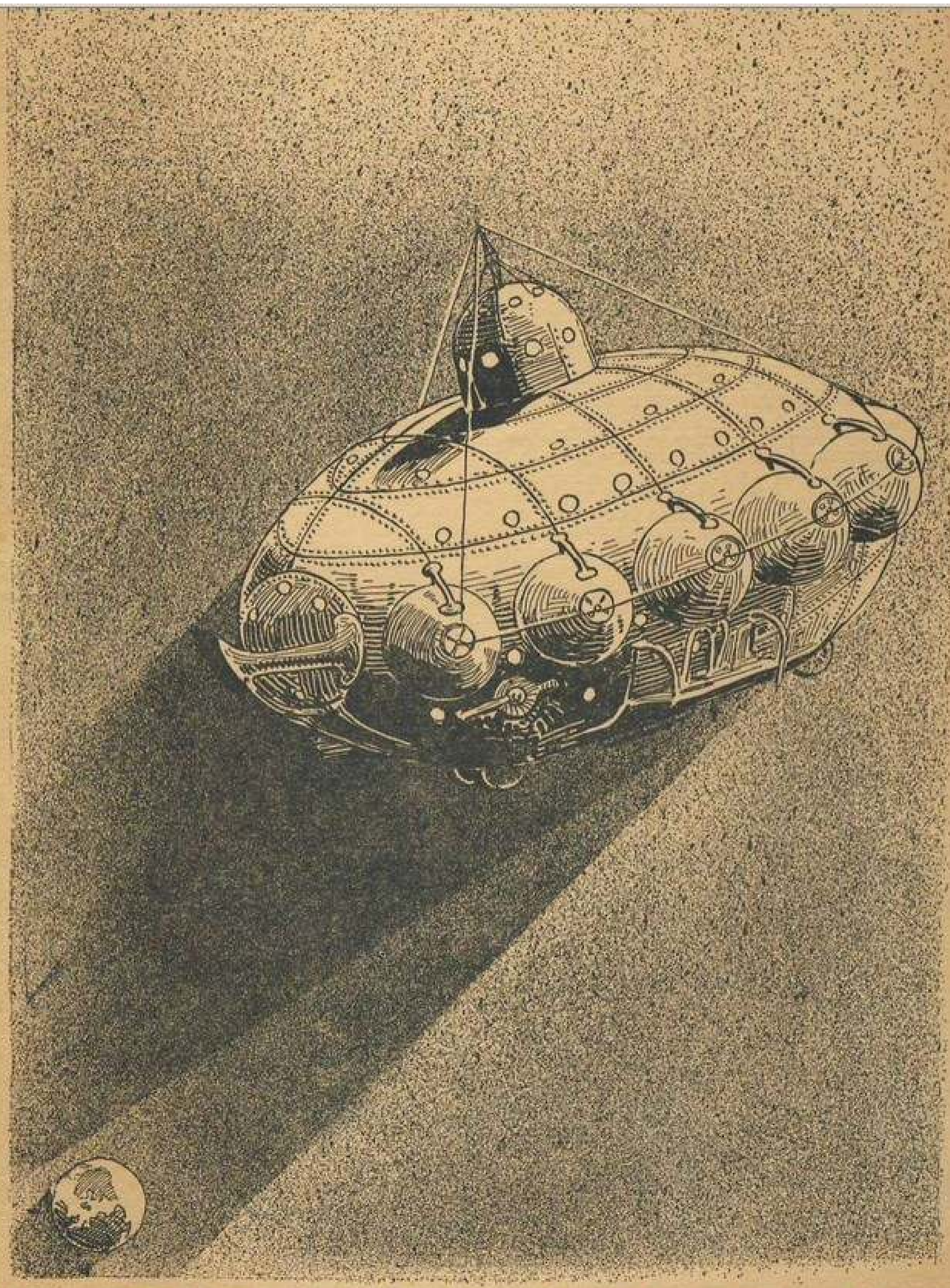
CITIES IN THE AIR

by Edmond HAMILTON

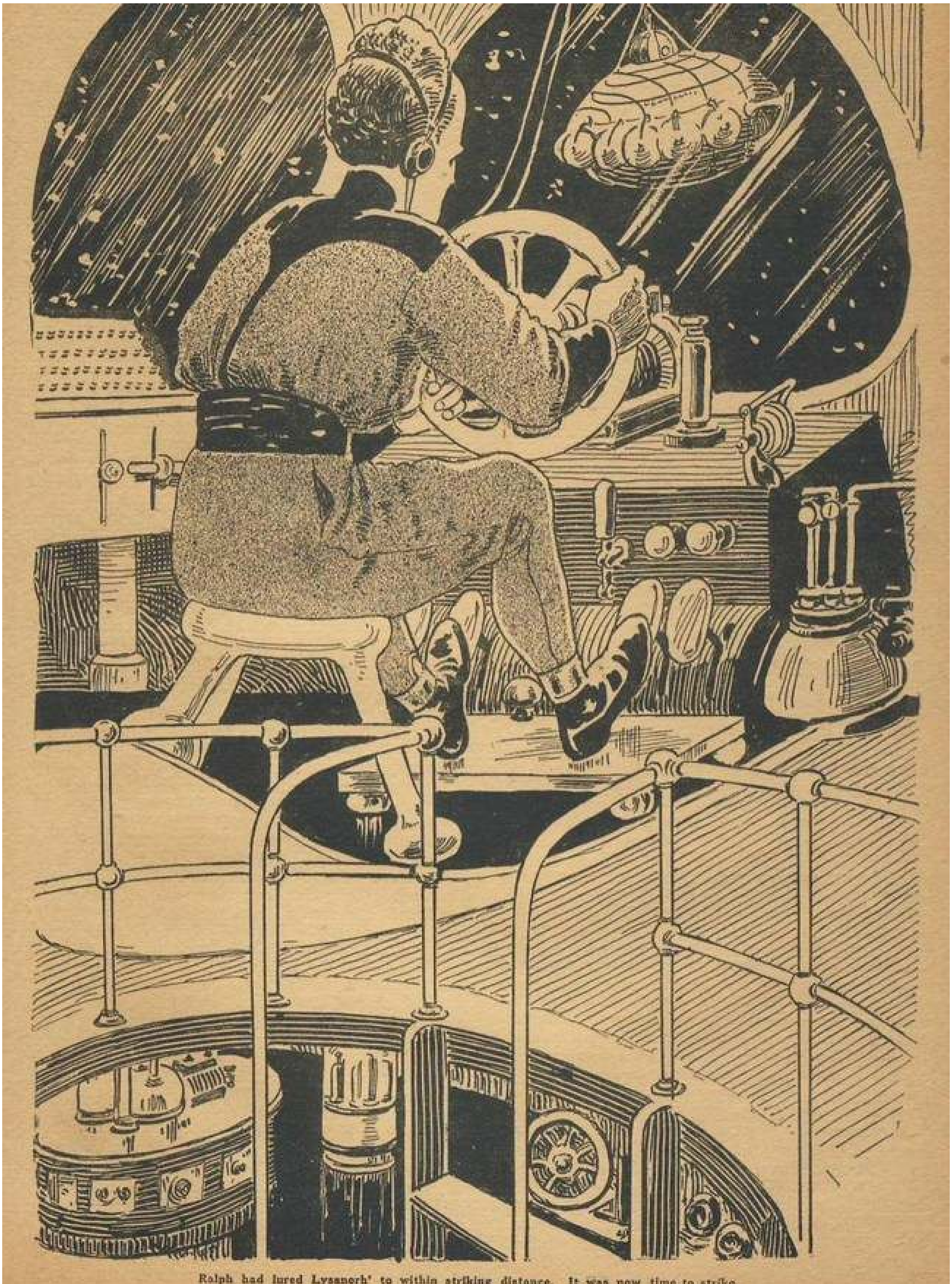


(Illustration by Paul)

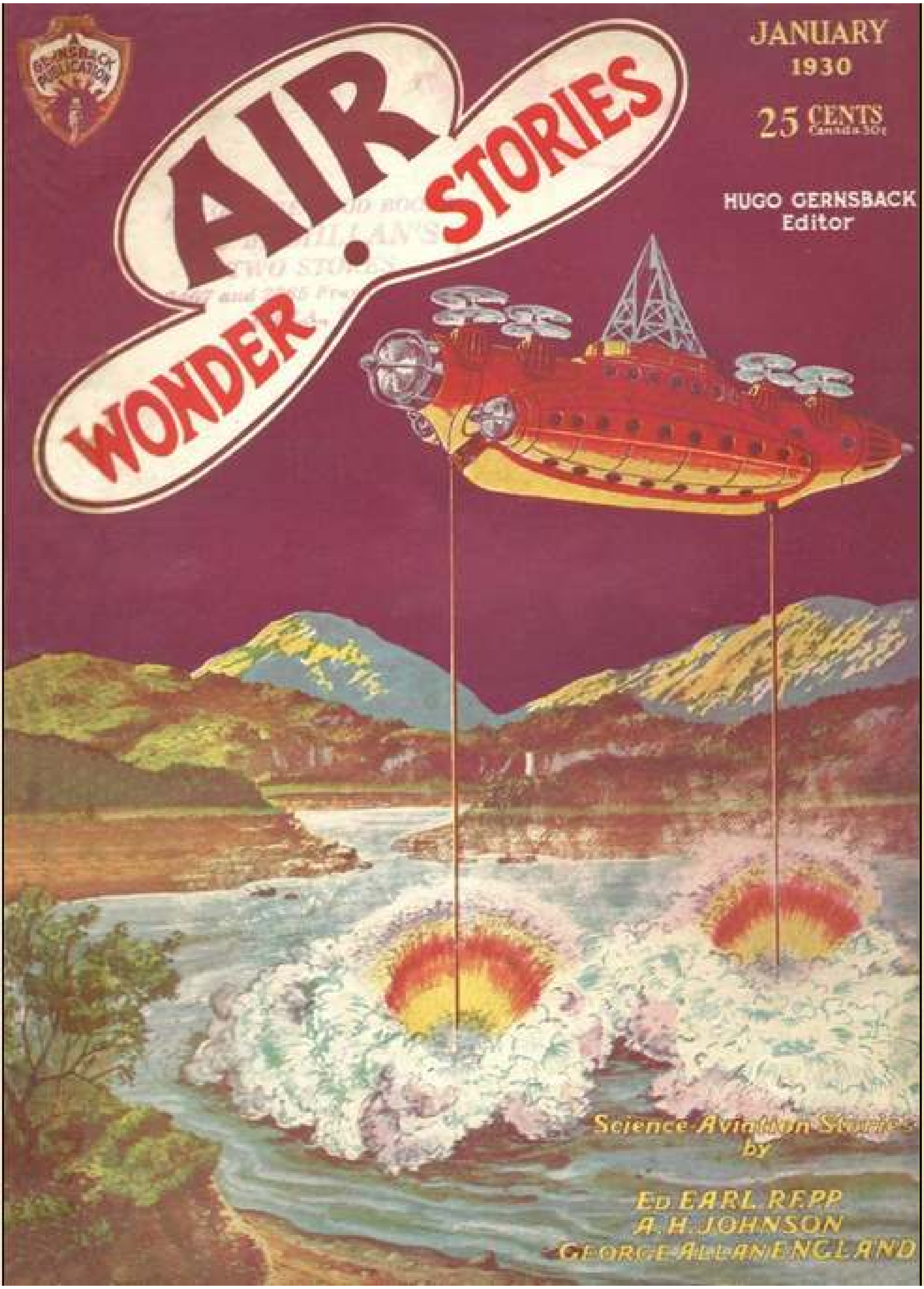
Now our line turned like a wheeling snake, high in the air and was rushing back upon the circle of our enemies. And as our long line of mighty cities whirled past them all our batteries were thundering.



As Ralph was flying toward the sun, Earth, being directly behind him was fully illuminated and appeared like a full moon. The continents and oceans were visible except where temporarily obscured by mist or clouds.



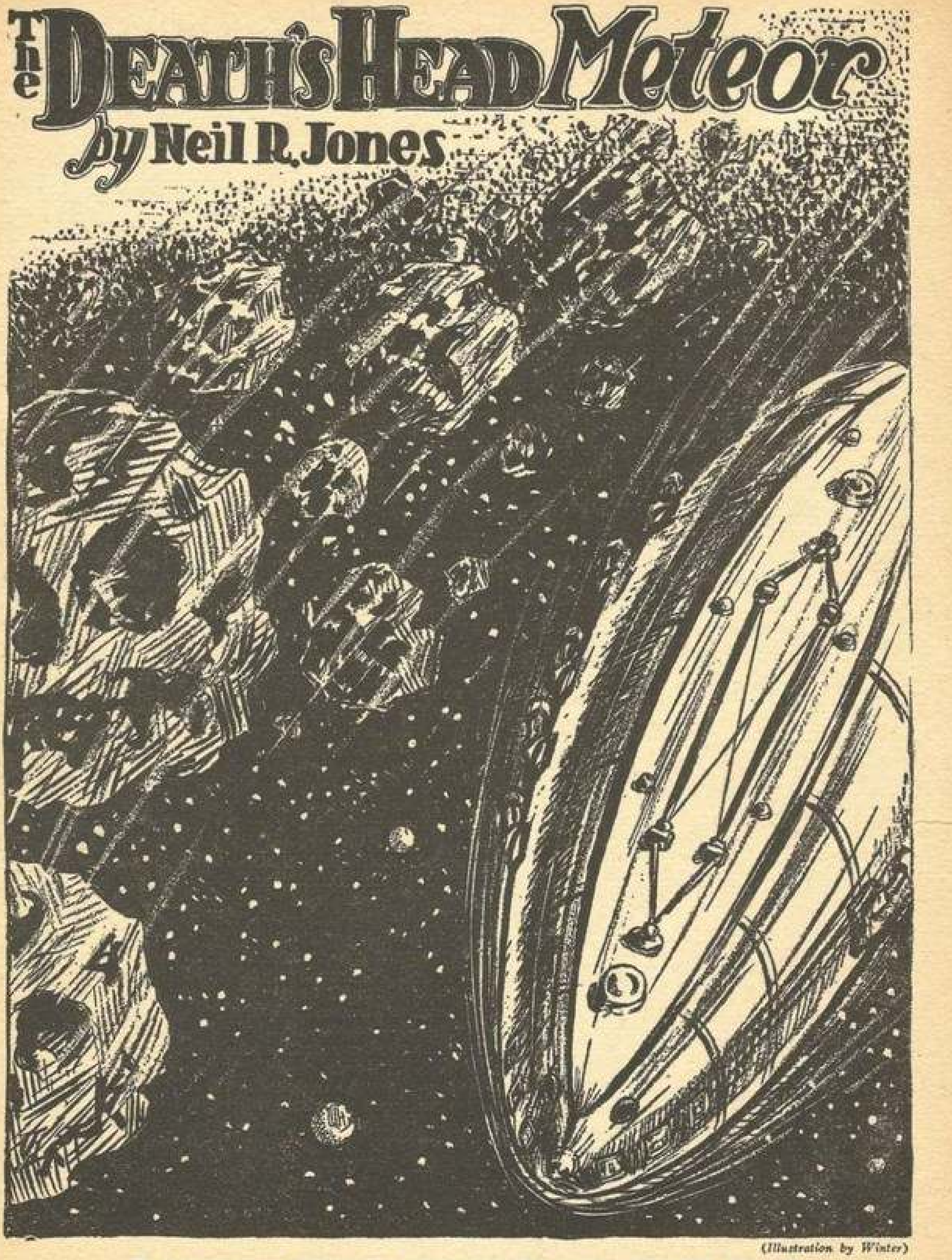
Ralph had lured Lysanorh' to within striking distance. It was now time to strike.



Air Wonder Stories - 1930 January

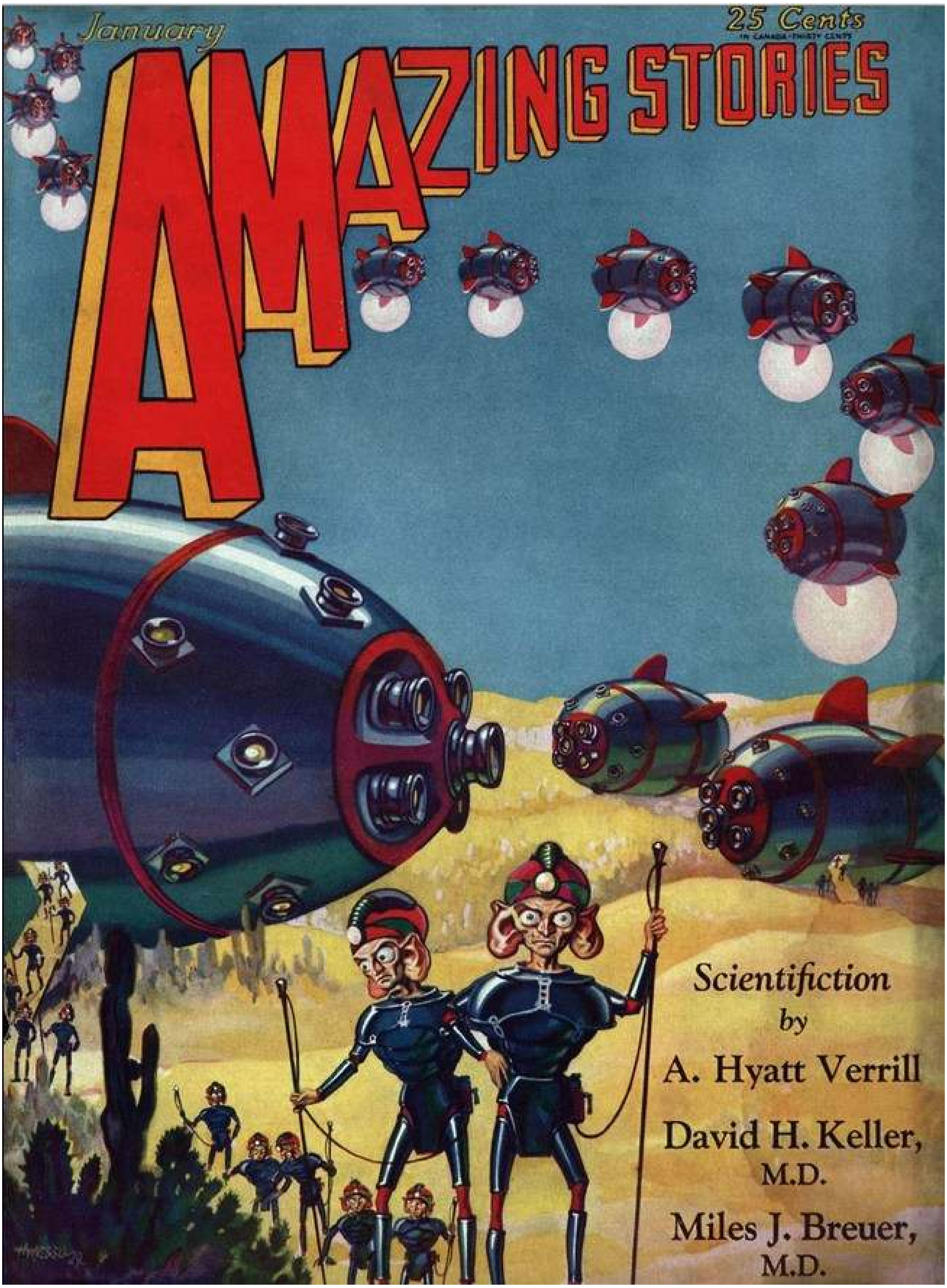
The Death's Head Meteor

by Neil R. Jones



(Illustration by Winter)

The head was composed of three huge meteors better than two hundred feet thick, with rough sides resembling miniature mountains careening through space. In the wake of the first three came smaller ones.



Amazing Stories - 1930 January



. . . but three great hulks dived, and in a dive that ended in flaming wreckage on the packed sands, ten miles below

"Come take a ride to the MOON with ME!"



LET me take you up into the skies—let me show you wonders of which you've never even dreamed. In my twelve million horsepower sky-sleigh distance is no handicap. A thousand miles an hour to me is a mere crawling speed.

Get in! Get in! Let me show you the wonders on the other side of the moon. It's like our own earth—peopled by a strange race that has no mouths, but whose thoughts come clearly to your minds. Let me show you the huge fire-pits 10,000 feet deep from which they get their light and heat. Let me show you the wingless vehicles they use to travel about. Come on—come on—I'll show you how we travel in this year of our Lord 2929!

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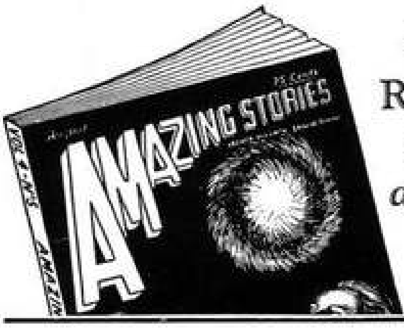
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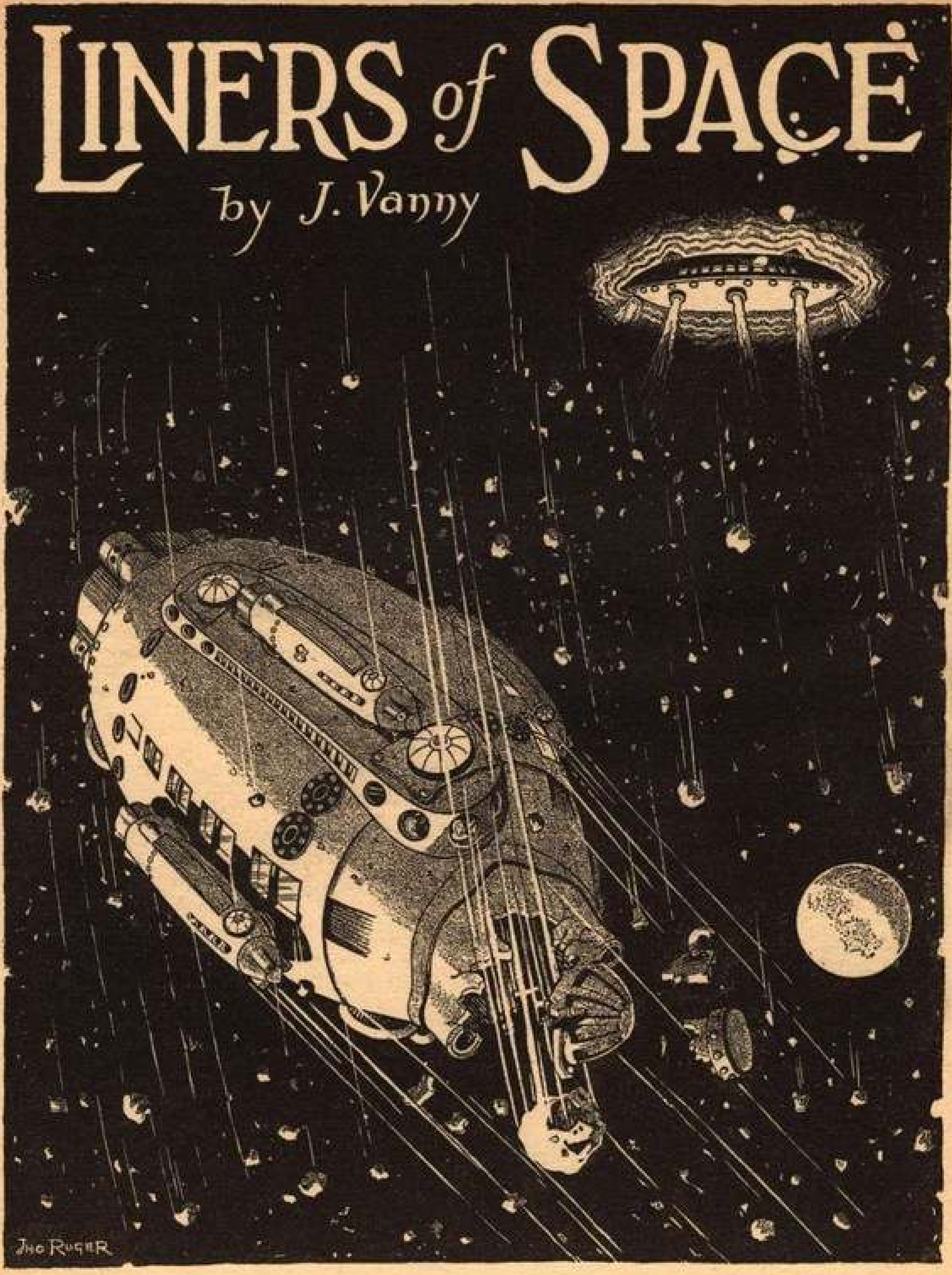
I enclose one dollar, for which please send me your big bargain offer of the next 6 issues of Amazing Stories (regular newsstand price $1.50) postpaid to the address given below.

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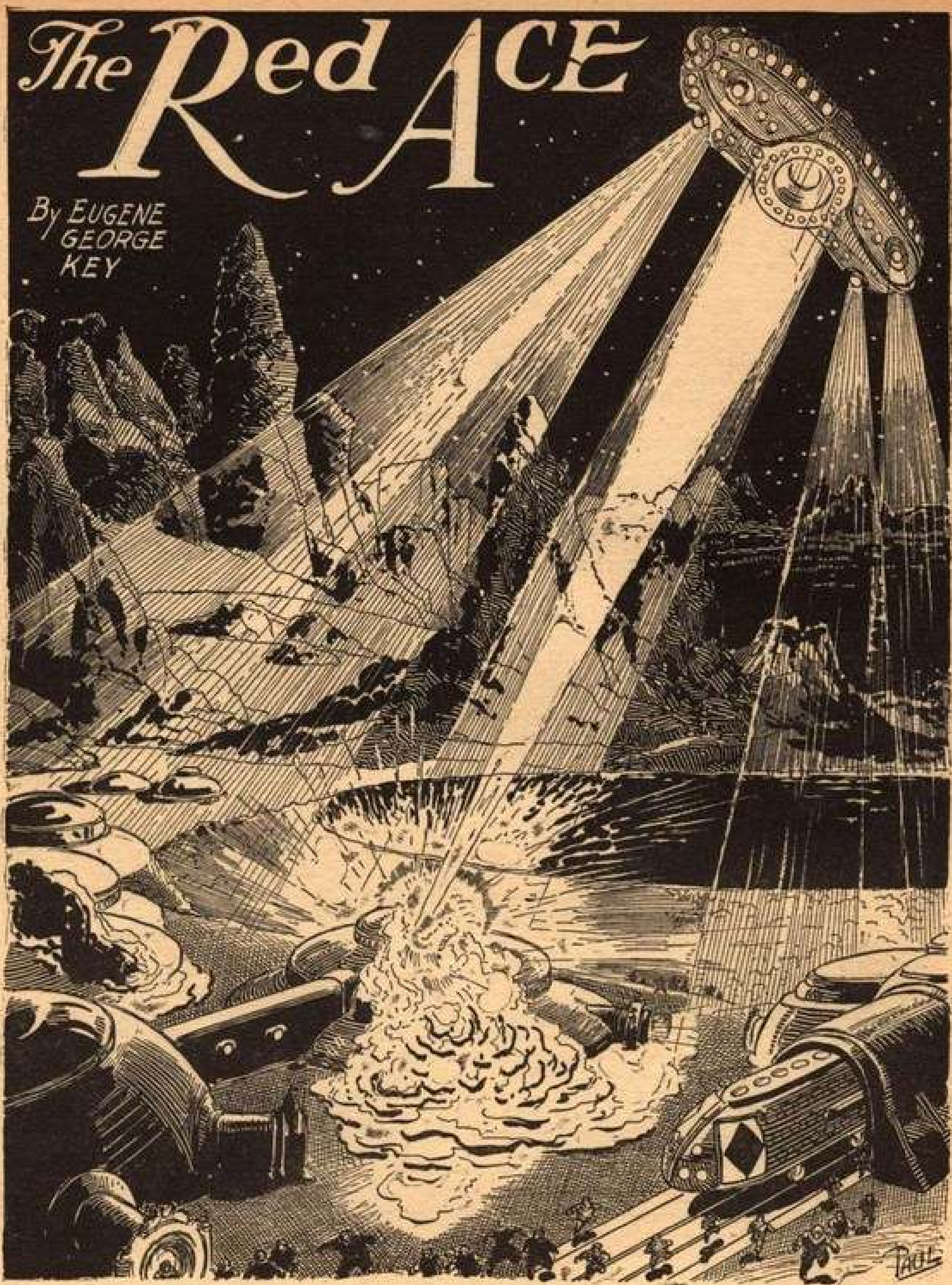
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Amazing Stories -1930 January
(Une offre d'abonnement semblable fut insérée dans plusieurs numéros)



(Illustration by Ruger)

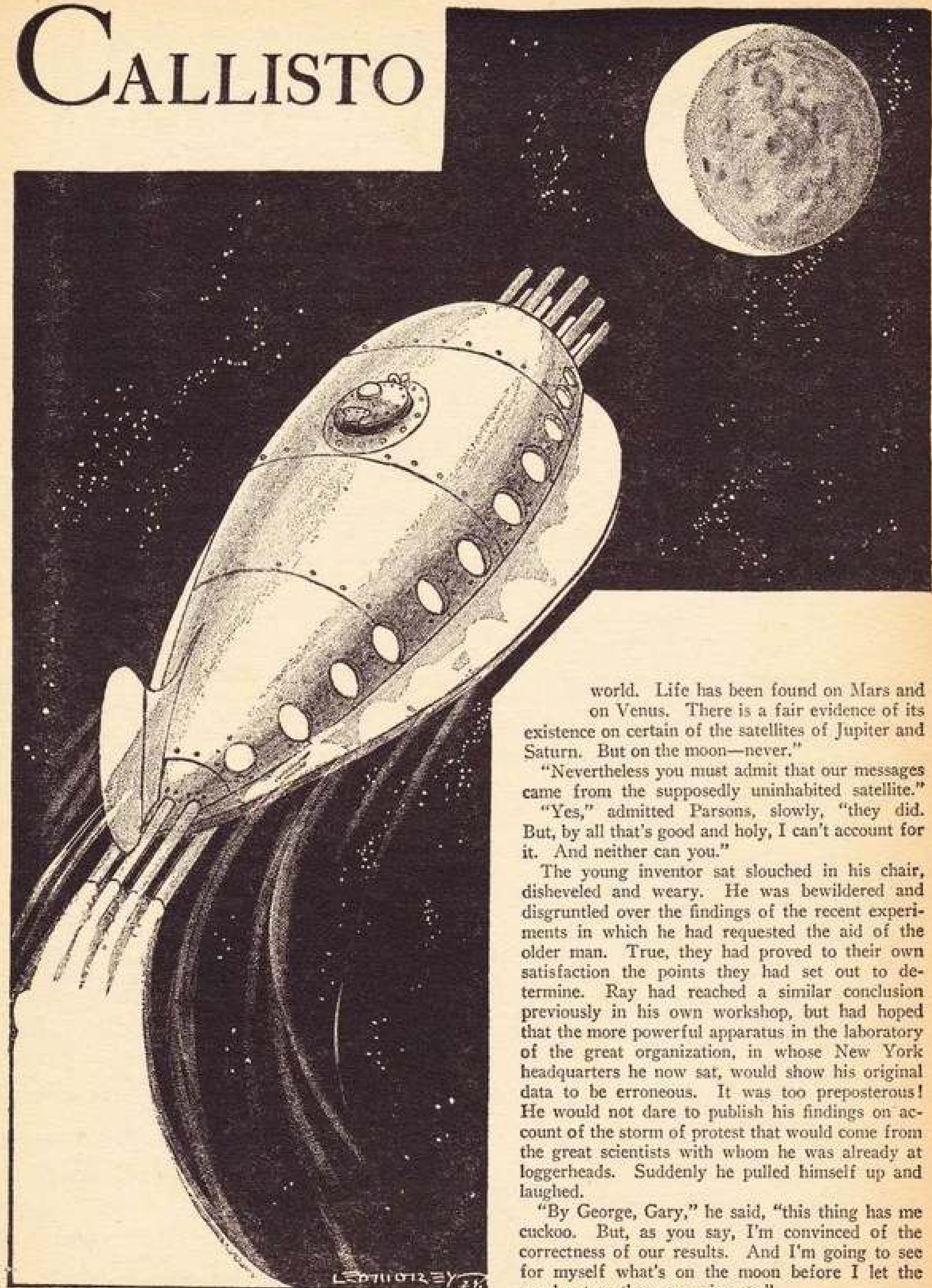
Frantically they fought with the controls. Too late! A blinding flash—a terrific impact—a deafening report within the car. A meteorite had torn a large section of the nose away.



(Illustration by Paul)

As we increased our power, we must have heated their machines so intensely that we finally melted parts of it. At full power the machine caved in and flowed away like water.

CALLISTO



The face of the moon was in shadow, but shone with a fair degree of brightness

world. Life has been found on Mars and on Venus. There is a fair evidence of its existence on certain of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. But on the moon—never."

"Nevertheless you must admit that our messages came from the supposedly uninhabited satellite."

"Yes," admitted Parsons, slowly, "they did. But, by all that's good and holy, I can't account for it. And neither can you."

The young inventor sat slouched in his chair, disheveled and weary. He was bewildered and disgruntled over the findings of the recent experiments in which he had requested the aid of the older man. True, they had proved to their own satisfaction the points they had set out to determine. Ray had reached a similar conclusion previously in his own workshop, but had hoped that the more powerful apparatus in the laboratory of the great organization, in whose New York headquarters he now sat, would show his original data to be erroneous. It was too preposterous! He would not dare to publish his findings on account of the storm of protest that would come from the great scientists with whom he was already at loggerheads. Suddenly he pulled himself up and laughed.

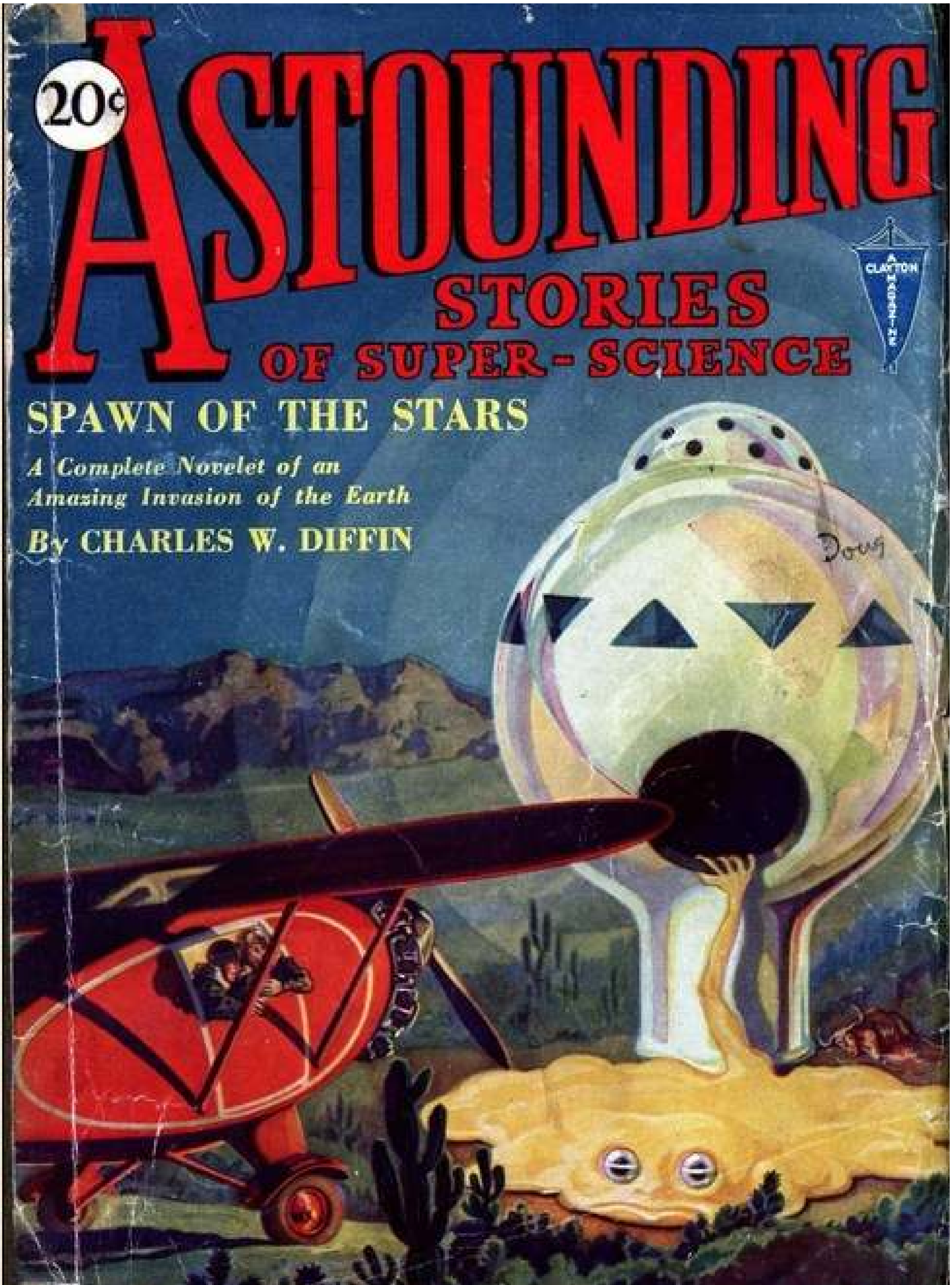
"By George, Gary," he said, "this thing has me cuckoo. But, as you say, I'm convinced of the correctness of our results. And I'm going to see for myself what's on the moon before I let the word out on these experiments."

"Through the telescope?"

"No siree. I'm going to go there and look around."



The panorama that spread before their eyes as the "Meteor" sped along at this altitude in response to Ray's manipulations was bizarre in the extreme



Astounding Stories - 1930 February



The sky was alive with winged shapes, and high in the air shone the glittering menace, trailing five plumes of gas.

Spawn of the Stars

By Charles Willard Diffin

WHEN Cyrus R. Thurston bought himself a single-motored Stoughton job he was looking for new thrills. Flying around the east coast had lost its zest: he wanted to join that jaunty group who spoke so easily of hopping off for Los Angeles.

The Earth lay powerless beneath those loathsome, yellowish monsters that, sheathed in cometlike globes, sprang from the skies to annihilate man and reduce his cities to ashes.

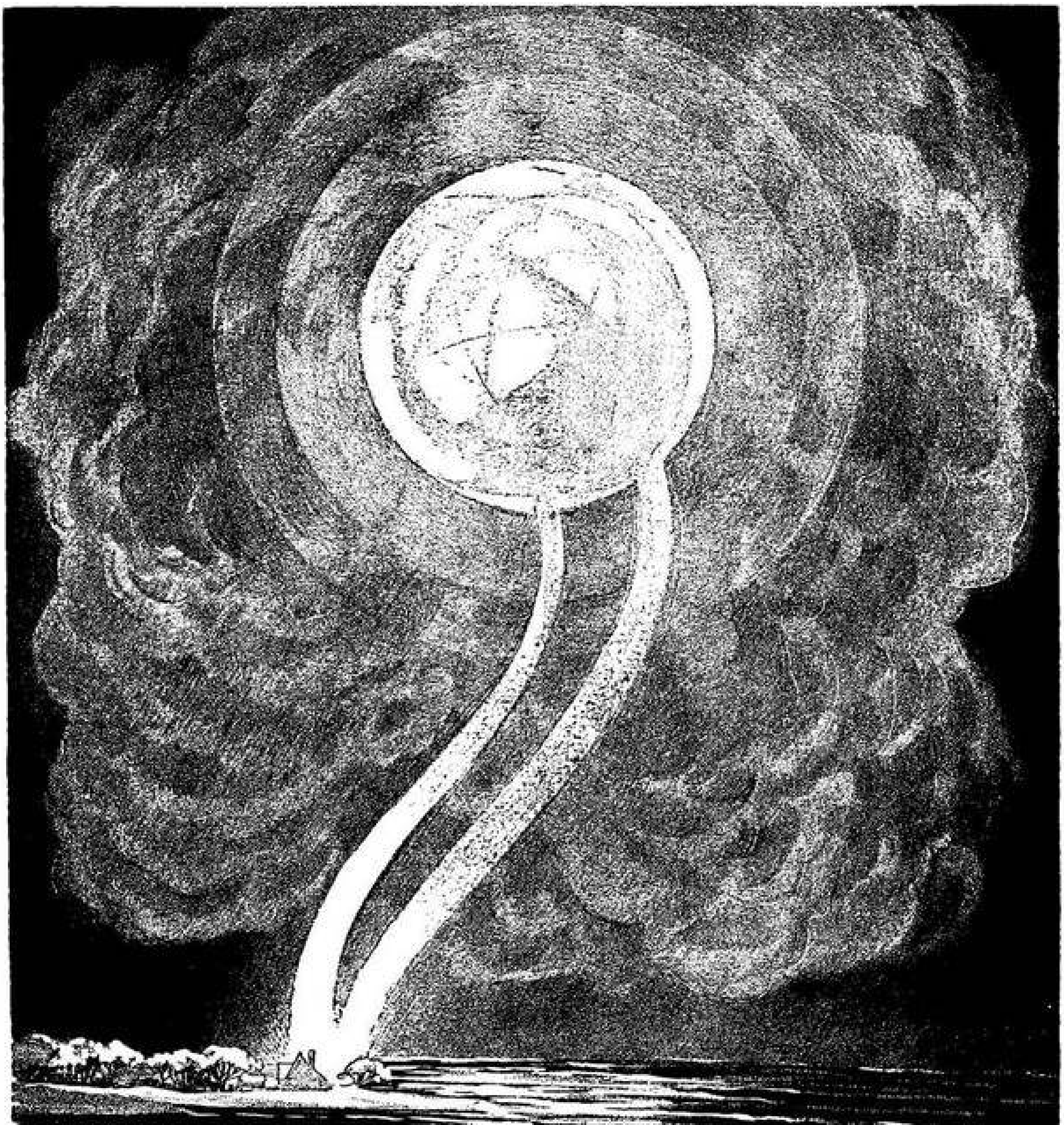
And what Cyrus Thurston wanted he usually obtained. But if that young millionaire-sportsman had been told that on his first flight this blocky, bulletlike ship was to pitch him headlong into the exact center of the wildest, strangest war this earth had ever seen—well, it is still probable that the Stoughton company would not have lost the sale.

They were roaring through the starlit, calm night, three thousand feet above a sage sprinkled desert, when the trip ended. Slim Riley had



the stick when the first blast of hot oil ripped slashingly across the pilot's window. "There goes your old trip!" he yelled. "Why don't they try putting engines in these ships?"

He jammed over the throttle and, with motor idling, swept down toward the endless miles of moonlit waste. Wind? They had been boring into it. Through the opened window he spotted a likely stretch of ground. Setting down the ship on a nice piece of Arizona desert was a mere detail for Slim.

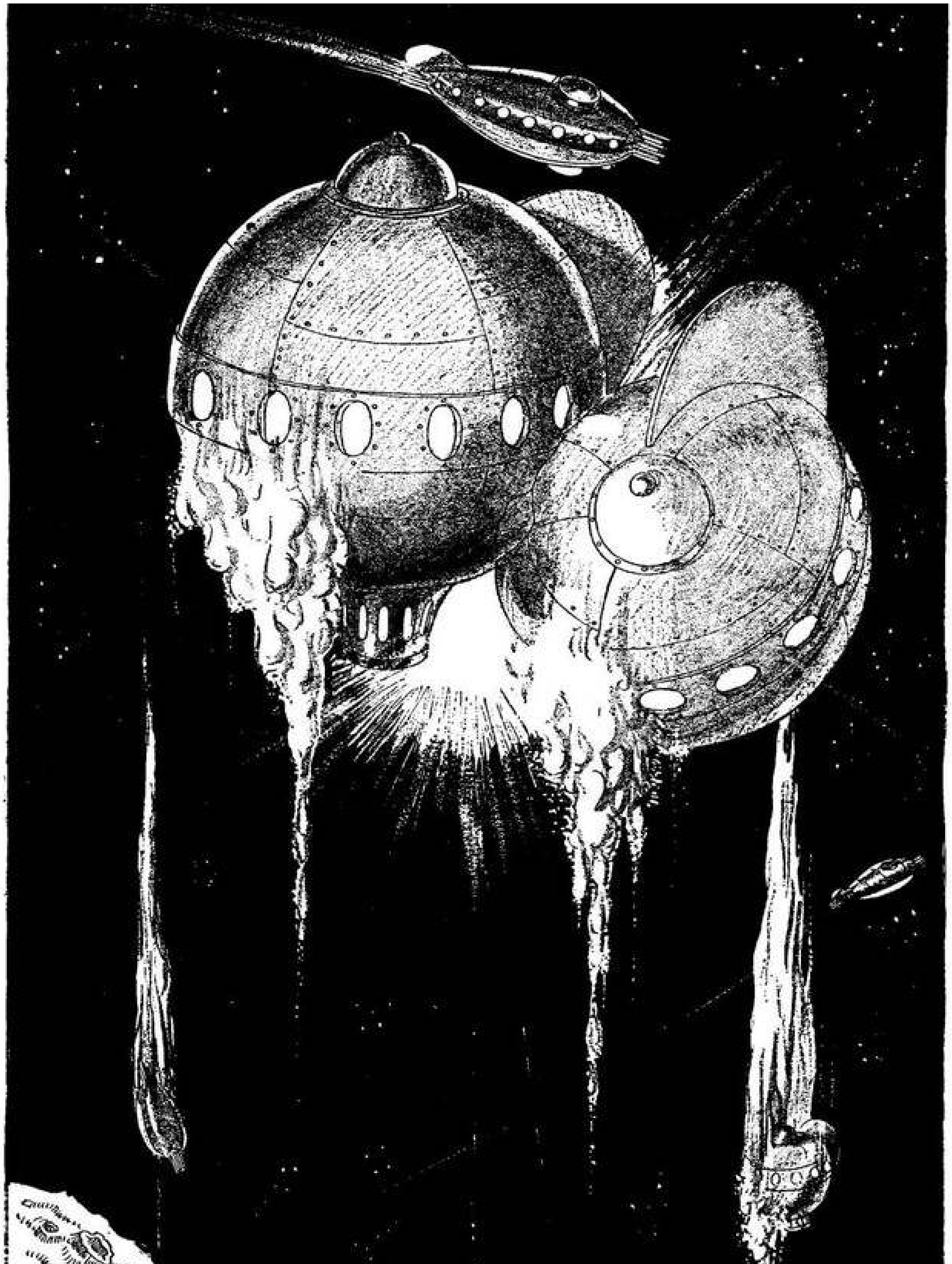


In a moment I noticed a change. The seething clouds of green were sucked down. They drew into a dense cyclone vortex of flame about the old house

around the shining central globe. It swam, and swirled, and grew! It wheeled madly, dizzily, ever reaching out. It was a mist of flame like the photosphere about the sun. A strange, weird light shone from it, lighting the sea and the beach and the woodland about the doomed building with an uncanny radiance!

Quite abruptly two narrow beams of a thick, misty purple fire darted out of the silver core of the amazing thing, and, flashing over the ground, fixed themselves upon the cottage! They were like thin, unpleasant fingers of purple fog! There was something terrible in the swift sureness of their motions! They moved as if they were seeing eyes, or tentacles—feeling, searching!



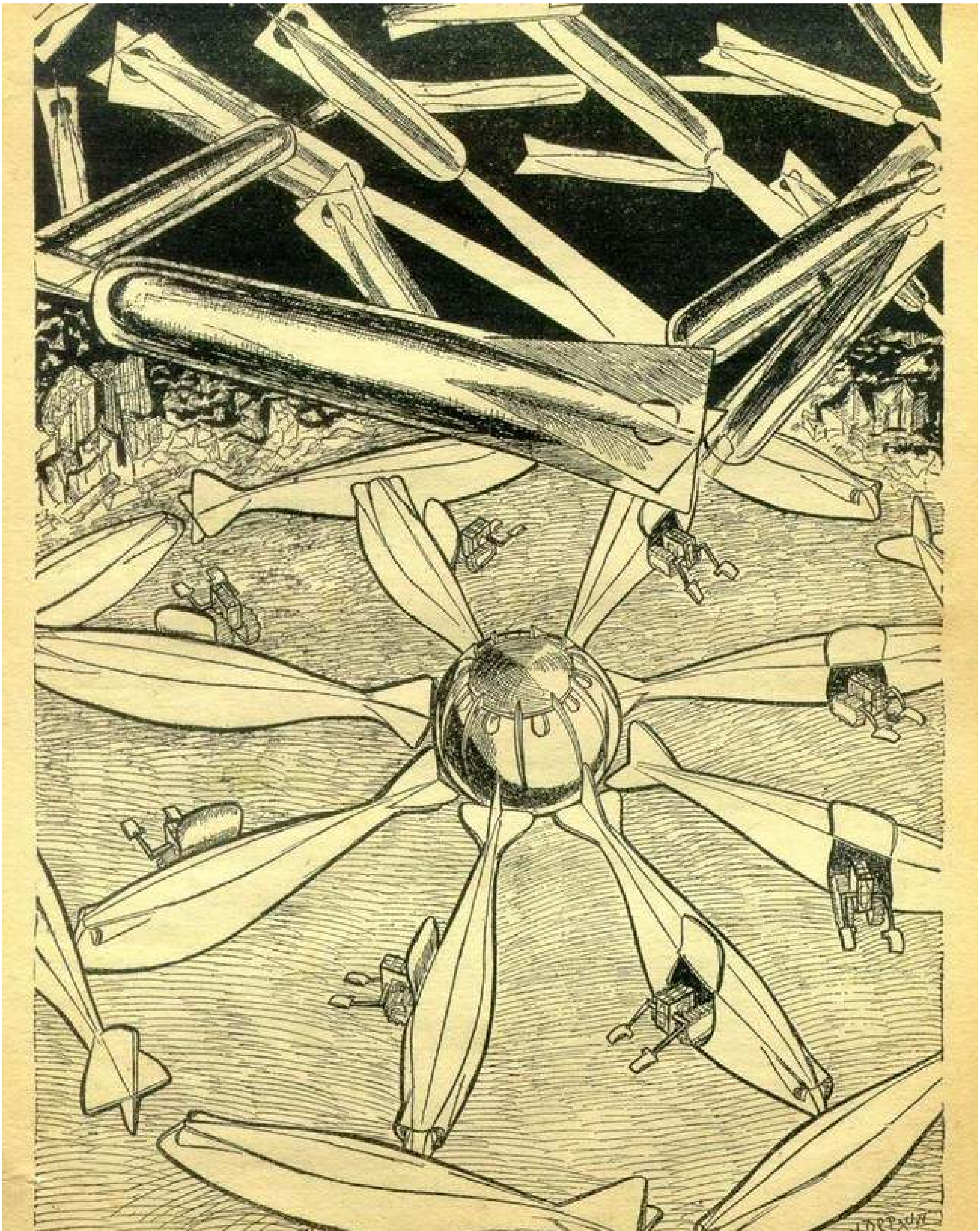


One of his squadron was caught between two of the spheres when they crashed together.

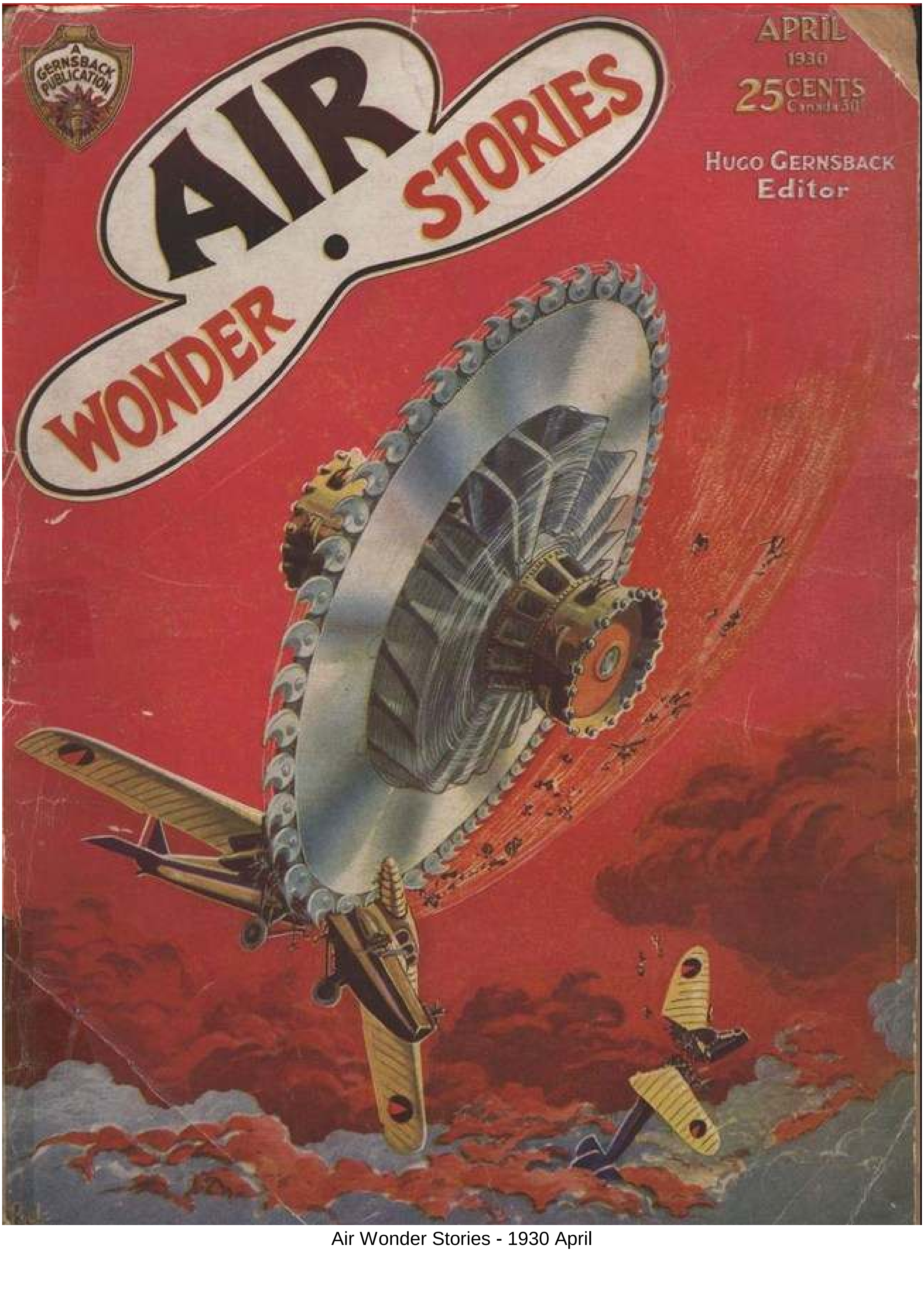
Amazing Stories - 1930 March



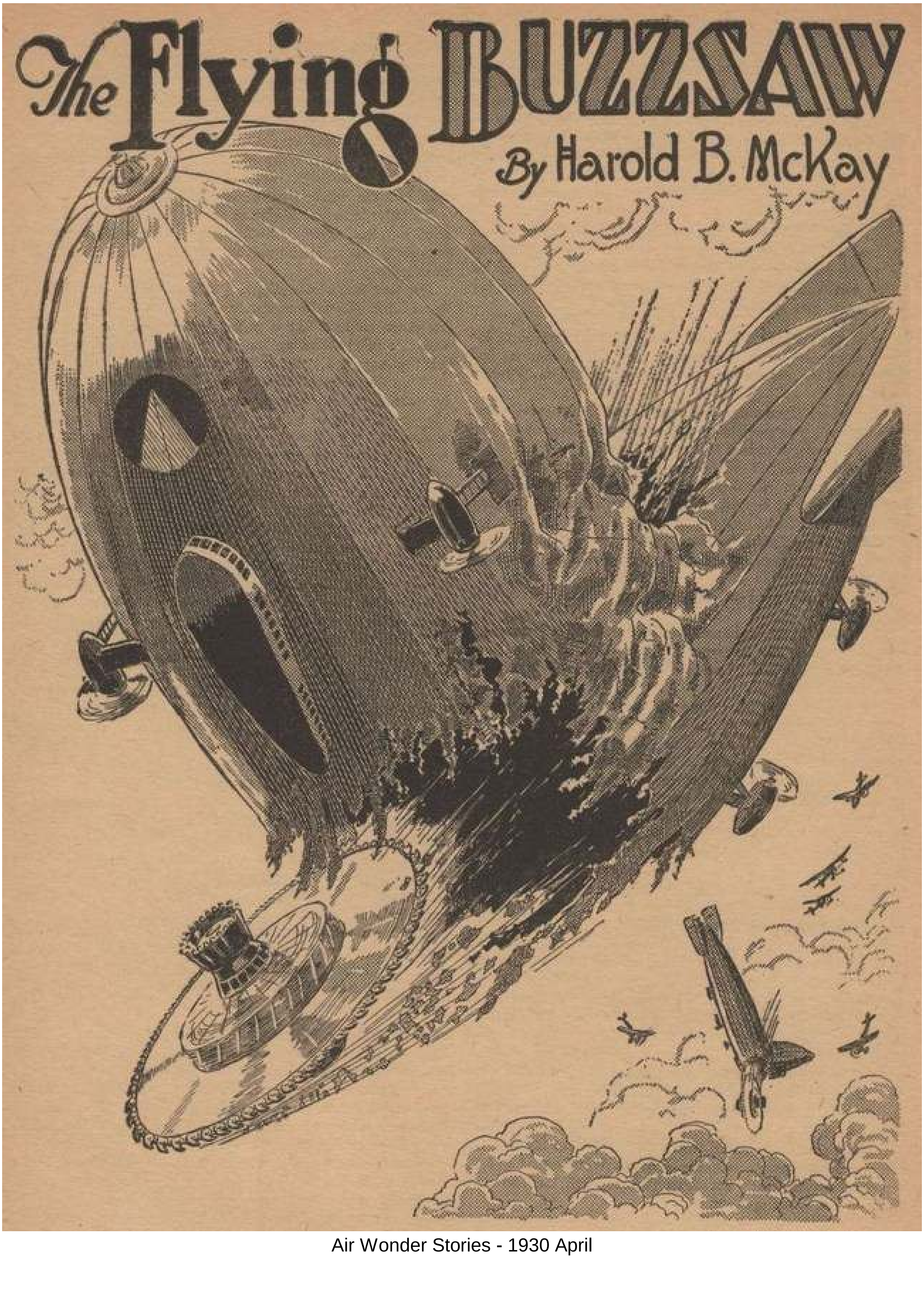
Suddenly he was startled by a brilliant flash high overhead. Glancing quickly up, he saw a ball of blue-green light divide into two parts.



¶ *The great sphere and its attendant transports sank gently to the ground and formed a vast wheel, with the sphere as the hub and the transports as radiating spokes and the rim*



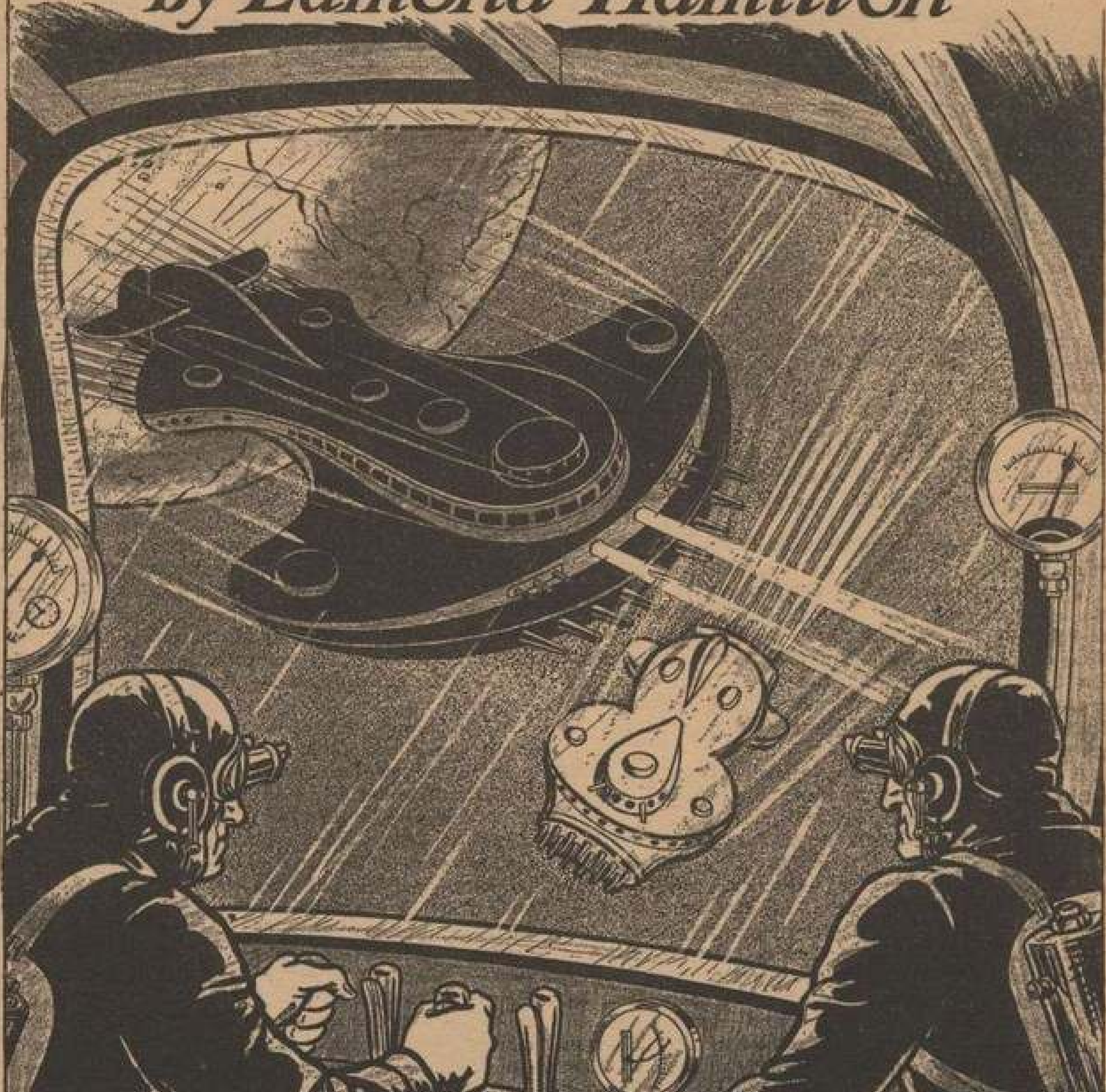
Air Wonder Stories - 1930 April



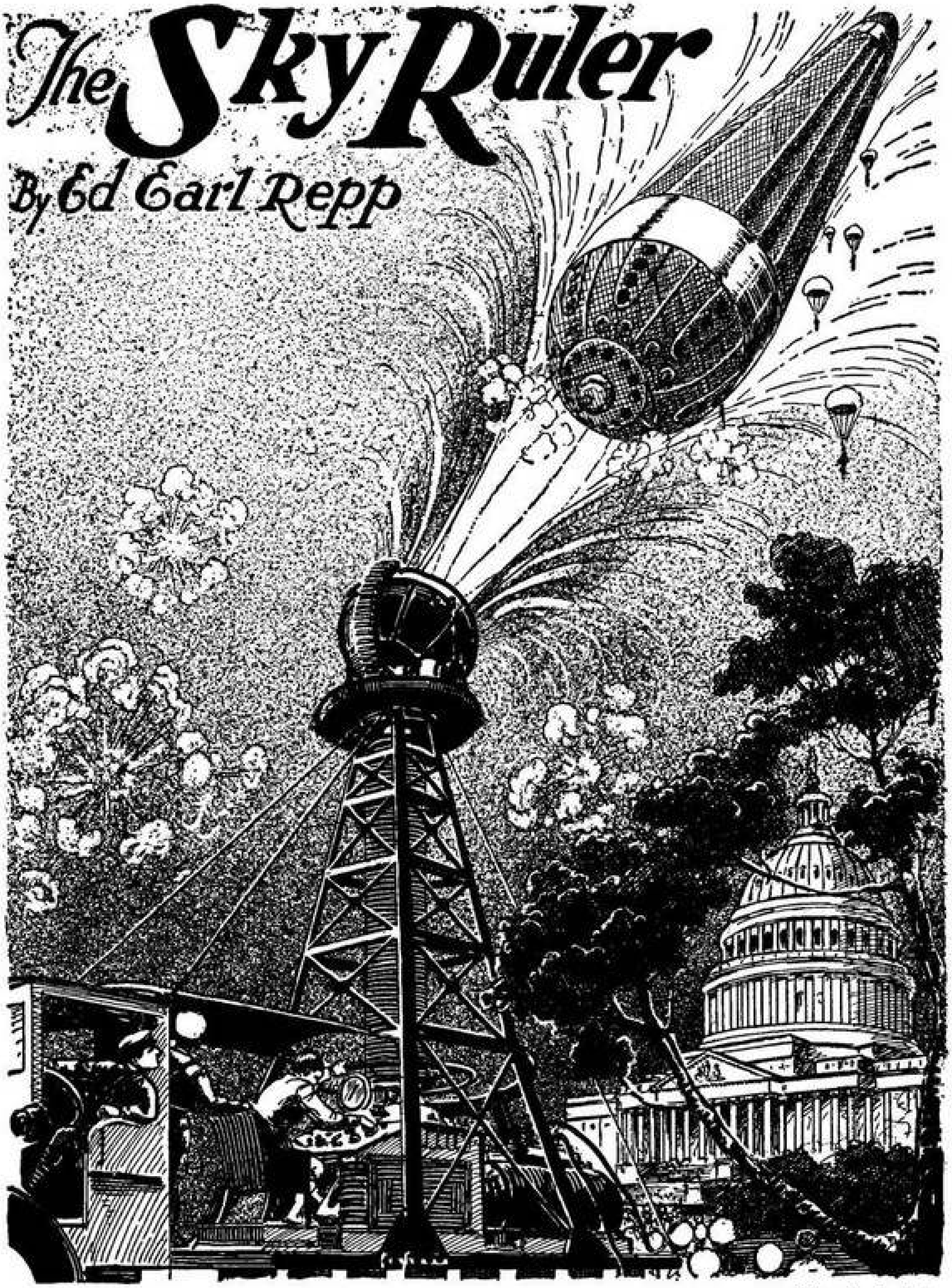
Air Wonder Stories - 1930 April

EVANS of the EARTH GUARD

by Edmond Hamilton

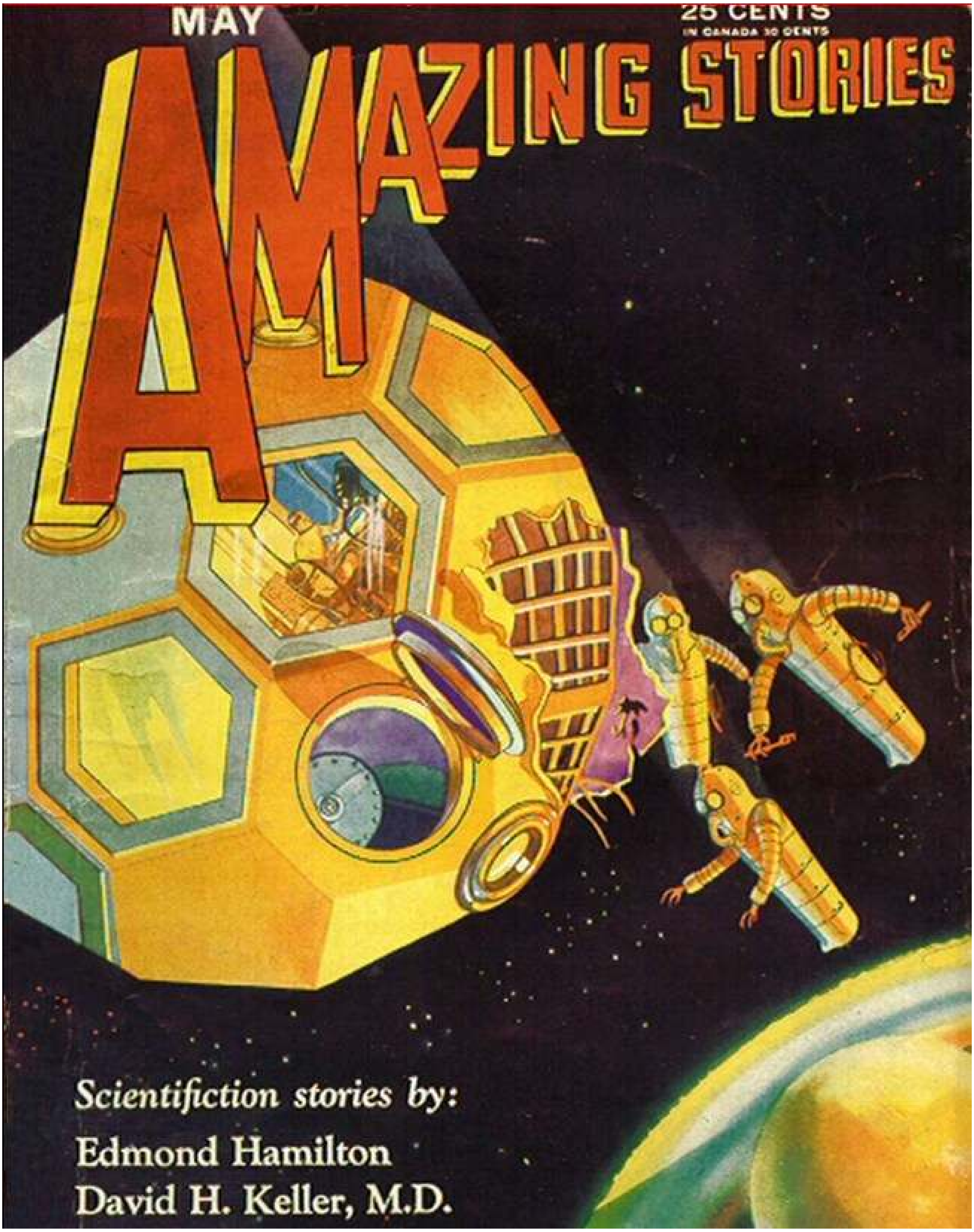


(Illustration by Winter)

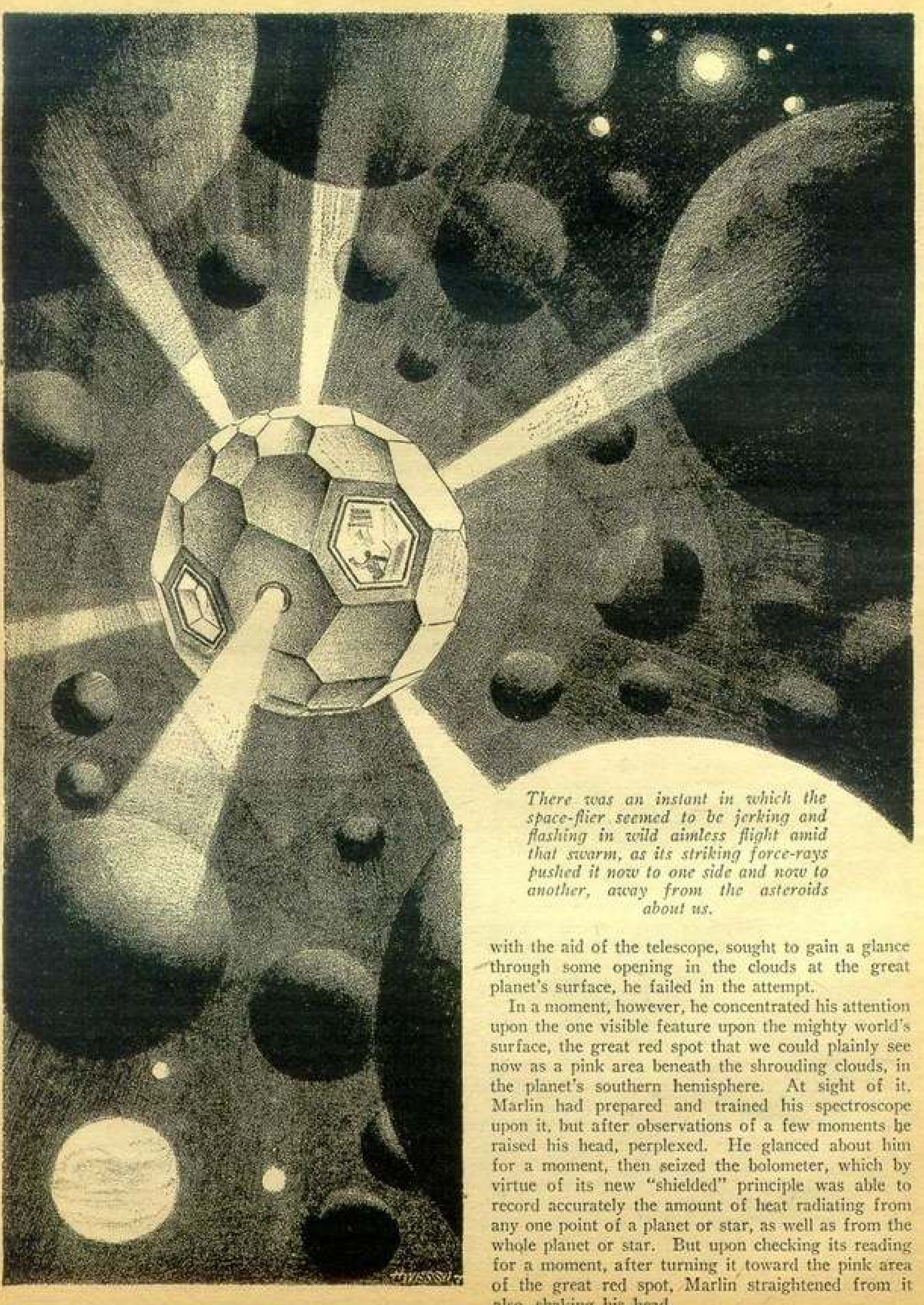


(Illustration by Paul)

Slowly but surely the ship was being drawn down! Black dots appeared in the air directly below her, that turned out to be bulging parachutes. The guns from the ship roared again.



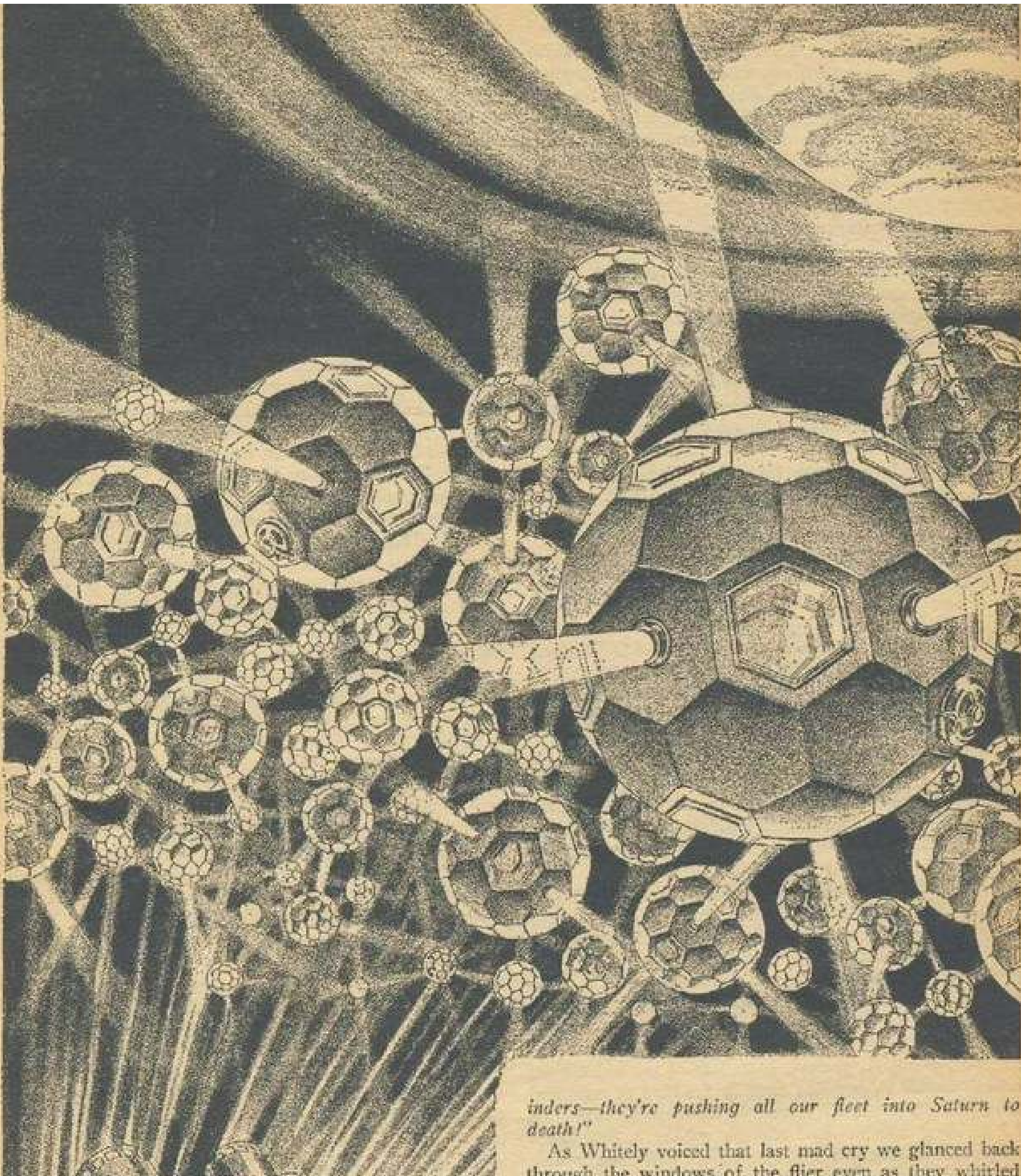
Amazing Stories - 1930 May



There was an instant in which the space-flier seemed to be jerking and flashing in wild aimless flight amid that swarm, as its striking force-rays pushed it now to one side and now to another, away from the asteroids about us.

with the aid of the telescope, sought to gain a glance through some opening in the clouds at the great planet's surface, he failed in the attempt.

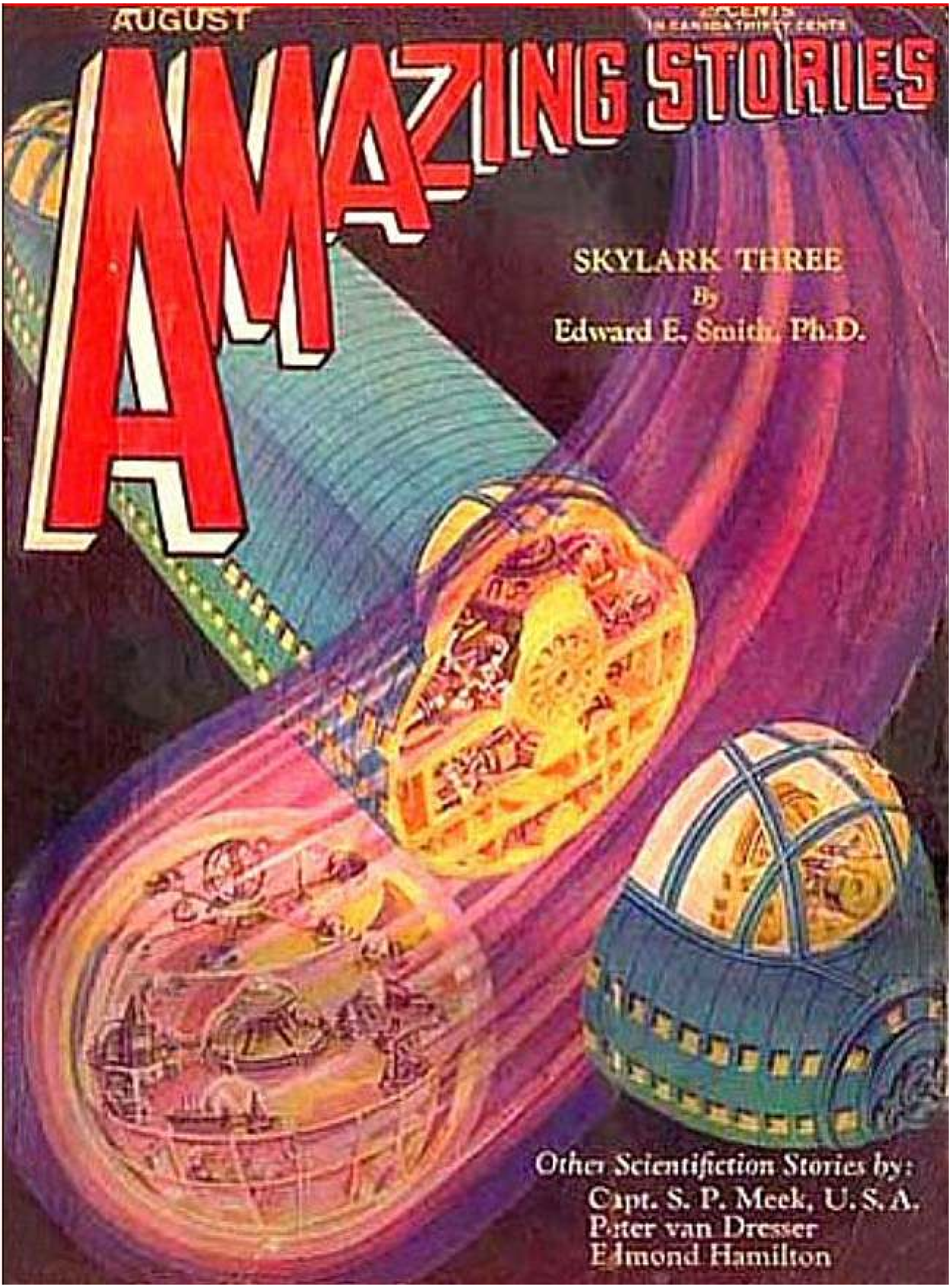
In a moment, however, he concentrated his attention upon the one visible feature upon the mighty world's surface, the great red spot that we could plainly see now as a pink area beneath the shrouding clouds, in the planet's southern hemisphere. At sight of it, Marlin had prepared and trained his spectroscope upon it, but after observations of a few moments he raised his head, perplexed. He glanced about him for a moment, then seized the bolometer, which by virtue of its new "shielded" principle was able to record accurately the amount of heat radiating from any one point of a planet or star, as well as from the whole planet or star. But upon checking its reading for a moment, after turning it toward the pink area of the great red spot, Marlin straightened from it also, shaking his head.



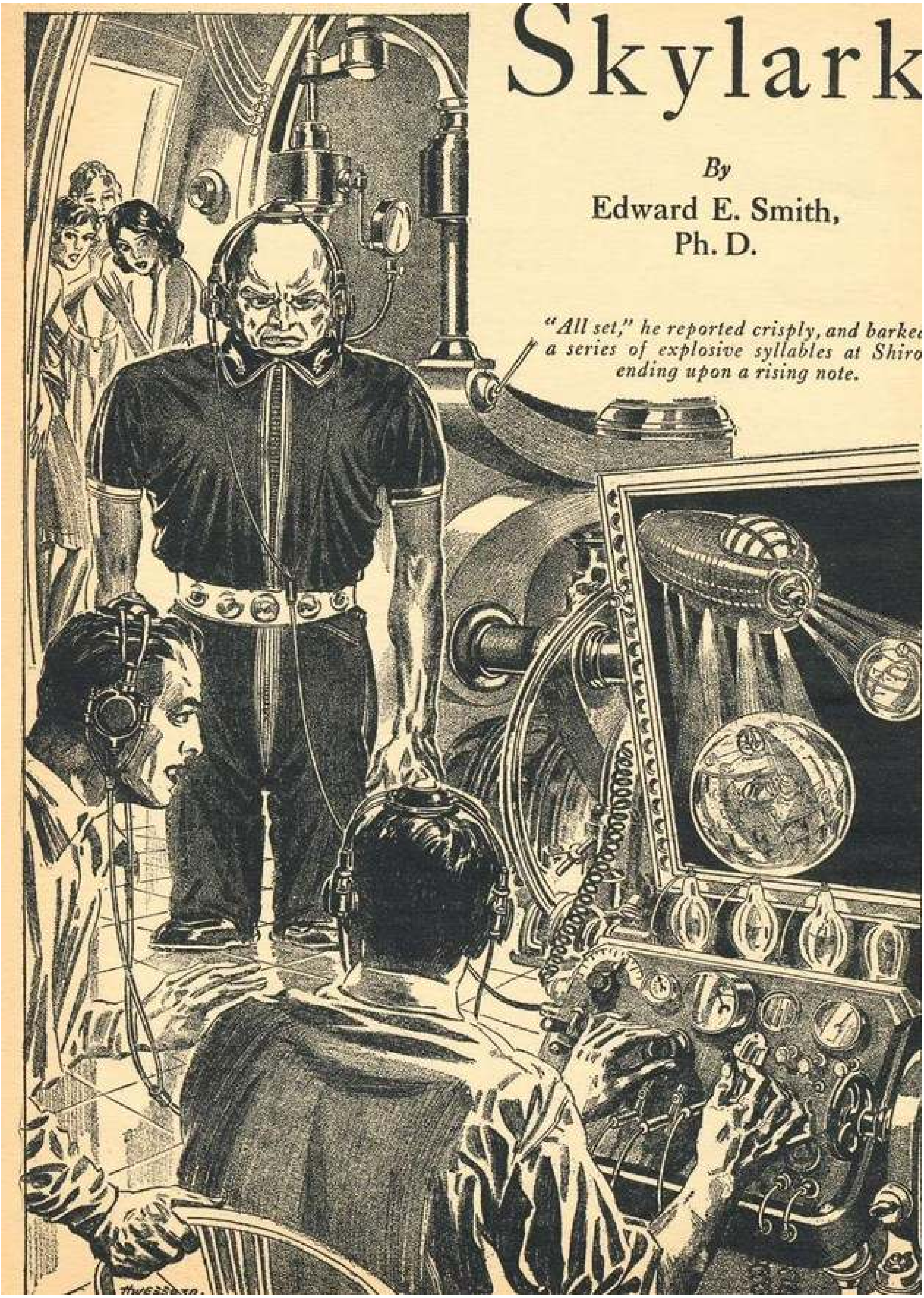
An ambush in space! They were being pushed into Saturn.

inders—they're pushing all our fleet into Saturn to death!"

As Whitely voiced that last mad cry we glanced back through the windows of the flier even as they whirled about us, even as our flier and all the thousands of space-fliers of our great fleet whirled madly in toward huge Saturn looming ahead, and we saw that even as he had cried out, there, behind us, hanging motionless in space and only visible to us for a moment, hung a great mass of cylinder-fliers! Half our own great fleet in number they seemed, those massed Neptunian cylinders, and midmost among them were a score of greater cylinders of immense size, far larger than any of the others, that were grouped closely together and from openings in which there was coming toward us a pale force-ray of immense size, visible only as it issued from those greater cylinders! And that ray it was, as was plain even in that instant,



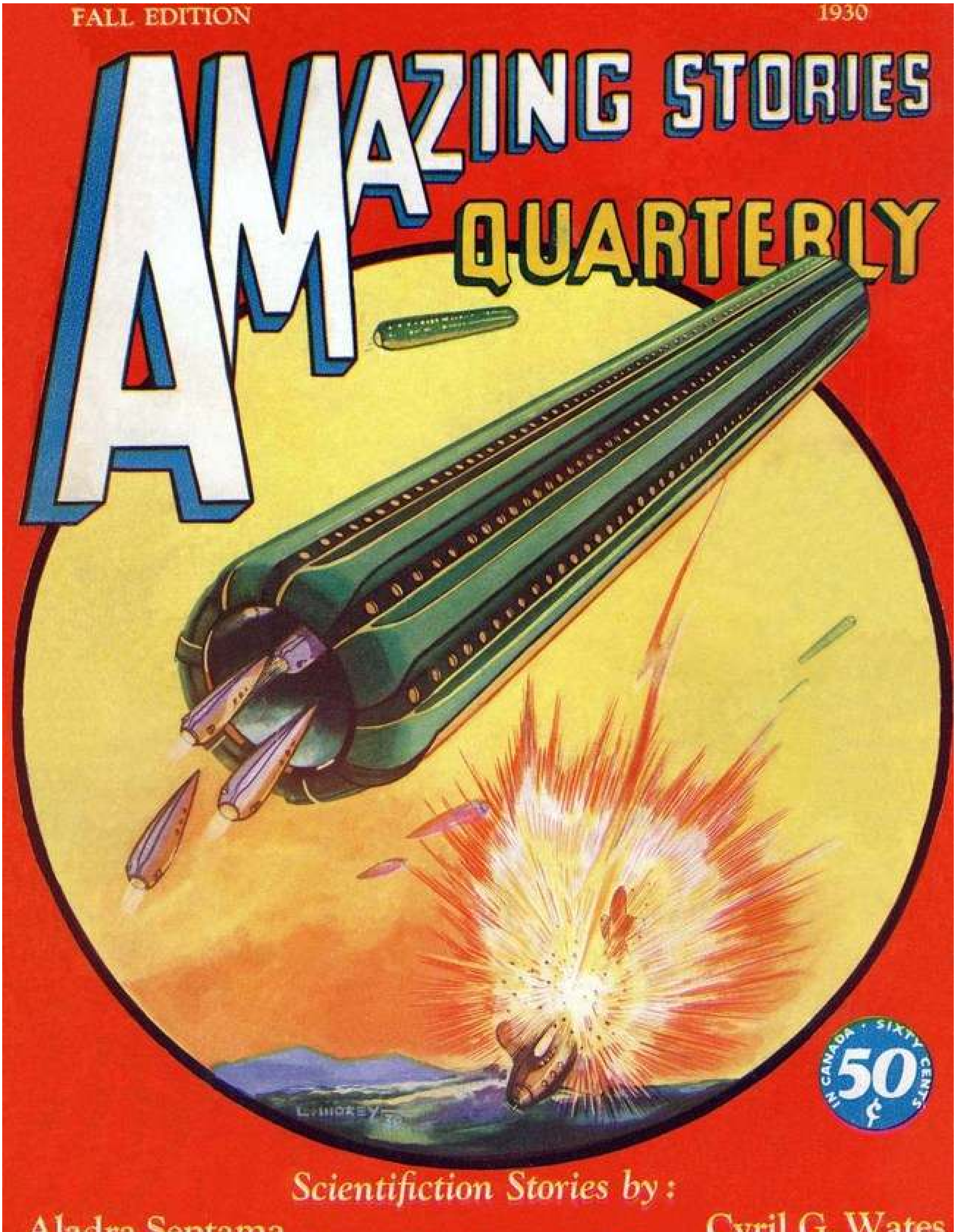
Amazing Stories -1930 August



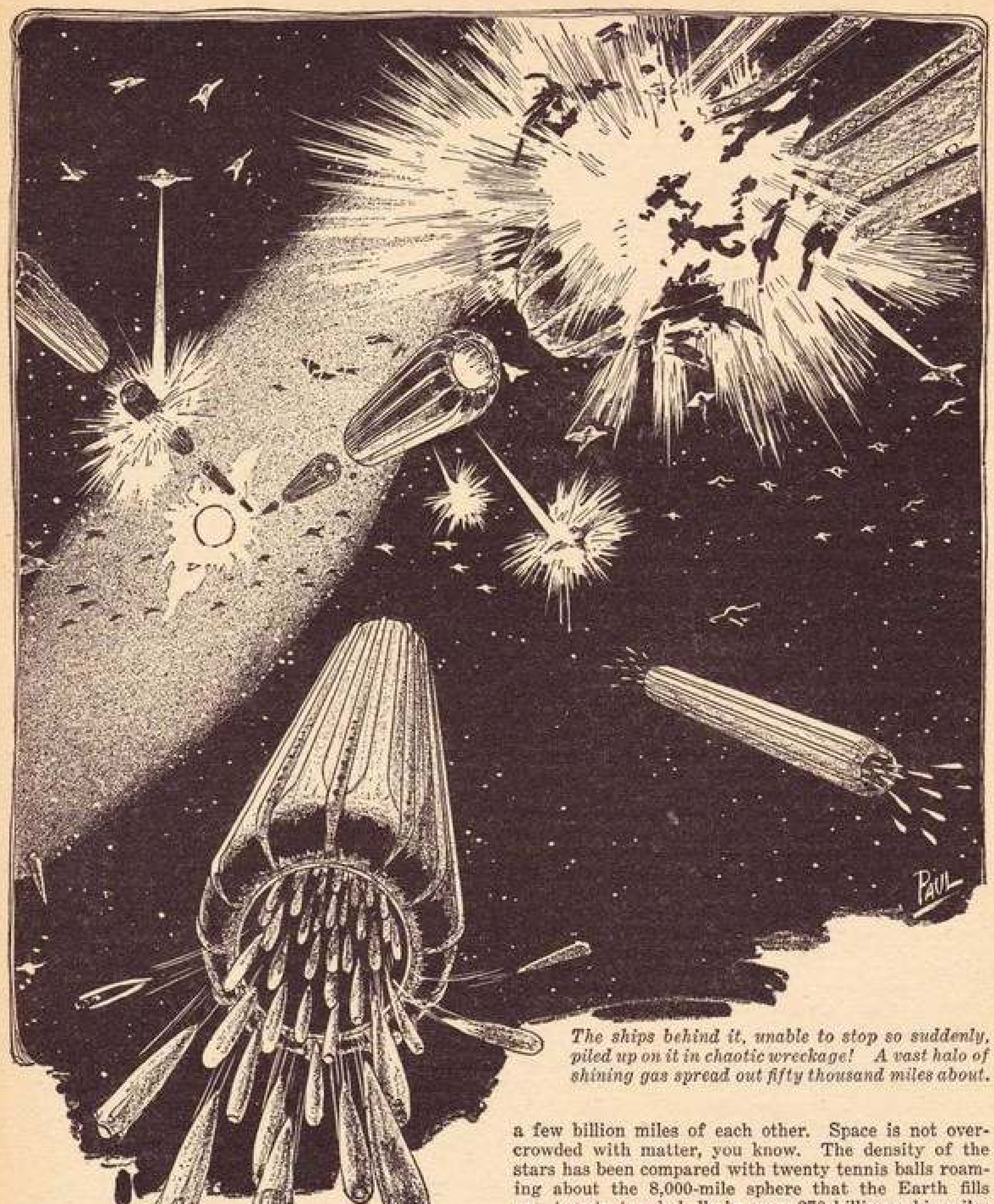
Amazing Stories -1930 August



Then these strange streamers of fiery red seemed to condense to two main streamers, reached out and out—touched the great ships



Amazing Stories Quarterly - 1930 Fall



The ships behind it, unable to stop so suddenly, piled up on it in chaotic wreckage! A vast halo of shining gas spread out fifty thousand miles about.

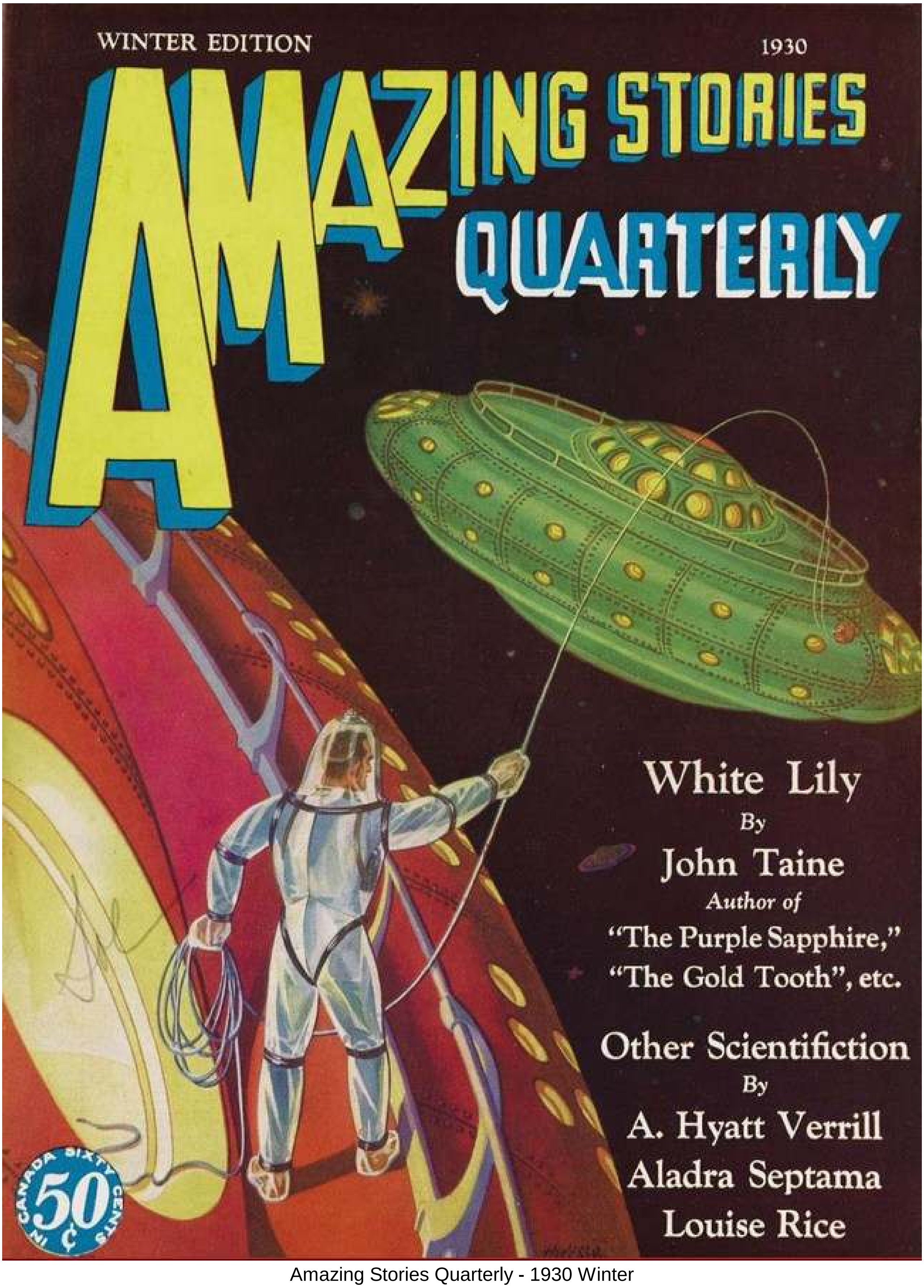
dering on through space. The star has left its traces, for behind it there are planets where none existed before. But remember that it, too, must have planets now.

All this happened some 2,000 million years ago.

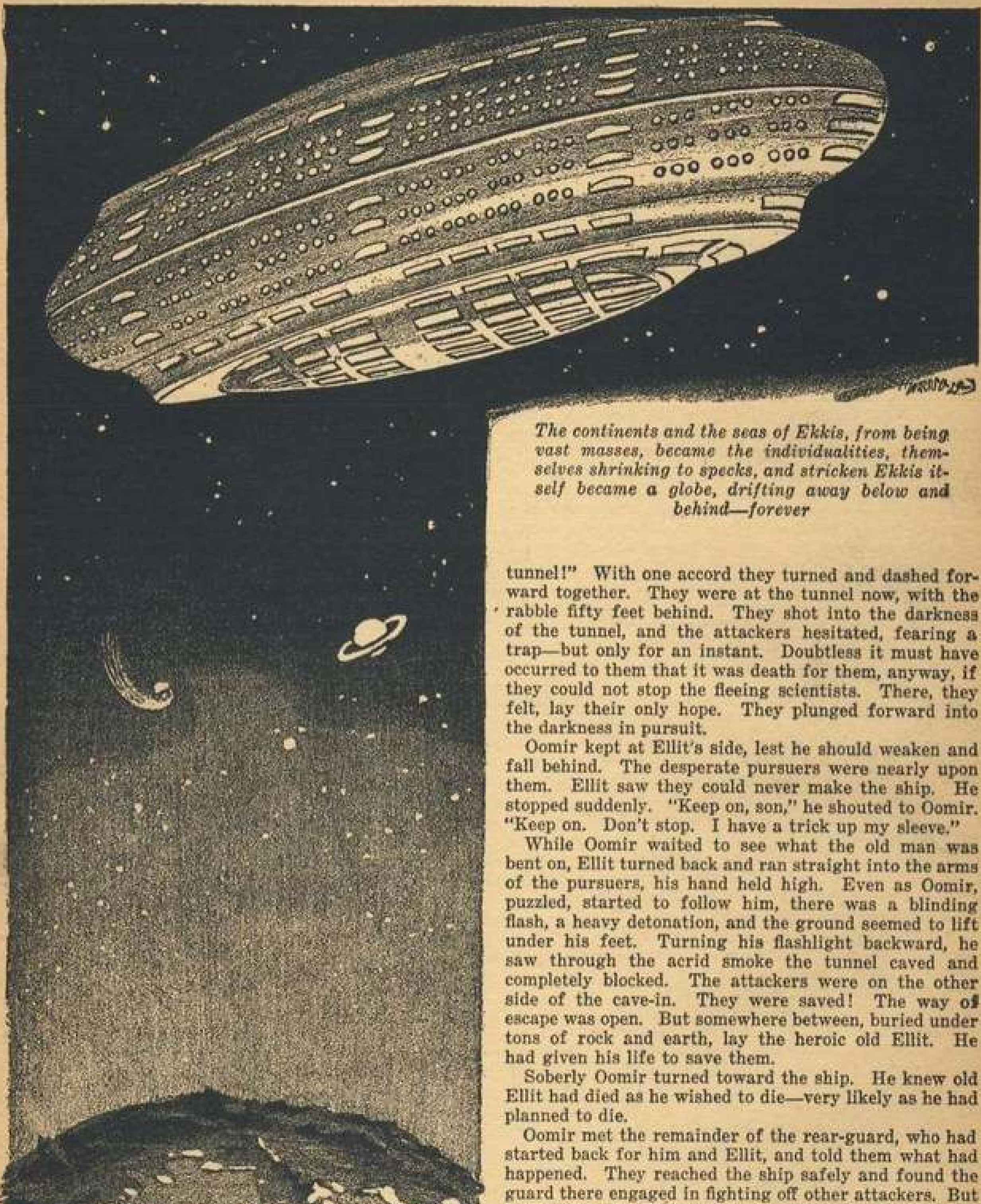
"But in order that it might happen, it requires that two stars pass within the relatively short distance of a few billion miles of each other. Space is not overcrowded with matter, you know. The density of the stars has been compared with twenty tennis balls roaming about the 8,000-mile sphere that the Earth fills up—twenty tennis balls in some 270 billion cubic miles of space. Now imagine two of those tennis balls—with plenty of room to wander in—passing within a few yards of each other. The chances are about as good as the chances of two stars passing close enough to make planets.

"Now let us consider another possibility.

"The Black Star, as I told you, has planets. That means that it must have thus passed close to another star. Now we have it coming close to another sun that has been similarly afflicted. The chances of that happening are inconceivably small. It is one chance



Amazing Stories Quarterly - 1930 Winter



The continents and the seas of Ekkis, from being vast masses, became the individualities, themselves shrinking to specks, and stricken Ekkis itself became a globe, drifting away below and behind—forever

tunnel!" With one accord they turned and dashed forward together. They were at the tunnel now, with the rabble fifty feet behind. They shot into the darkness of the tunnel, and the attackers hesitated, fearing a trap—but only for an instant. Doubtless it must have occurred to them that it was death for them, anyway, if they could not stop the fleeing scientists. There, they felt, lay their only hope. They plunged forward into the darkness in pursuit.

Oomir kept at Ellit's side, lest he should weaken and fall behind. The desperate pursuers were nearly upon them. Ellit saw they could never make the ship. He stopped suddenly. "Keep on, son," he shouted to Oomir. "Keep on. Don't stop. I have a trick up my sleeve."

While Oomir waited to see what the old man was bent on, Ellit turned back and ran straight into the arms of the pursuers, his hand held high. Even as Oomir, puzzled, started to follow him, there was a blinding flash, a heavy detonation, and the ground seemed to lift under his feet. Turning his flashlight backward, he saw through the acrid smoke the tunnel caved and completely blocked. The attackers were on the other side of the cave-in. They were saved! The way of escape was open. But somewhere between, buried under tons of rock and earth, lay the heroic old Ellit. He had given his life to save them.

Soberly Oomir turned toward the ship. He knew old Ellit had died as he wished to die—very likely as he had planned to die.

Oomir met the remainder of the rear-guard, who had started back for him and Ellit, and told them what had happened. They reached the ship safely and found the guard there engaged in fighting off other attackers. But the attack was desultory and dispirited. Plainly, the main hope had been placed in the attack on the Guild Place.

The machinery of the great 3,000-foot ship was already in motion. Now the last moorings were cast away, and all exits carefully closed and sealed. Eyes were cast wistfully for the last time at the stricken planet, and many glanced rather fearfully upward to



—*And the ships, at that touch, fell helplessly down from the heights.*

The Pirate Planet

PART THREE OF A FOUR-PART NOVEL

By Charles W. Diffin

> Two fighting Yankees—war-torn Earth's sole representatives on Venus—set out to spike the greatest gun of all time.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE attack comes without warning; its reason is unknown. But Venus is approaching the earth, and flashes from the planet are followed by terrific explosions that wreak havoc throughout the world. Lieutenant McGuire and Captain Blake of the U. S. Army Air Service see a great ship fly in from space. Blake attacks it with the 91st Squadron in support, and Blake alone survives. McGuire and Professor Sykes, an astronomer of Mount Lawson, are captured.

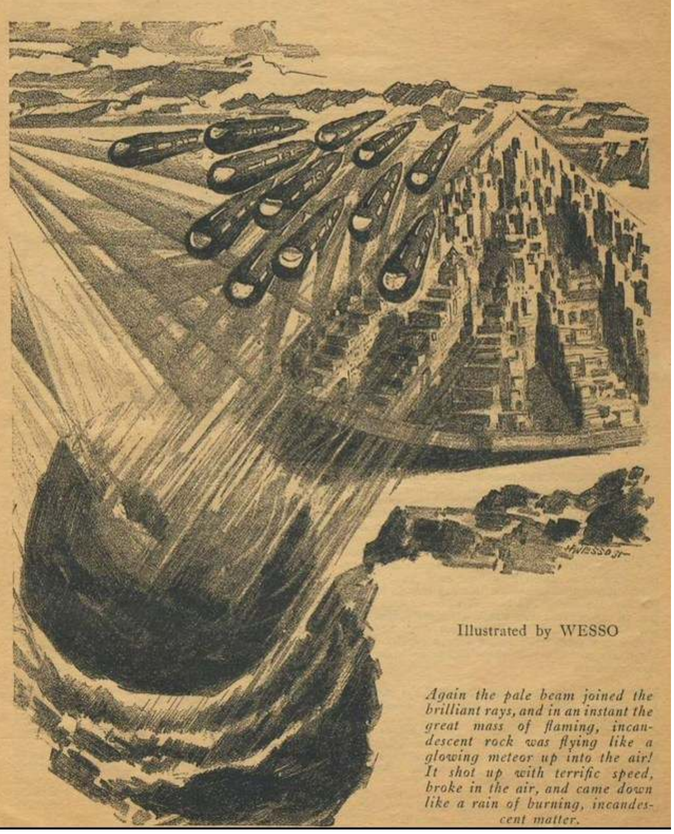
Islands of Space

By
John W. Campbell, Jr.
Author of "The Metal Horde," "Solarite," etc.

WHEREAS atomic power is not yet a thing of actuality, but rather a much hoped for future realization, our young author goes beyond this still necessarily limited power. Says Mr. Campbell, there is tremendous power in the cosmos. Why limit ourselves to the mere atom as a source of power? But even his imagination, accustomed as it is to conquering vast space—even beyond our galaxy, seems somewhat appalled at the prospect of some day learning the secret of cosmic power.

Arcot, Morey, their respective fathers, and Wade are characters well known to a good many of our readers—and well liked. But that is the only relationship between "Islands of Space" and Mr. Campbell's previous stories. You cannot afford to miss this novel-length classic of science fiction. It is the best story by this author that has been published thus far.





Illustrated by WESSO

Again the pale beam joined the brilliant rays, and in an instant the great mass of flaming, incandescent rock was flying like a glowing meteor up into the air! It shot up with terrific speed, broke in the air, and came down like a rain of burning, incandescent matter.

THREE young men sat in animated conversation around a table piled high with sheets of graphs, sketches of mathematical functions, and books of tensor formulae. Beside the table stood a compact Munson-Bradley integraph with seventeen graph positions, to which they frequently referred their work, checking the equations that they had already derived. These results seemed to surprise even this trio, a group which had introduced more innovations than any three men in the system's history.

Suddenly the low hum of the annunciator interrupted their conversation.

"That's Fuller," said one, rising and walking to the televisophone. He snapped the switch into position, and the grey screen at once misted with color, then a sharp picture leaped out on its dull surface.

"Arcot speaking."

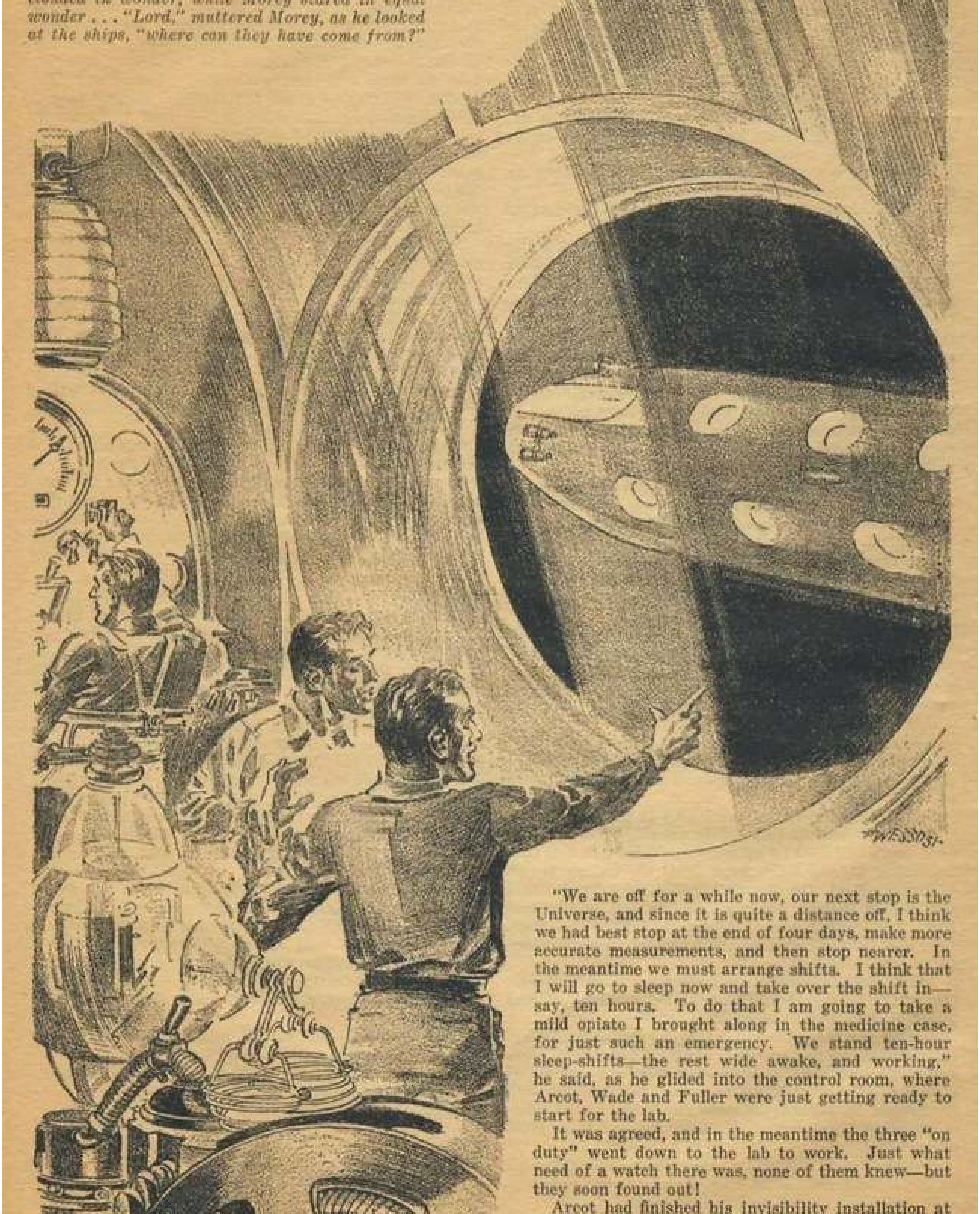
"Dr. Arcot," replied the man whose face was imaged in the screen, "Mr. Fuller is here, and though I know you want to see him, standing orders say I must call you up. It's all right, is it not?"

"Yes—send him up. And now remember, I am not in to anyone but Dad, Mr. Morey senior, or the Interplanetary Chairman, and don't call if they come—send 'em up, I'm not answering. You detectives are sometimes too efficient," smiled Arcot. "Don't call me up for the next ten hours."

"I'll see to it, Dr. Arcot," smiled the image in the

There was a dull click in the small loudspeaker as the circuit was broken, and the disc faded. There was a mounting hum coming from the corridor now, as the high-speed elevator completed its vertical journey of seventy-four stories. Arcot walked leisurely to the door, and as Fuller's light step sounded

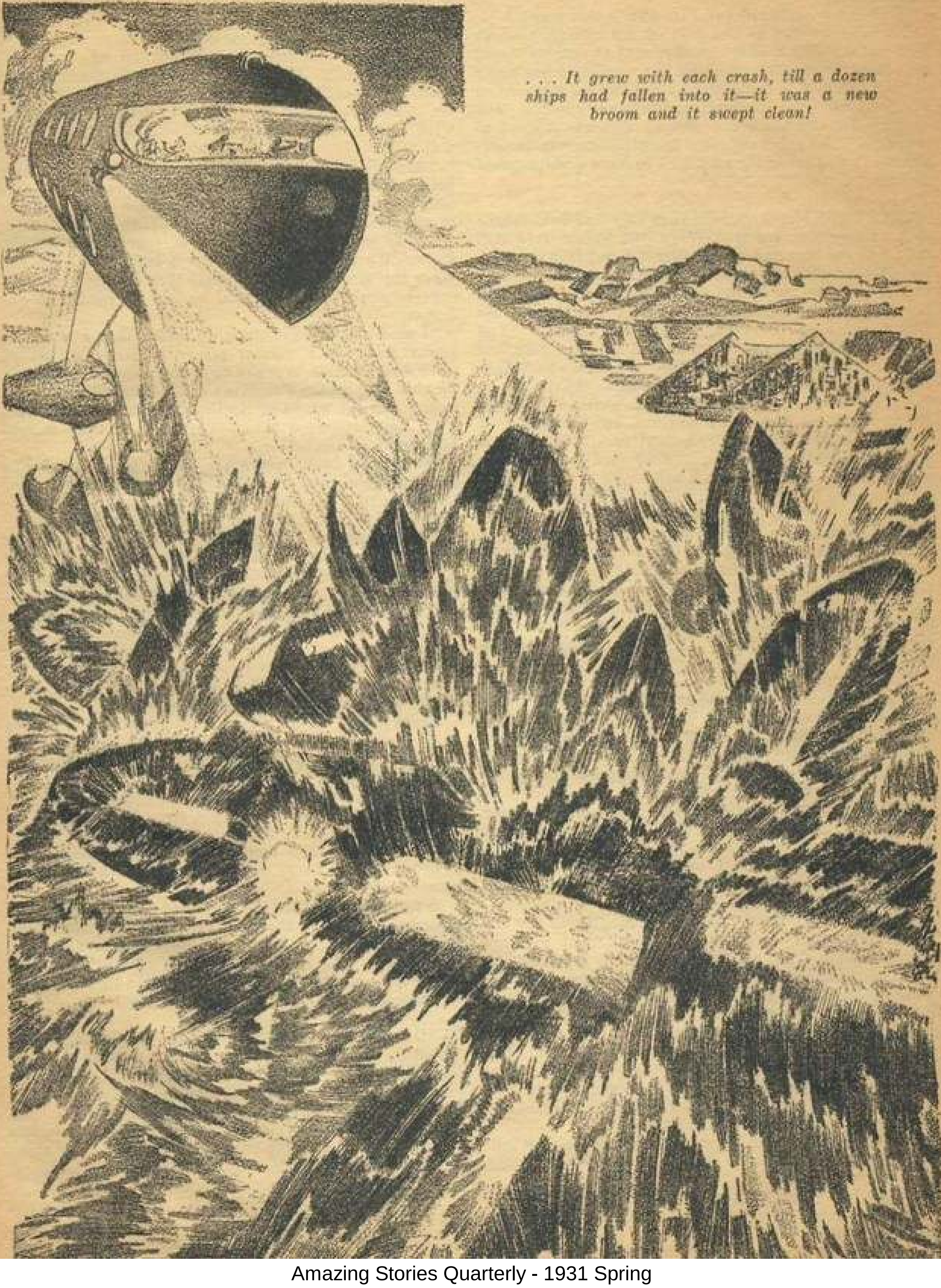
Arcot stared in amazement, his face suddenly clouded in wonder, while Morey stared in equal wonder . . . "Lord," muttered Morey, as he looked at the ships, "where can they have come from?"



"We are off for a while now, our next stop is the Universe, and since it is quite a distance off, I think we had best stop at the end of four days, make more accurate measurements, and then stop nearer. In the meantime we must arrange shifts. I think that I will go to sleep now and take over the shift in—say, ten hours. To do that I am going to take a mild opiate I brought along in the medicine case, for just such an emergency. We stand ten-hour sleep-shifts—the rest wide awake, and working," he said, as he glided into the control room, where Arcot, Wade and Fuller were just getting ready to start for the lab.

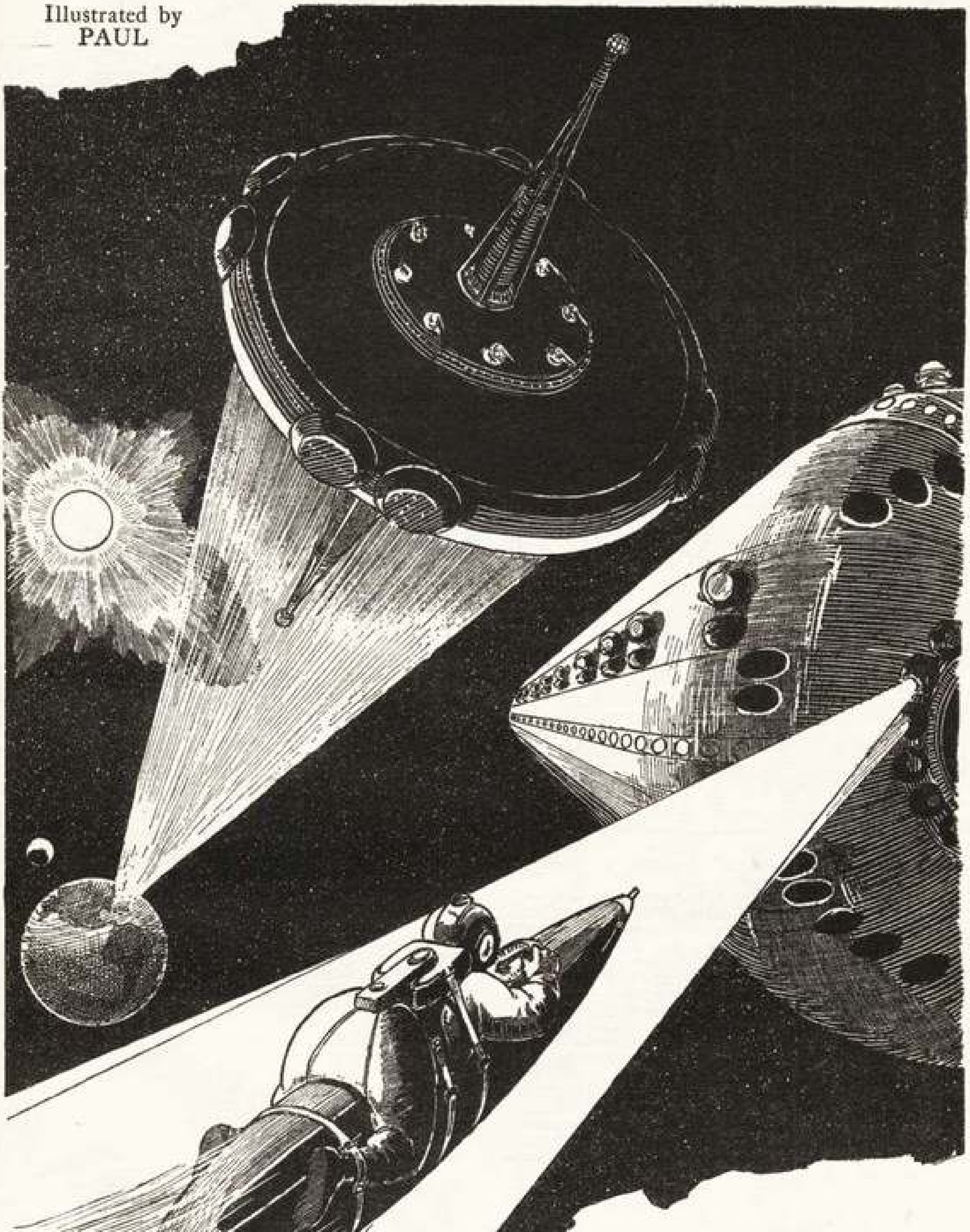
It was agreed, and in the meantime the three "on duty" went down to the lab to work. Just what need of a watch there was, none of them knew—but they soon found out!

Arcot had finished his invisibility installation at the end of the ten hours, much to his disappointment. He was casting about for something else to do, while Wade and Fuller were putting the finish-

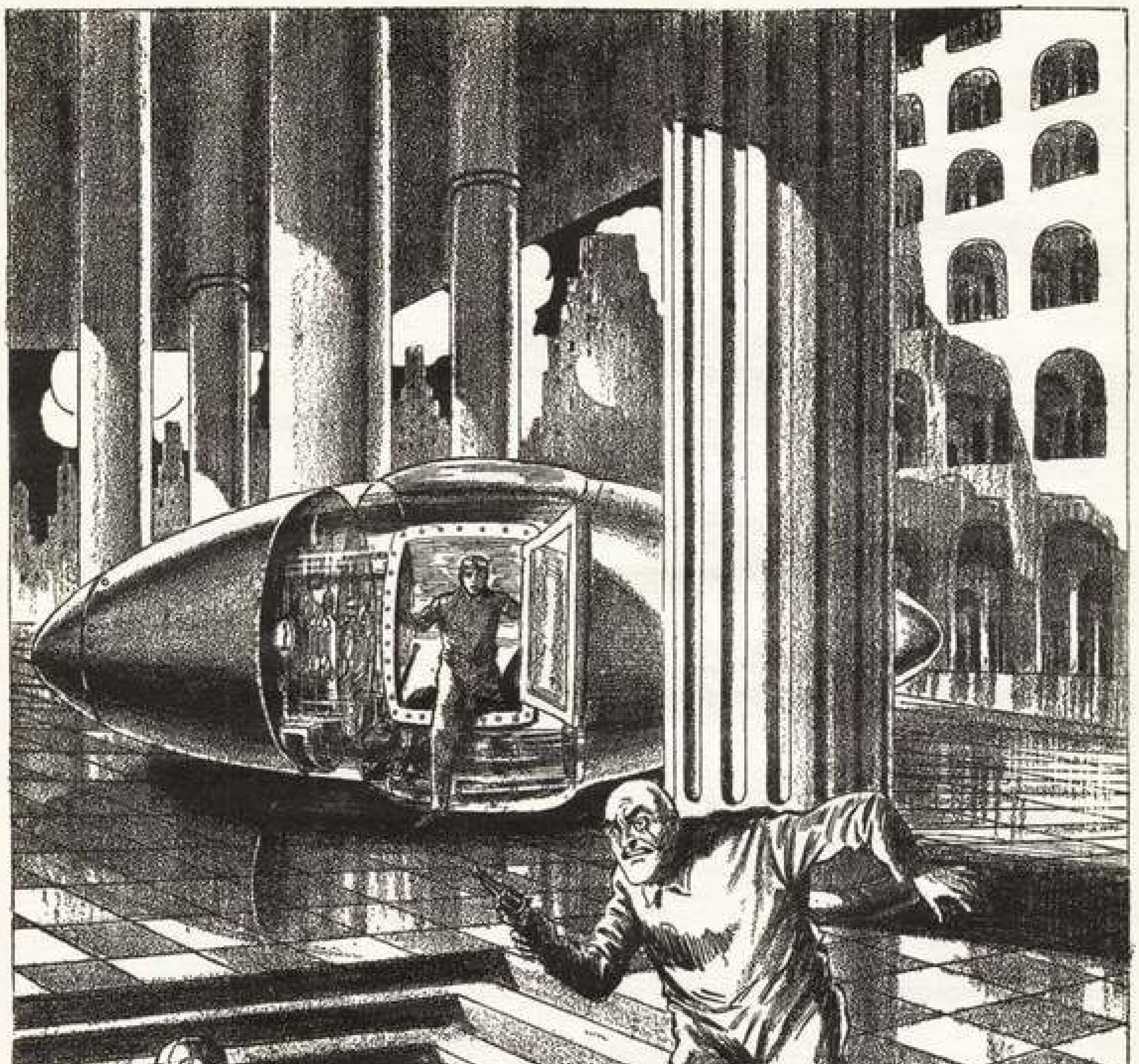


. . . It grew with each crash, till a dozen ships had fallen into it—it was a new broom and it swept clean!

Illustrated by
PAUL

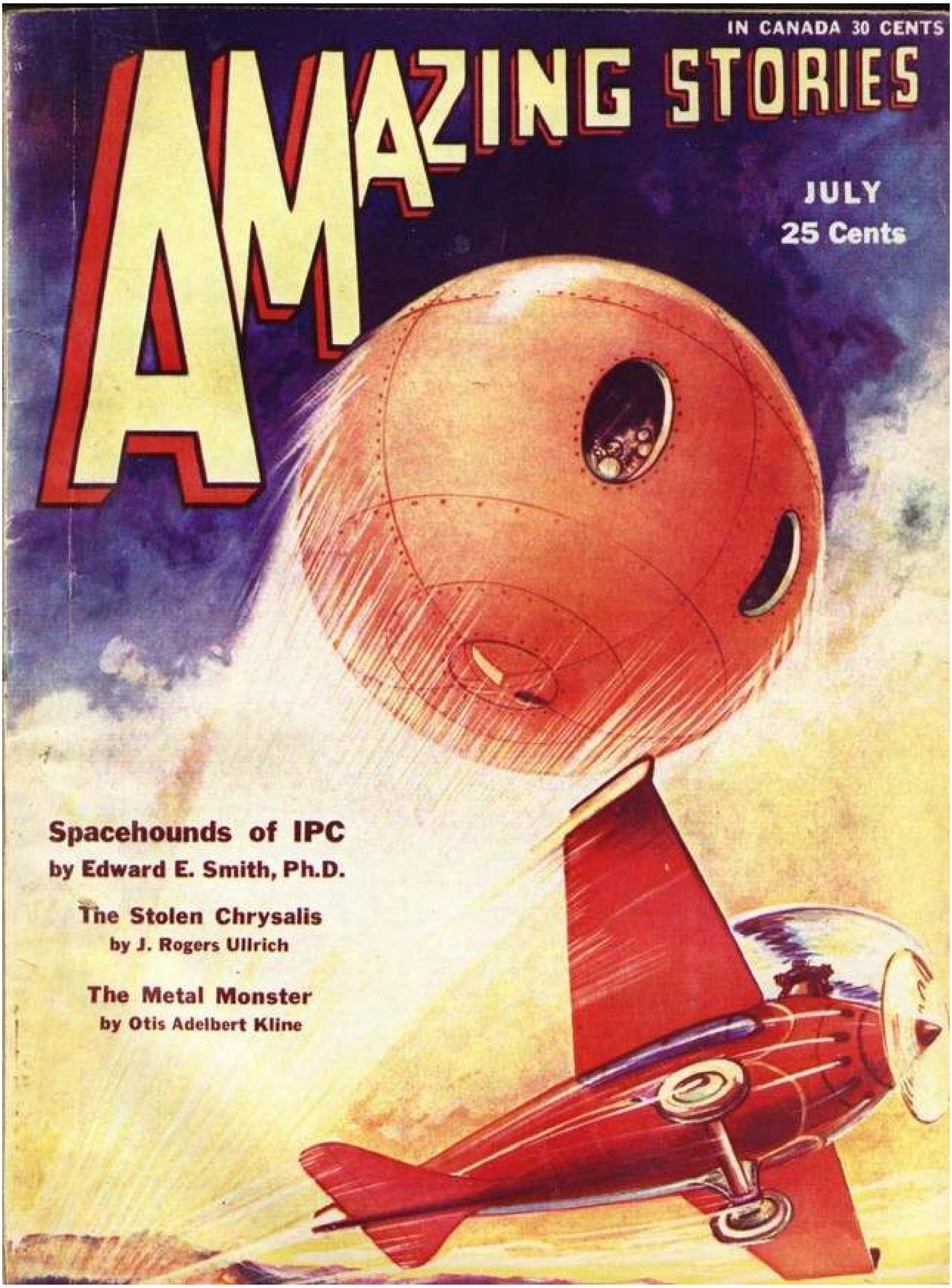


Little Skeptsky was apparently throwing away his life and all chance of success together. He came fiercely, in a straight line, squarely for the base of the war-rocket. . . .

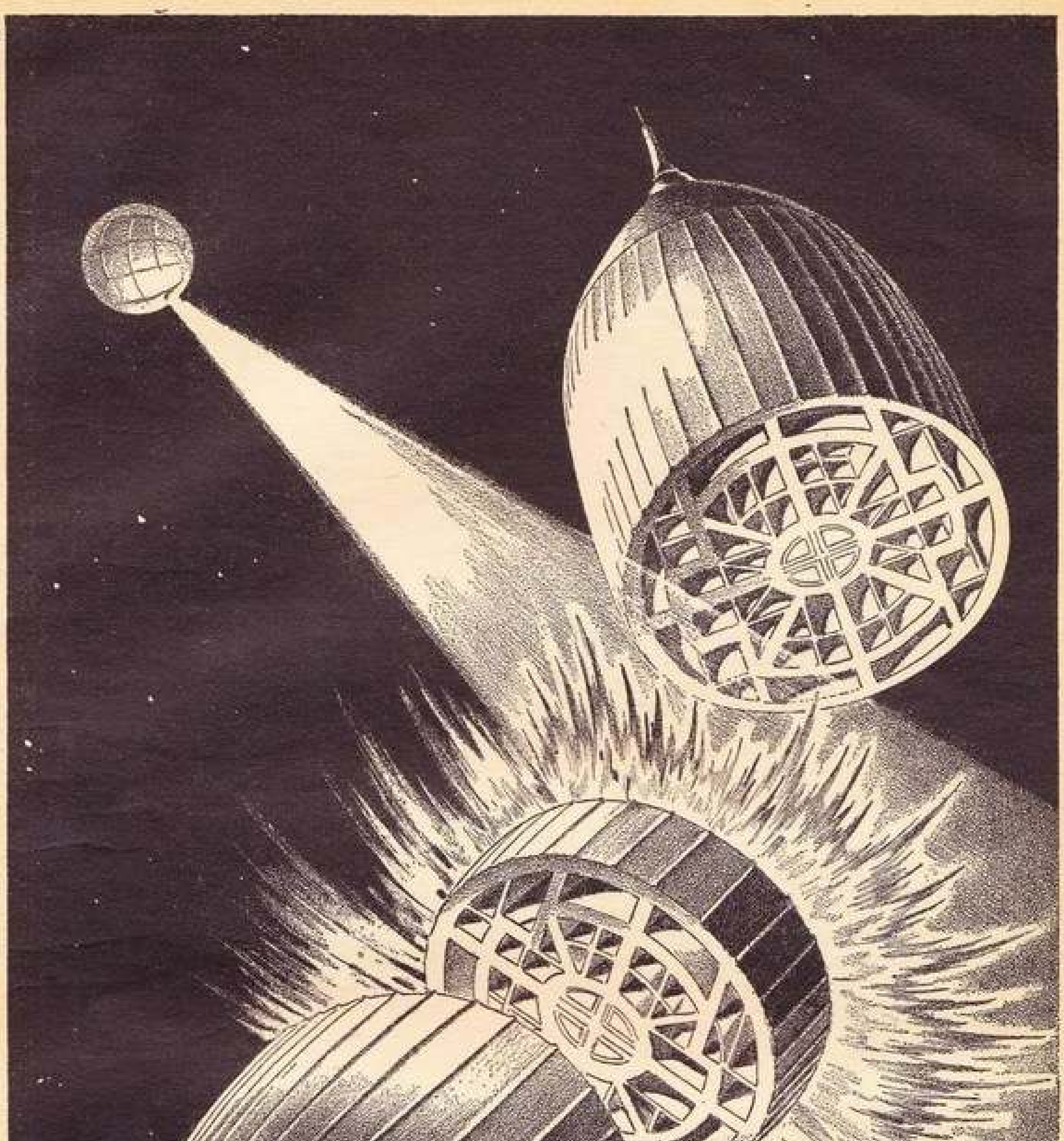


The Entropy Shell disappeared from sight for an instant, but was back again. Hubble looked this way and that, jerking his head abruptly as he did so. . . . In a moment he was out, pursuing Jerry, and firing a pistol after him.

Amazing Stories - 1931 June



Amazing Stories - 1931 July



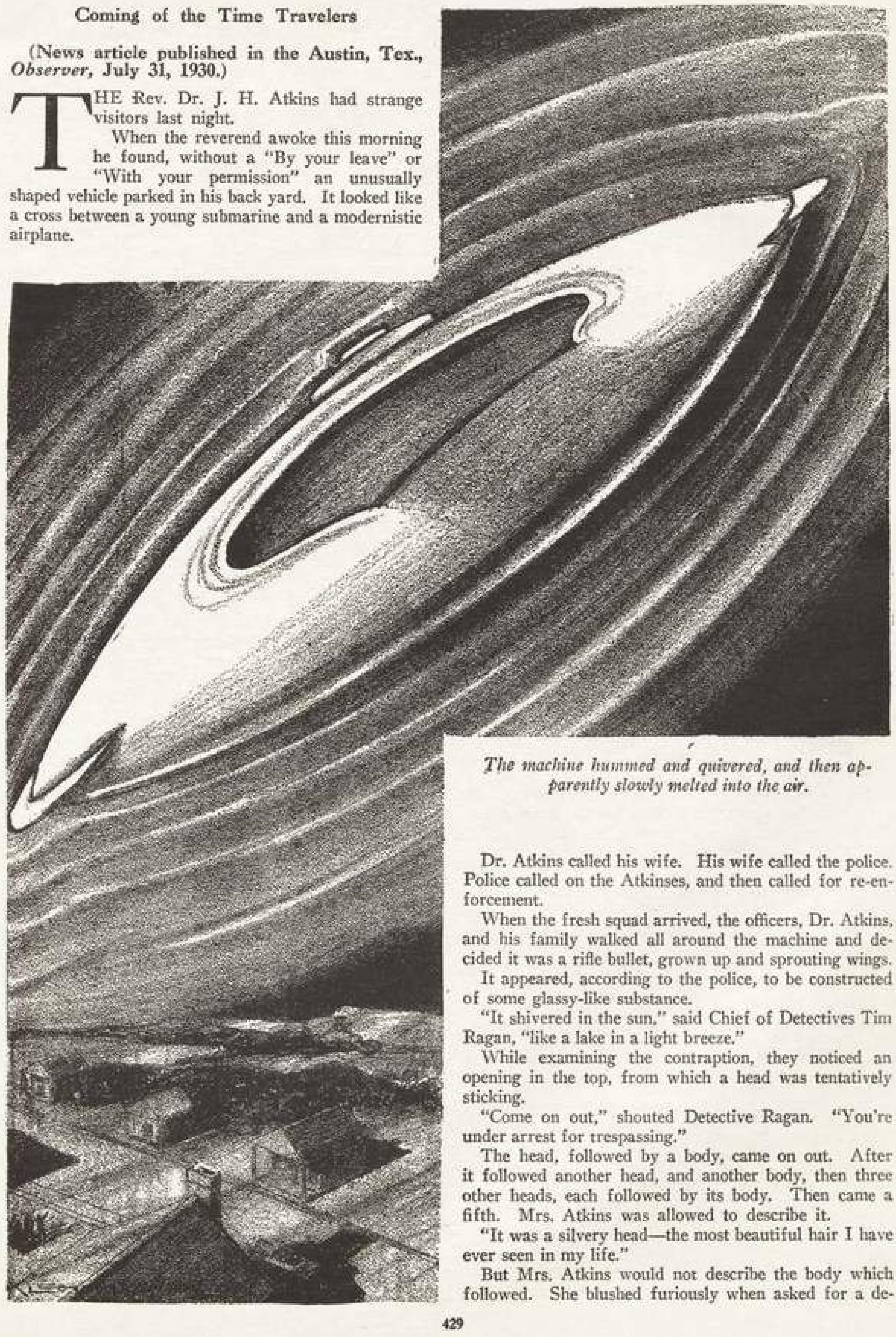
Stevens made out a relatively tiny ball of metal . . . at a distance of perhaps a mile. From this ball there shot a blinding plane of light, and the Arcturus fell apart . . .

Coming of the Time Travelers

(News article published in the Austin, Tex., *Observer*, July 31, 1930.)

THE Rev. Dr. J. H. Atkins had strange visitors last night.

When the reverend awoke this morning he found, without a "By your leave" or "With your permission" an unusually shaped vehicle parked in his back yard. It looked like a cross between a young submarine and a modernistic airplane.



The machine hummed and quivered, and then apparently slowly melted into the air.

Dr. Atkins called his wife. His wife called the police. Police called on the Atkinses, and then called for re-enforcement.

When the fresh squad arrived, the officers, Dr. Atkins, and his family walked all around the machine and decided it was a rifle bullet, grown up and sprouting wings.

It appeared, according to the police, to be constructed of some glassy-like substance.

"It shivered in the sun," said Chief of Detectives Tim Ragan, "like a lake in a light breeze."

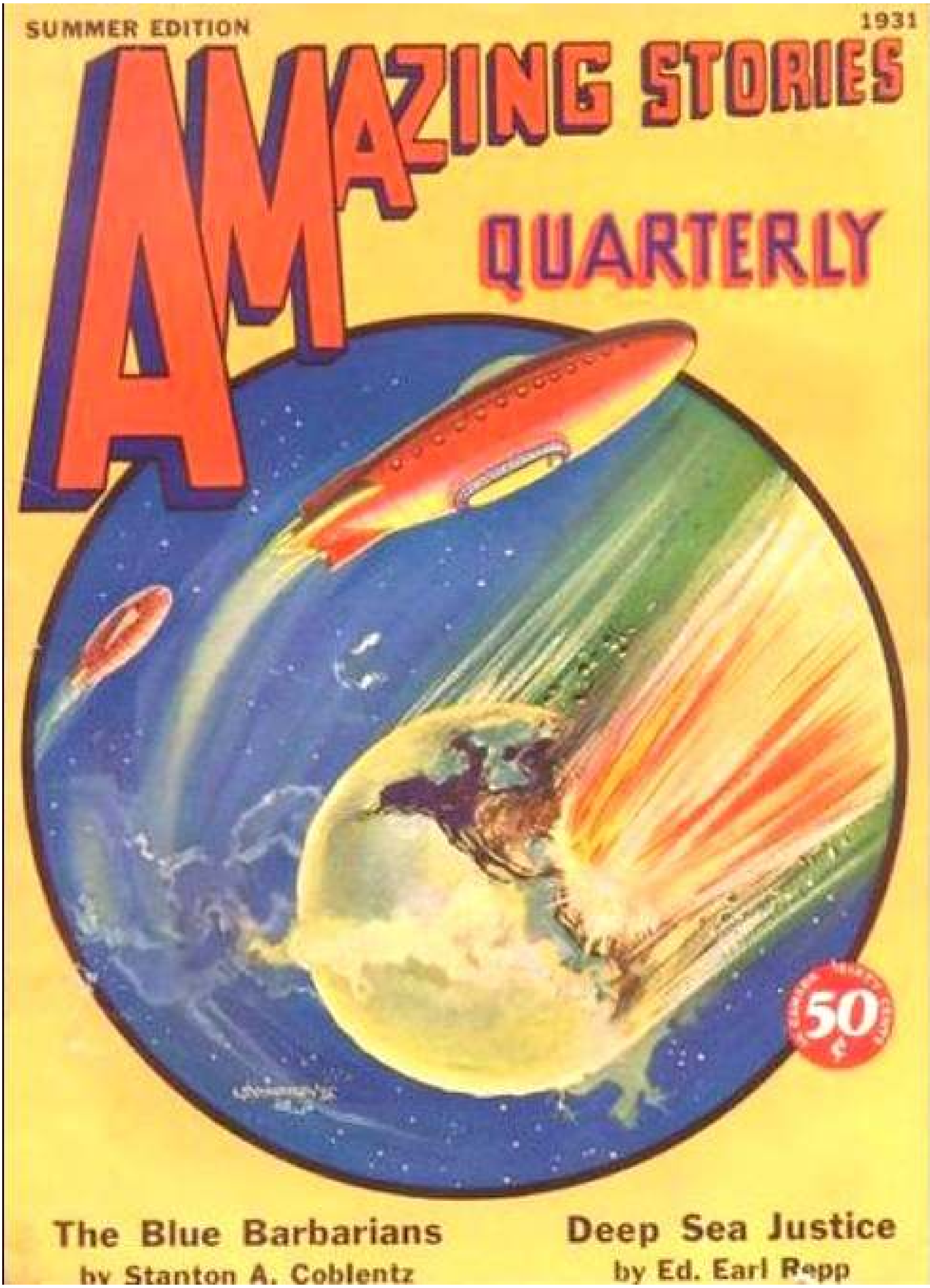
While examining the contraption, they noticed an opening in the top, from which a head was tentatively sticking.

"Come on out," shouted Detective Ragan. "You're under arrest for trespassing."

The head, followed by a body, came on out. After it followed another head, and another body, then three other heads, each followed by its body. Then came a fifth. Mrs. Atkins was allowed to describe it.

"It was a silvery head—the most beautiful hair I have ever seen in my life."

But Mrs. Atkins would not describe the body which followed. She blushed furiously when asked for a de-



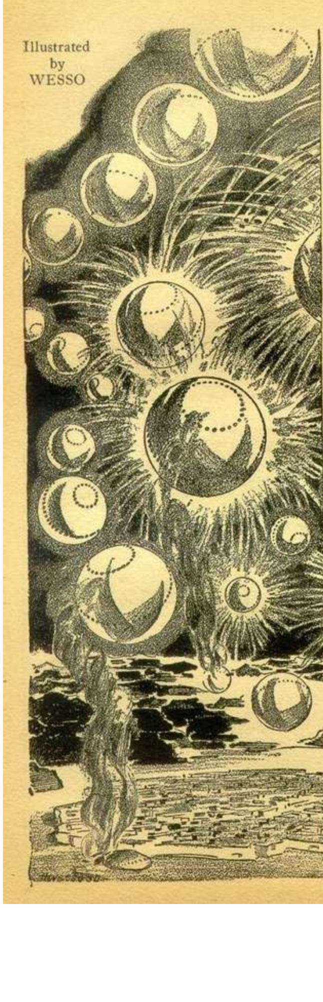
Amazing Stories Quarterly - 1931 Summer



On the roofs of all the buildings squads and companies of soldiers established themselves with aerial guns and ammunition . . .

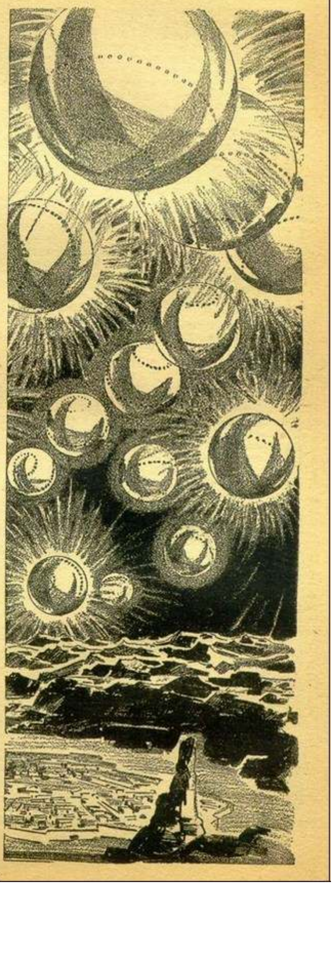
Amazing Stories Quarterly - 1931 Summer

Illustrated by WESSO



The Birth of a New Republic

"Only some twenty-odd of Van Thoren's globes came out."



By Miles J. Breuer, M.D. *and* Jack Williamson

IN these days of standardized comforts and minimized dangers in living and traveling, we find ourselves—those of us, at least, who have a hankering for the unusual—trying to dig out stories of the old colony days, or, more recently, of the frontier days of the Golden West, in order to add a little romance and adventure to this work-a-day world. But such pleasure must, at best, diminish in intensity as the stories become more familiar and anecdotes are repeated. And even if the thrill of new adventure must remain vicarious for an uncertain length of time, tales of pioneering on different planets or other bodies entirely separated from the earth, with its absolutely strange and necessarily conjectural dangers and difficulties, if presented realistically and with plausibility, must be absorbing indeed. A yarn by either of these authors would promise much. The combination of Breuer and Williamson leaves little to be desired.

CHAPTER I

The New Frontier

NOW, in the last year of the twenty-fourth century, I am setting out to devote the final years of a long and active life to the writing of a narrative of my small part in the historic period just closing, which was perhaps the most important in human history. During my lifetime, the human colonies on the moon have grown from weak, scattered cities to the powerful and prosperous Lunar Corporation. I was in the midst of the terrible struggle in which the autonomy of that corporation was won; and it is my purpose to write what I saw of that greatest of wars as simply and justly as I can.

My story must begin with my father.

He was born in Pittsburgh in the year 2276. Even at that time, now over a century past, the United States of America, in common with the other political organizations that once had ruled the world, had ceased to have any real power over the people within its ancient boundaries. Pittsburgh was a stronghold of the Metals Corporation, one of the most powerful of the half-dozen huge trusts that now ruled the world.

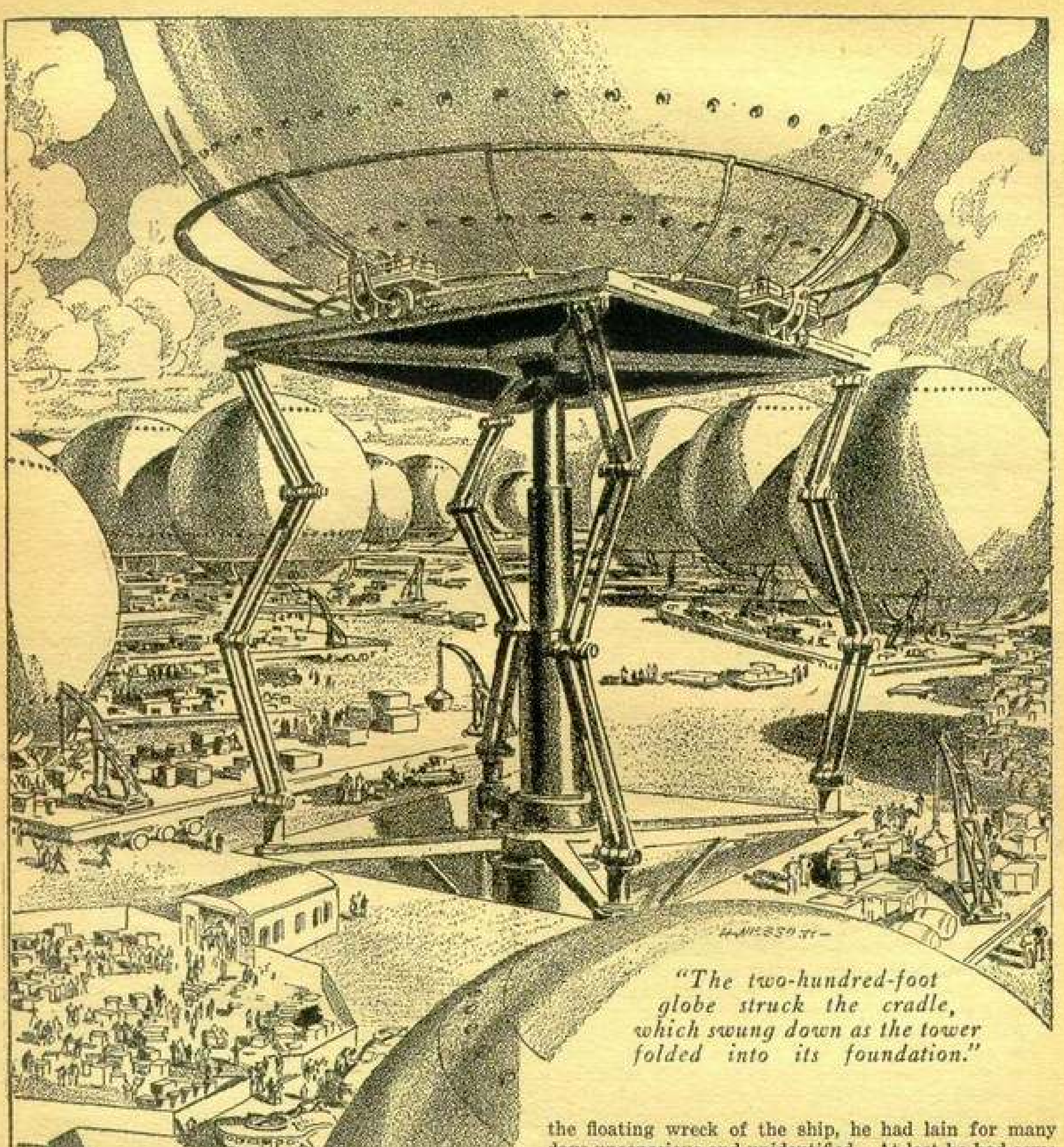
It was typical of my father that he should decide to migrate to the colonies on the moon. His pioneering spirit rebelled at the complex, well-ordered life of the earth. He was a deep thinker, in an original way; he had spent much of his youth roaming the earth in quest of an outlet for his restless energies of spirit. Far too much of a philosopher he was, to get any satisfaction out of the mockeries and superficialities of life in the great cities of earth.

Father was not the man to shut himself up back of a desk in a little glass cage for eight hours of every day, to provide himself with a golden fringe to his tunic and take his wife out to fashionable gatherings, where they would chatter of the latest risqué shows and bet on the rocket races, squander a working man's for-

tune at cards and dance themselves ragged to blaring jazz, to go home tipsy with "2,200 port." My parents were not that kind of people at all.

It is natural that they thought of emigration to the moon.

There was a new world waiting. There, beyond a quarter of a million miles of space, hardy pioneers had opened up a new frontier, two centuries after the last frontier had vanished on earth. Life was simple there and hard. Men were free from convention and artificial restraint. They lived close to nature. They fought for what life gave them, depending upon their hands instead of their purses. On the earth's satellite was a new field for men with initiative and independence, men who could live and work beyond the protection of the machine. On the moon a man was not a



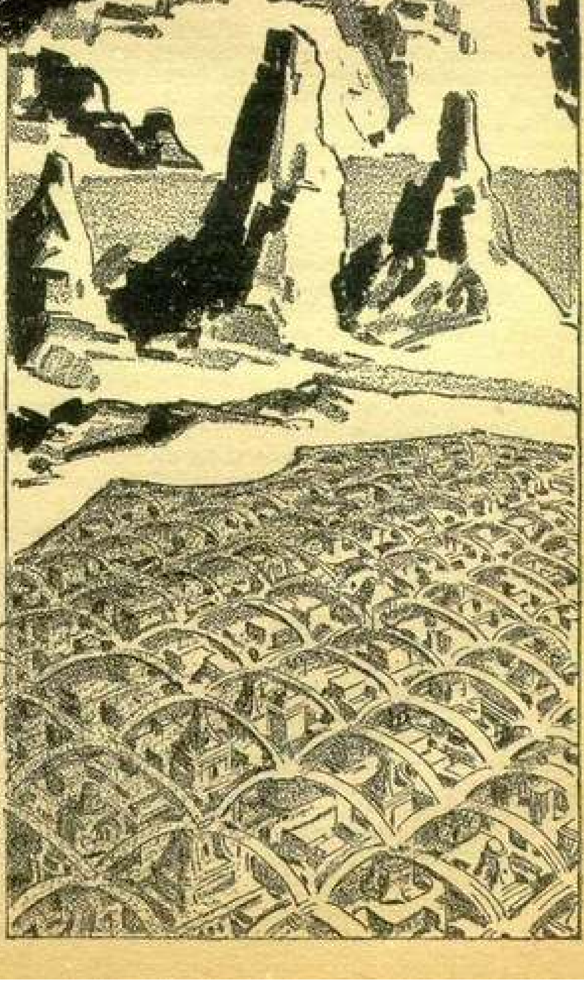
"The two-hundred-foot globe struck the cradle, which swung down as the tower folded into its foundation."

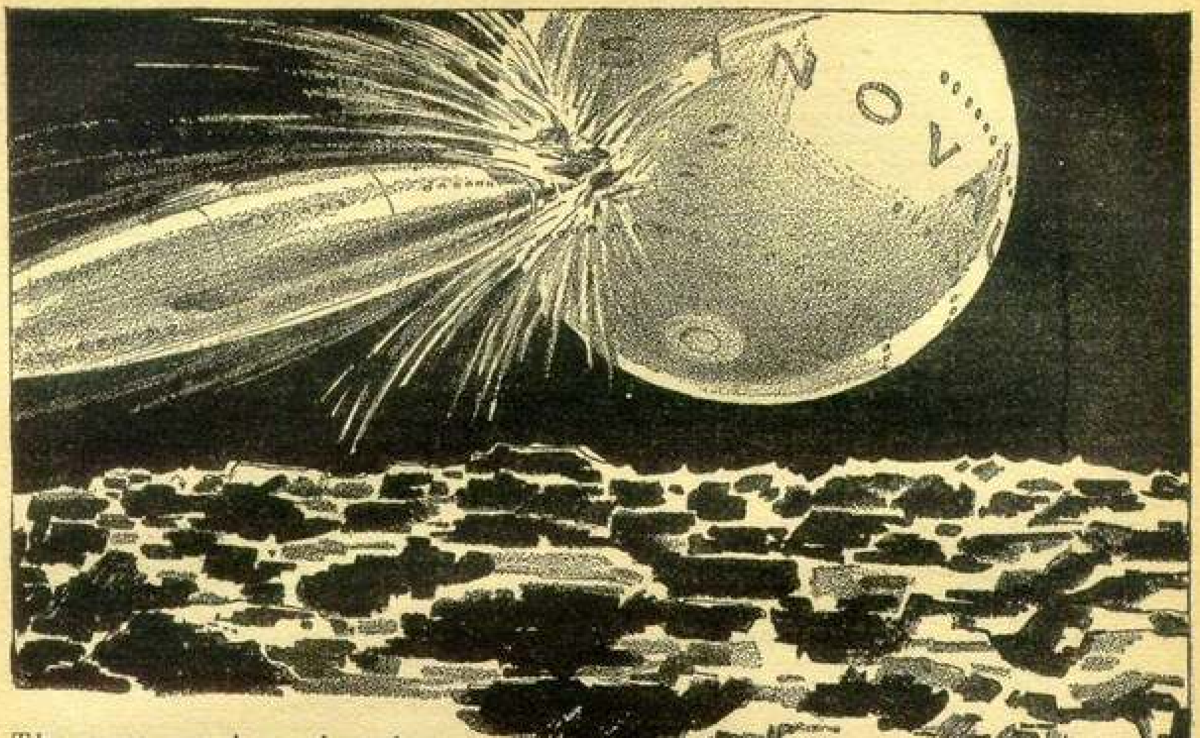
the floating wreck of the ship, he had lain for many days unconscious and unidentified. At last he had come to, on the hospital island, and had been able to give his name. He was immediately put in telephone communication with my mother, and we heard his dear voice coming over the wires. All the time mother had told us that he was well—I wondered why she laughed and cried so much, by turns, when we heard.

There were more long weeks of waiting, before he was able to leave the island. Mother thought of going to be with him, but he would hear nothing of it, insisting that she stay with us children.

I remember very well the day he came back, a tall, slim young man, his face strangely drawn and pain-furrowed, not smooth and tanned as it had been. But still he could laugh. He brought me a wonderful toy he had found somewhere in the shops of the East; and his return was a splendid holiday.

It was several months before he was able to be up





The great round vessel, rather clumsy at best, and heavily laden with metal, fell an easy victim to the slender, modern, cigar-shaped warship of Metals.

officer in the space fleets, where he had learned the modern art of war. He had more recently won distinction in a long campaign against a rebellious army of the wild M'Dawils—one of the most blood-thirsty tribes of Selenites—defeating them in a brilliant battle near the Hercynian Mountains, on the border of the moon. Gardener was at the meeting, the profound philosopher, clear-headed, practical, far-sighted. Henry Patrick was there, the youthful orator whose later fiery speeches in every lunar city did much to inflame the moonfolk with the spirit of revolution, and my father, John Adams, an able, influential man, skillful financier and sincere statesman.

The old charter of the Moon Company was examined and discussed. Quite explicitly, Metals had granted it the full ownership of the moon, with all the mines and cities upon it, as well as the right to protect its territorial rights by force of arms, to build space fliers and to carry on trade with earth.

These latter provisions must not have seemed important when the charter was drawn up, since the Moon Company was to be only a subsidiary corporation to Metals. But now, even though Metals had never recognized the independence of the moon people, these old charter rights seemed important guarantees of freedom.

After a long and rather stormy session in one of the great auditoriums of Theophilus—there were many so loyal to Metals that they felt it an act of treason to question the wisdom of its government of the moon—the Assembly passed the "Assertion of Right."

That famous document merely sets forth in simple language the claims of the moon people to the rights and privileges of self-government, of free ownership of mines and cities, and of freedom of commerce with the

upon the ladder and was a hundred yards above the water when I scrambled through the opening.

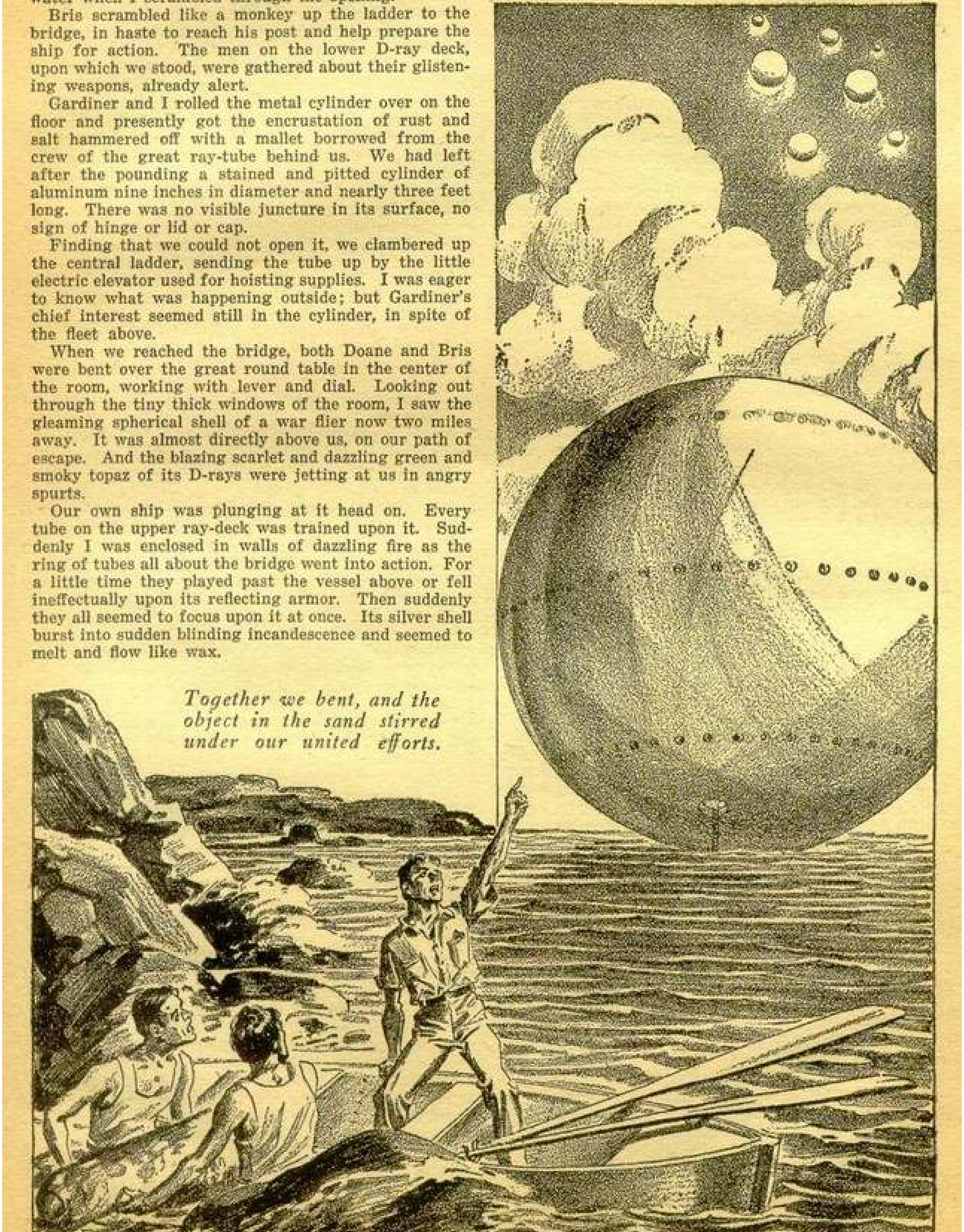
Bris scrambled like a monkey up the ladder to the bridge, in haste to reach his post and help prepare the ship for action. The men on the lower D-ray deck, upon which we stood, were gathered about their glistening weapons, already alert.

Gardiner and I rolled the metal cylinder over on the floor and presently got the encrustation of rust and salt hammered off with a mallet borrowed from the crew of the great ray-tube behind us. We had left after the pounding a stained and pitted cylinder of aluminum nine inches in diameter and nearly three feet long. There was no visible juncture in its surface, no sign of hinge or lid or cap.

Finding that we could not open it, we clambered up the central ladder, sending the tube up by the little electric elevator used for hoisting supplies. I was eager to know what was happening outside; but Gardiner's chief interest seemed still in the cylinder, in spite of the fleet above.

When we reached the bridge, both Doane and Bris were bent over the great round table in the center of the room, working with lever and dial. Looking out through the tiny thick windows of the room, I saw the gleaming spherical shell of a war flier now two miles away. It was almost directly above us, on our path of escape. And the blazing scarlet and dazzling green and smoky topaz of its D-rays were jetting at us in angry spurts.

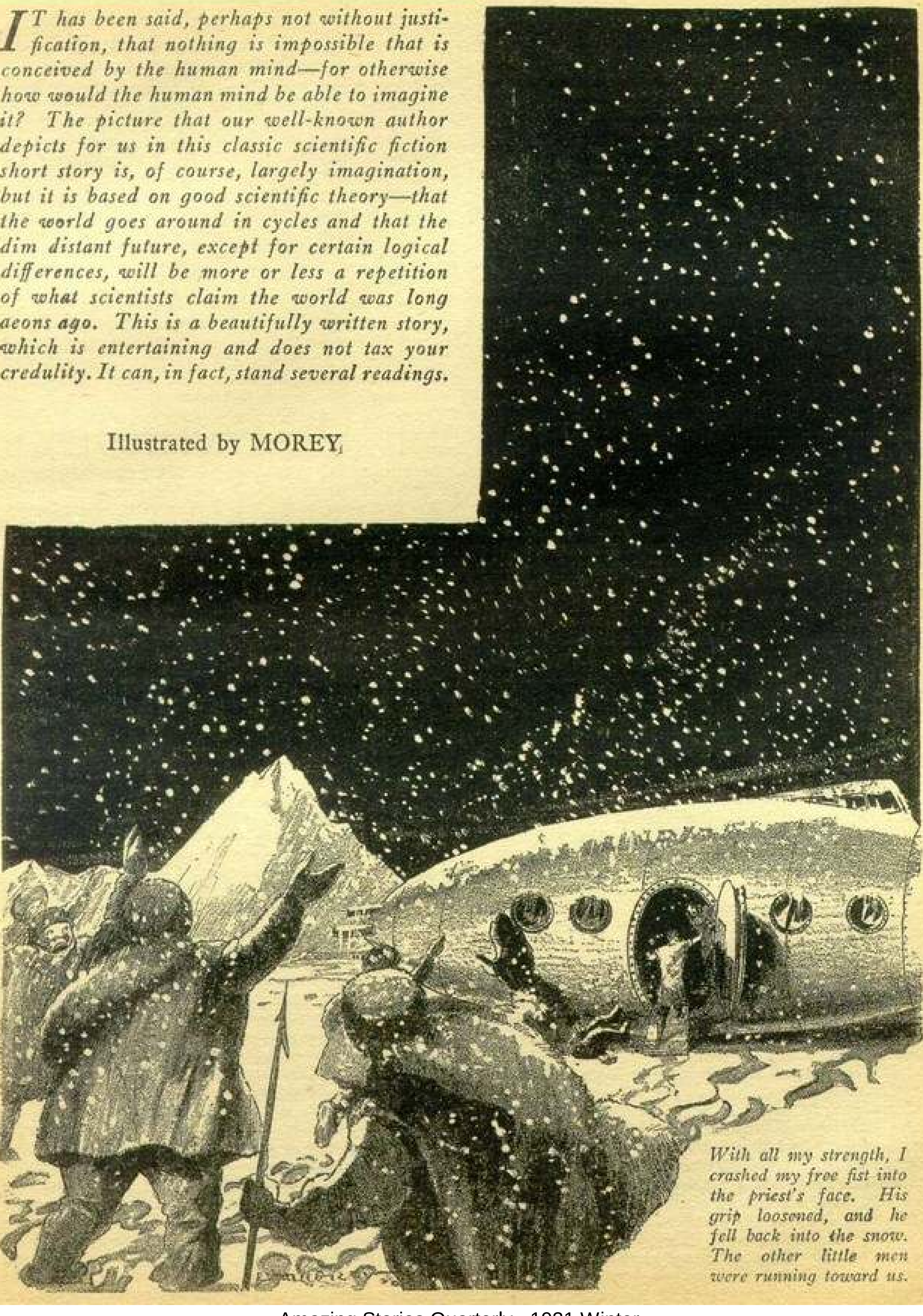
Our own ship was plunging at it head on. Every tube on the upper ray-deck was trained upon it. Suddenly I was enclosed in walls of dazzling fire as the ring of tubes all about the bridge went into action. For a little time they played past the vessel above or fell ineffectually upon its reflecting armor. Then suddenly they all seemed to focus upon it at once. Its silver shell burst into sudden blinding incandescence and seemed to melt and flow like wax.



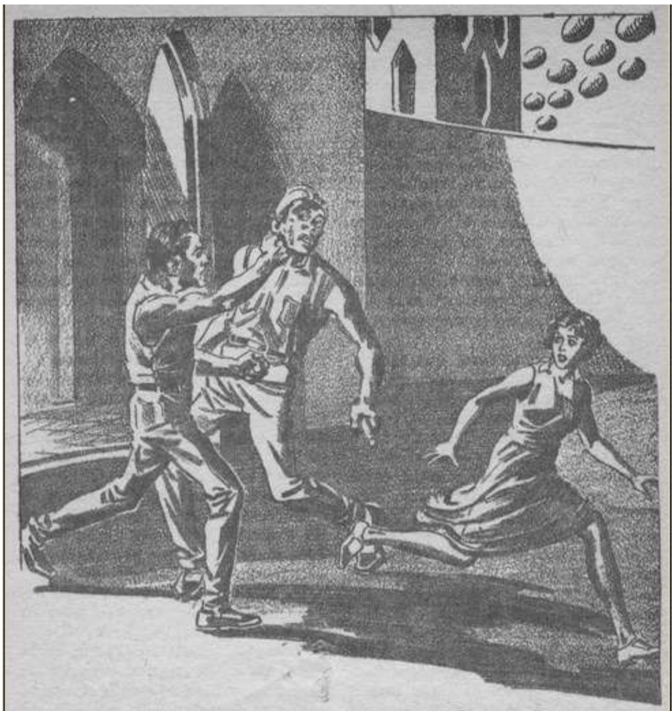
Together we bent, and the object in the sand stirred under our united efforts.

IT has been said, perhaps not without justification, that nothing is impossible that is conceived by the human mind—for otherwise how would the human mind be able to imagine it? The picture that our well-known author depicts for us in this classic scientific fiction short story is, of course, largely imagination, but it is based on good scientific theory—that the world goes around in cycles and that the dim distant future, except for certain logical differences, will be more or less a repetition of what scientists claim the world was long aeons ago. This is a beautifully written story, which is entertaining and does not tax your credulity. It can, in fact, stand several readings.

Illustrated by MOREY



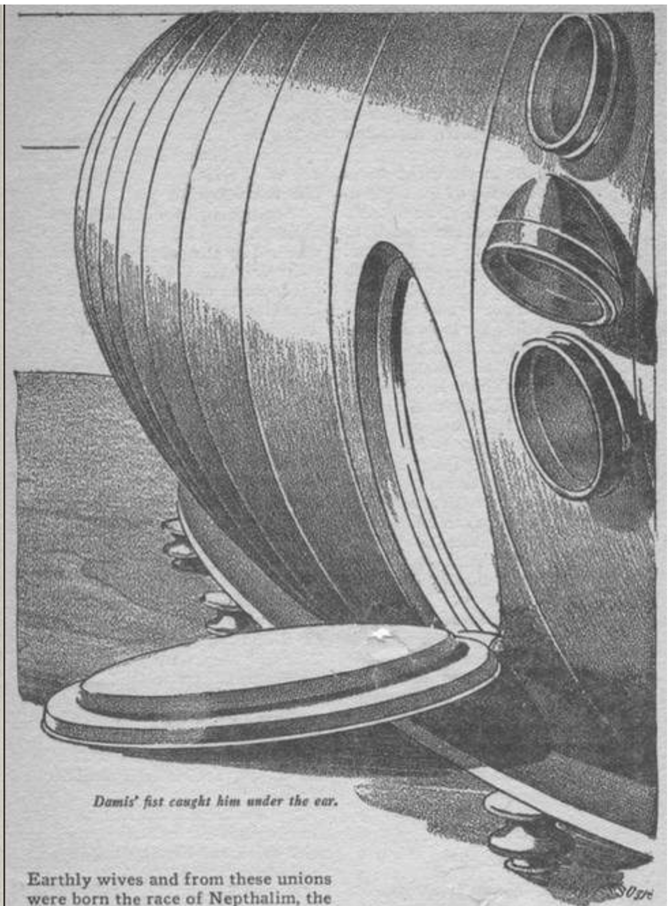
With all my strength, I crashed my free fist into the priest's face. His grip loosened, and he fell back into the snow. The other little men were running toward us.



Giants on the Earth

By Capt. S. P. Meek

Conclusion



Damis' fist caught him under the ear.

There is rage and grief in the heart of Earth-born Damis as he cleaves through space on his mission of vengeance and deliverance.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

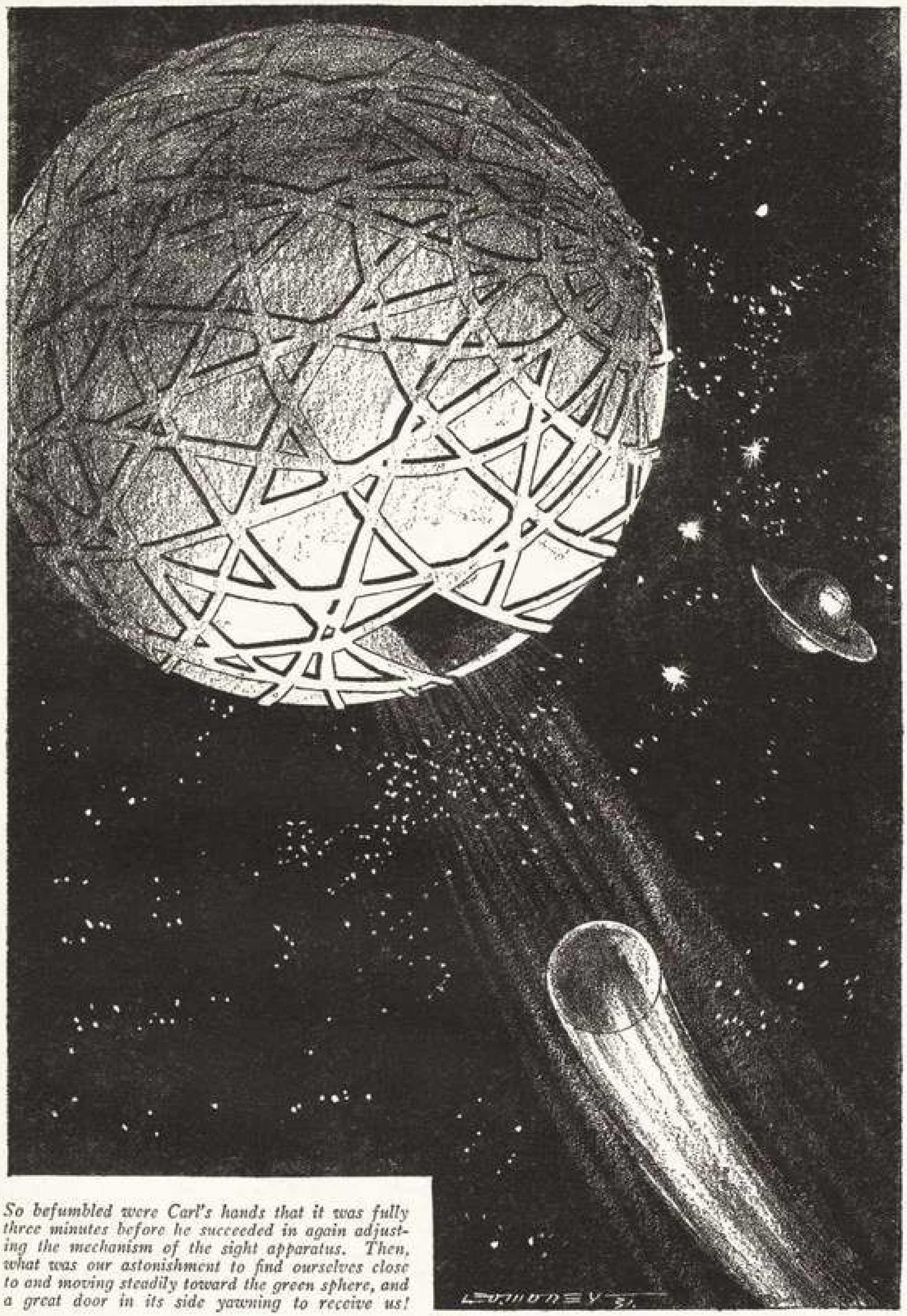
BEFORE the Jovians came, the Earth was prosperous and happy. When a space ship full of the "Sons of God," as the Jovians named themselves, landed, the Earthmen mistook them for angels and gladly submitted to their rule. Hortan, the leader of the invaders, was a just and kindly man and ruled the Earth wisely and well. He took for his wife a kinswoman of an Earthly king and established his capital city in Central America. Others of his followers took

Earthly wives and from these unions were born the race of Nepthalim, the mighty men of the Earth.

Glavour, one of Hortan's followers, plots against his chief and assassinates him and his wife secretly, giving out that they have gone to Jupiter. Damis, the infant son of Hortan, is rescued by a devoted Terrestrial. With Hortan gone, Glavour assumes the title of Viceroy and rules in the name of Tubain, Lord of Jupiter. Once he is secure on his stolen throne, Glavour gives way to every base passion. By scores the fairest of the Daughters of Man are swept into his seraglio. The Earthmen, maddened by oppression, rebel time and again, but the disintegrat-



In the center a small dark sphere appeared, and this grew rapidly in size until it filled the entire surface. Still it expanded and its own surface began to take on definite form.



So befumbled were Carl's hands that it was fully three minutes before he succeeded in again adjusting the mechanism of the sight apparatus. Then, what was our astonishment to find ourselves close to and moving steadily toward the green sphere, and a great door in its side yawning to receive us!



Wandl, the Invader

Part Three of a Four-Part Novel

By Ray Cummings

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MENACE from the stars! An inhabited invading planet had come from interplanetary space, and hovered between Mars and Jupiter.

Tumultuous days for me, Gregg Haljan! And for all those whom I loved best. My fiancé, Anita Prince, and Venza, the Venus girl who was to marry Snap Dean, and Snap himself — all of them, I was sure, had been captured by beings from this new weird planet. Captured and taken into space in a strange projectile.

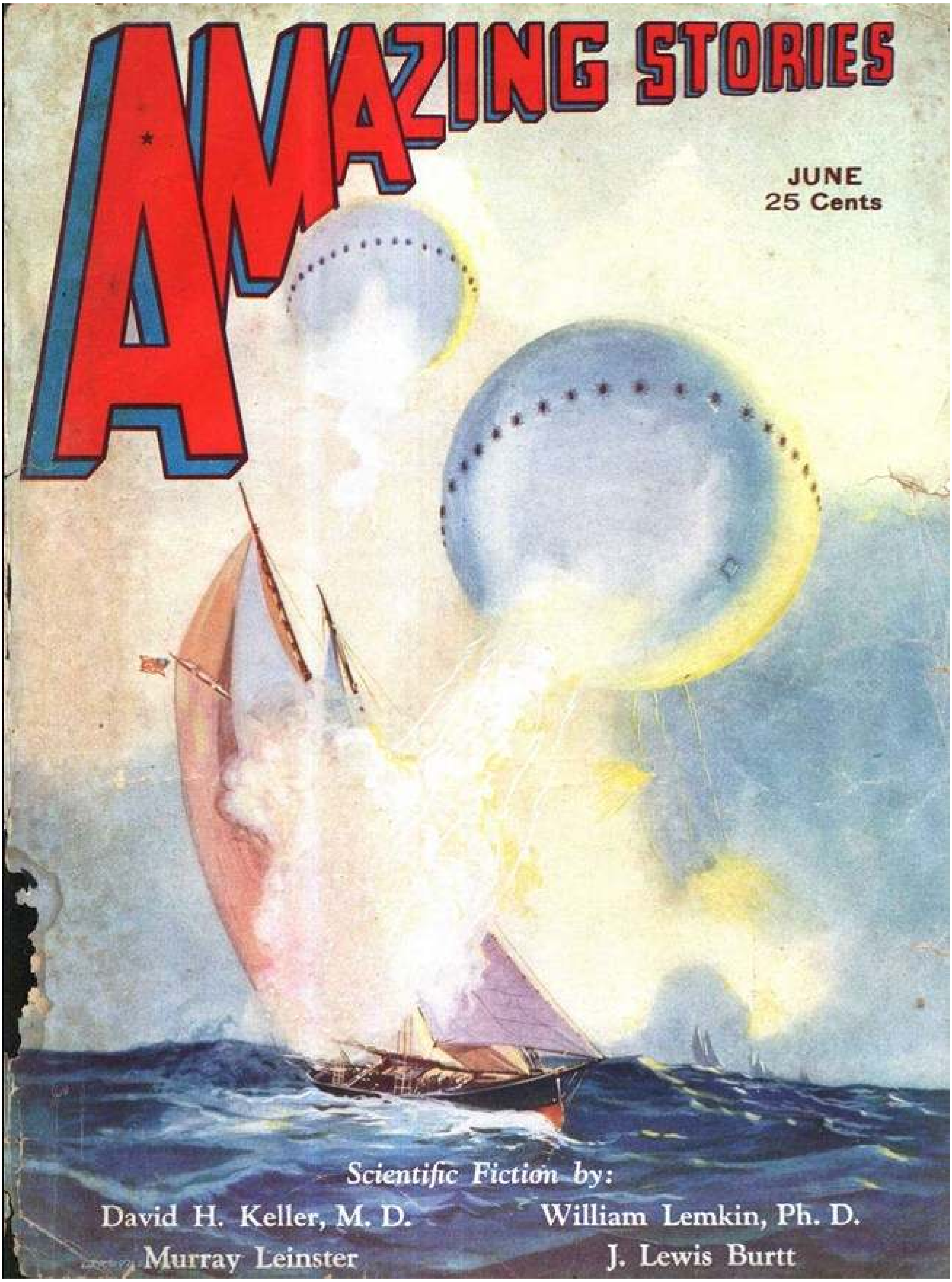
Stronger grows Wandl's doomful grip on Earth, even as Gregg and his friends are caught in the invading planet's weird night.

The enemy was in league with criminals upon Earth, Venus and Mars. Set Molo and his sister Meka had captured Venza and Anita, and possibly Snap. I had glimpsed two of the new beings: a gruesome master brain, large and naked, with a tiny withered body; and a great ten-foot hooded shape—its slave.

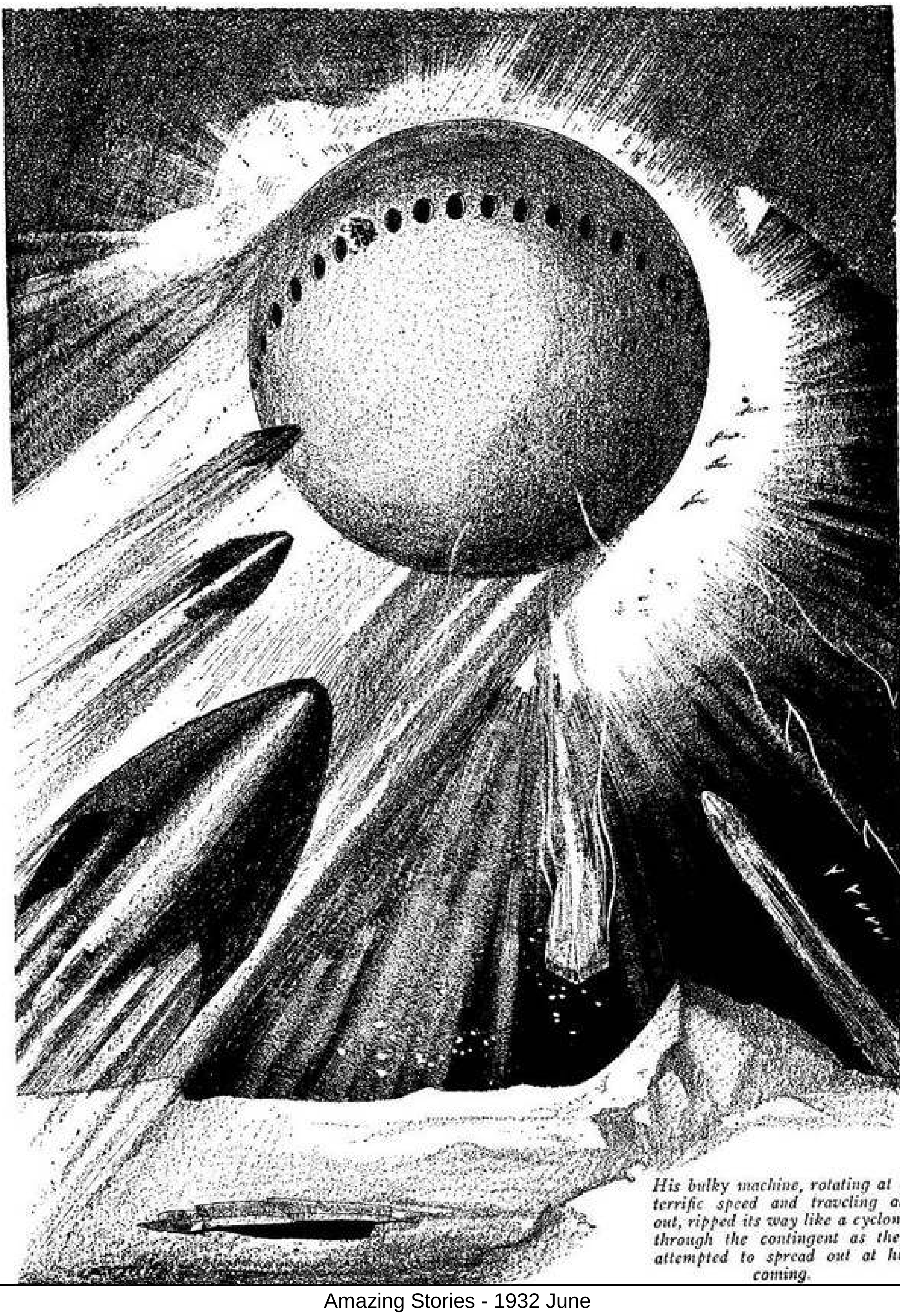
Upon Earth, Venus and Mars, three strange beams of light had been planted. They stood like crossing swords in the sky, turning with their planets. The publics of our three habitable worlds were in panic.

"What do the beams mean?"

The question rang through all three worlds. Nor could I guess, when, that morning at dawn, I left Earth as navigator of the *Cometara* with my friend Johnny Grantline, who commanded its fifty men and space armament. We did not know what anything meant, save that the Invading Planet was planning to attack Earth, Venus and Mars all at

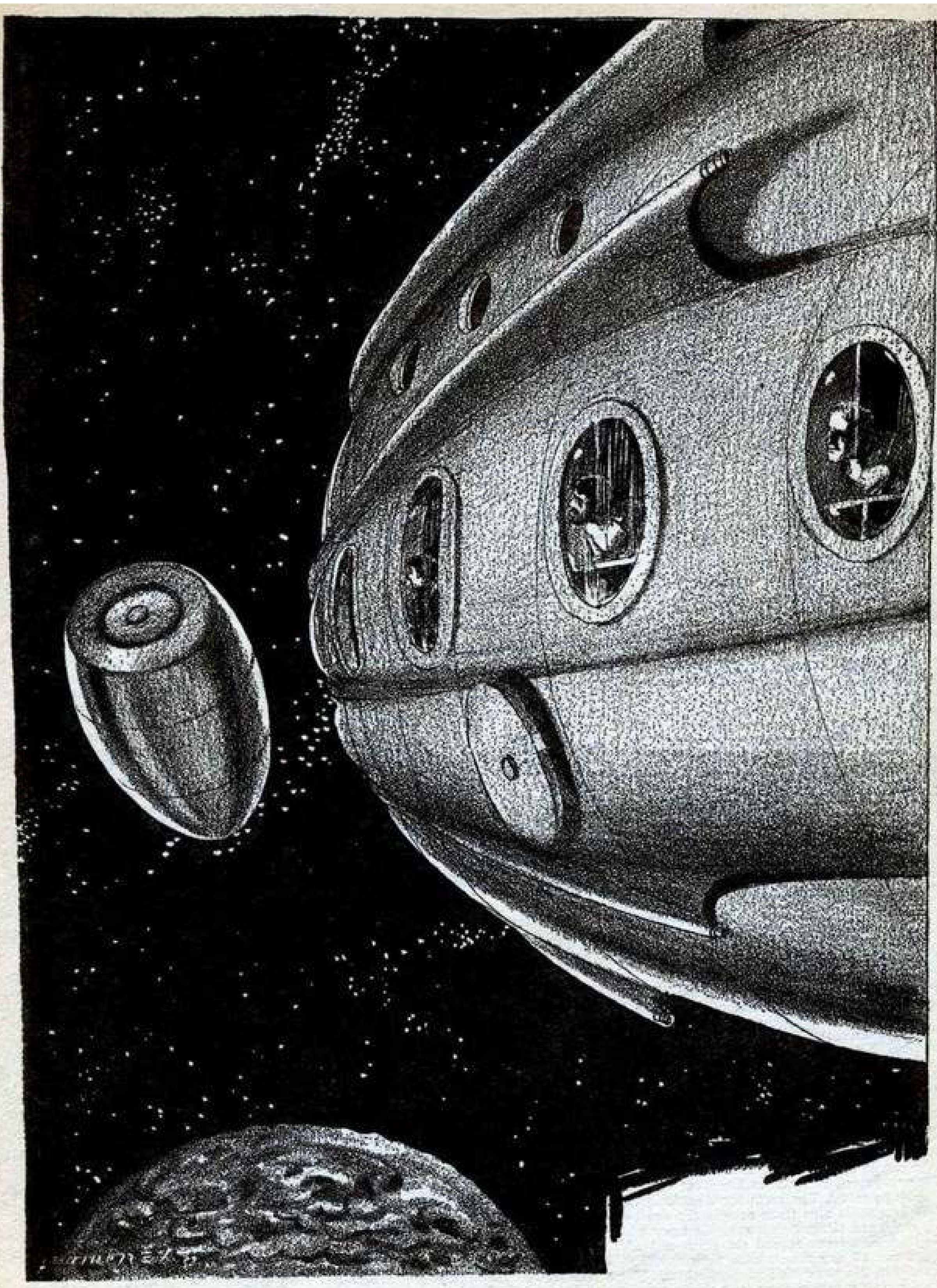


Amazing Stories - 1932 June

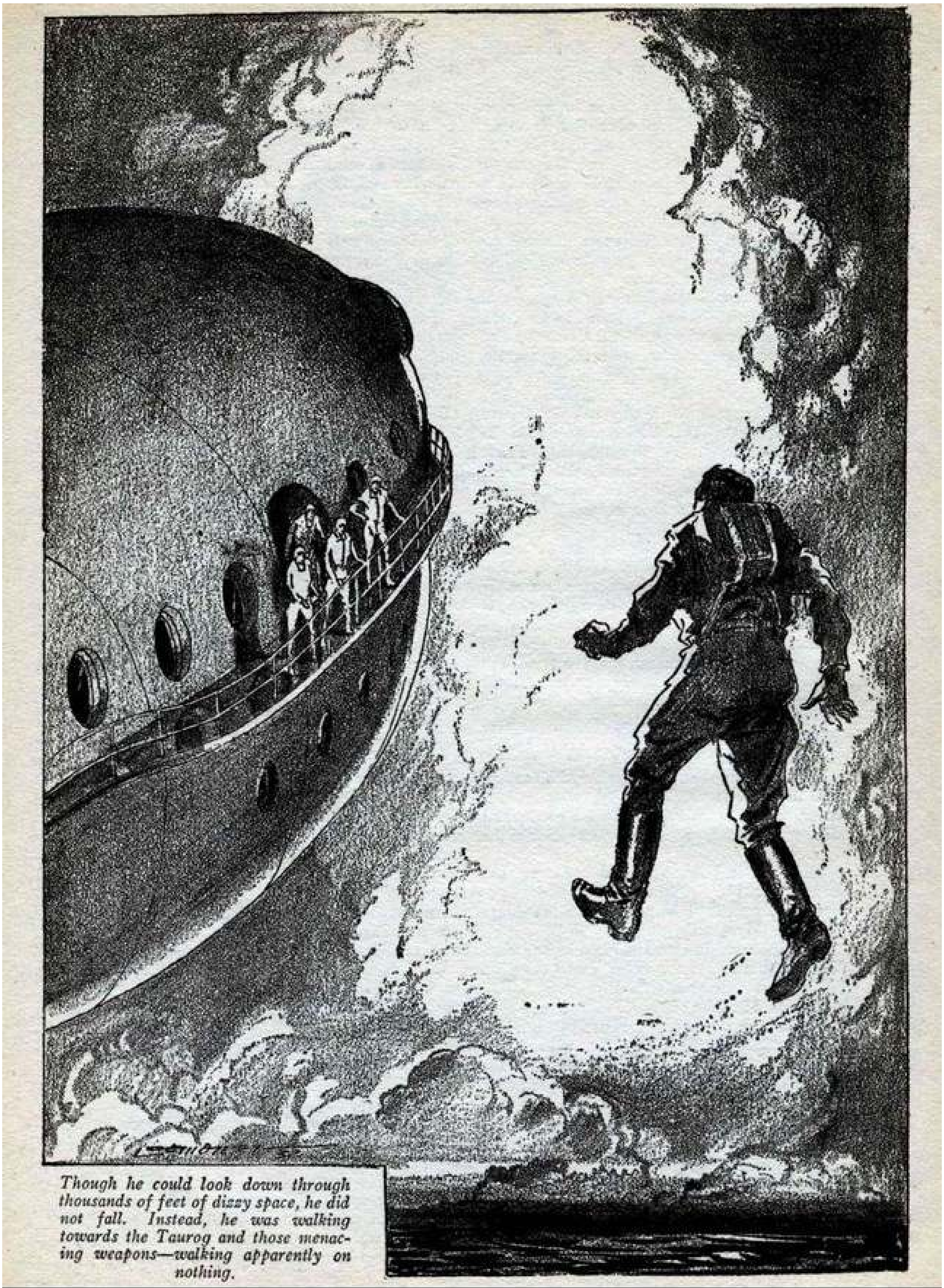


His bulky machine, rotating at a terrific speed and traveling all out, ripped its way like a cyclone through the contingent as they attempted to spread out at his coming.

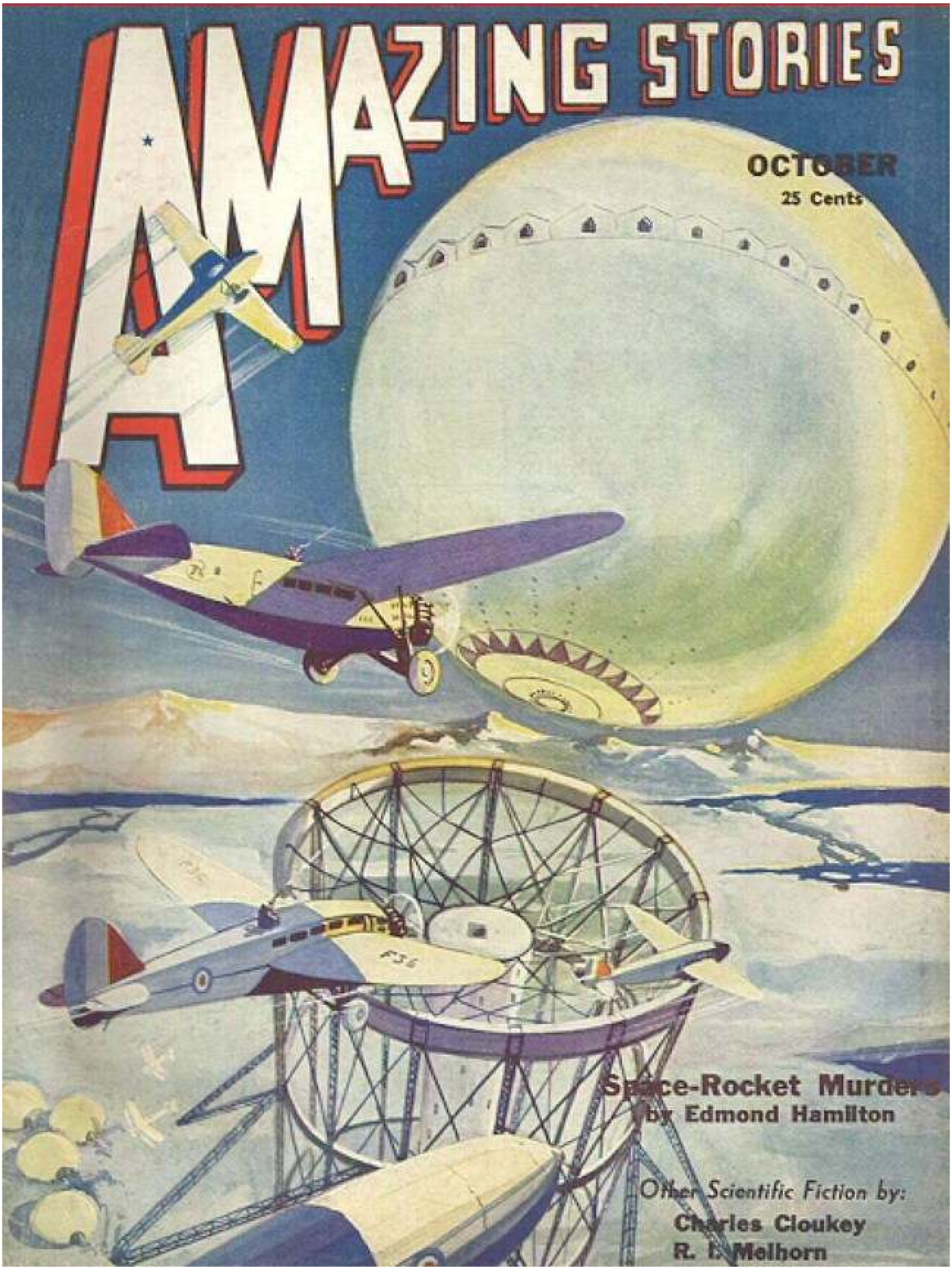
Amazing Stories - 1932 June



He had come out here in anticipation of just such a thing as had happened; had hovered in space with the H-4 . . . hoping to rescue anyone who might be set adrift in the space car. . . .



Though he could look down through thousands of feet of dizzy space, he did not fall. Instead, he was walking towards the Taurog and those menacing weapons—walking apparently on nothing.

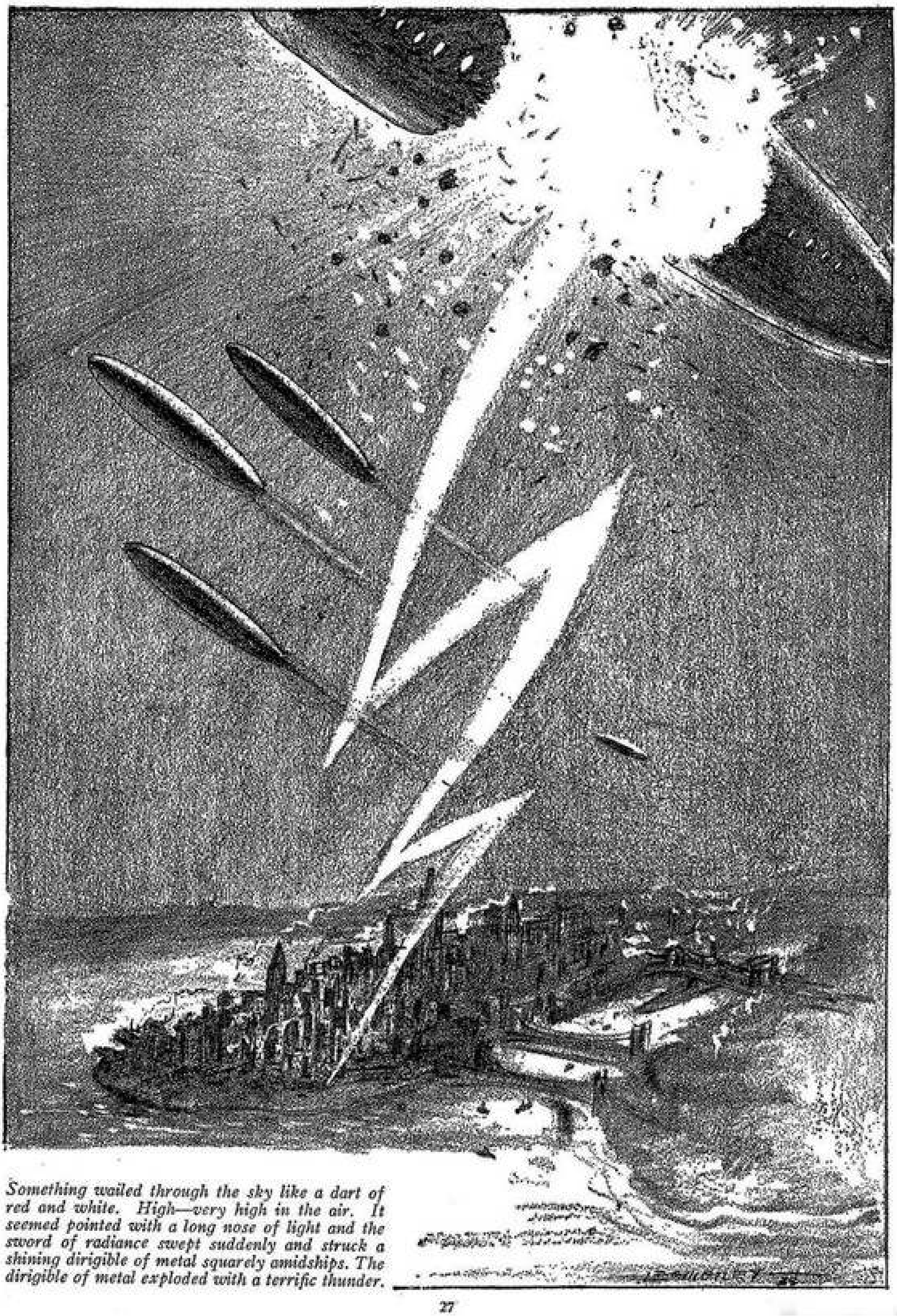


Amazing Stories - 1932 October

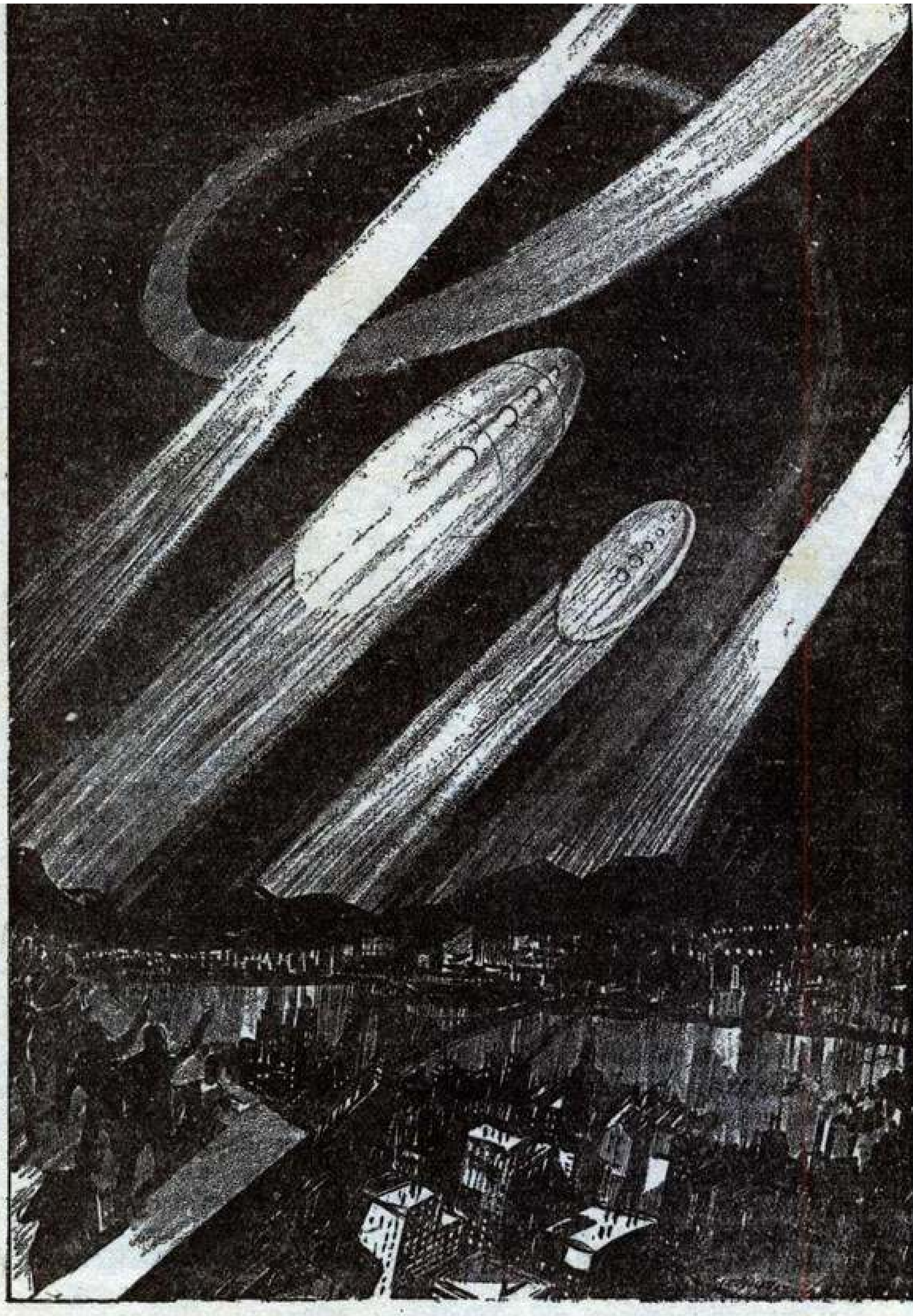


Slowly the elongated globe came nearer. It was of very peculiar construction. Its main body was an almost perfect sphere about ten or fifteen feet in circumference.

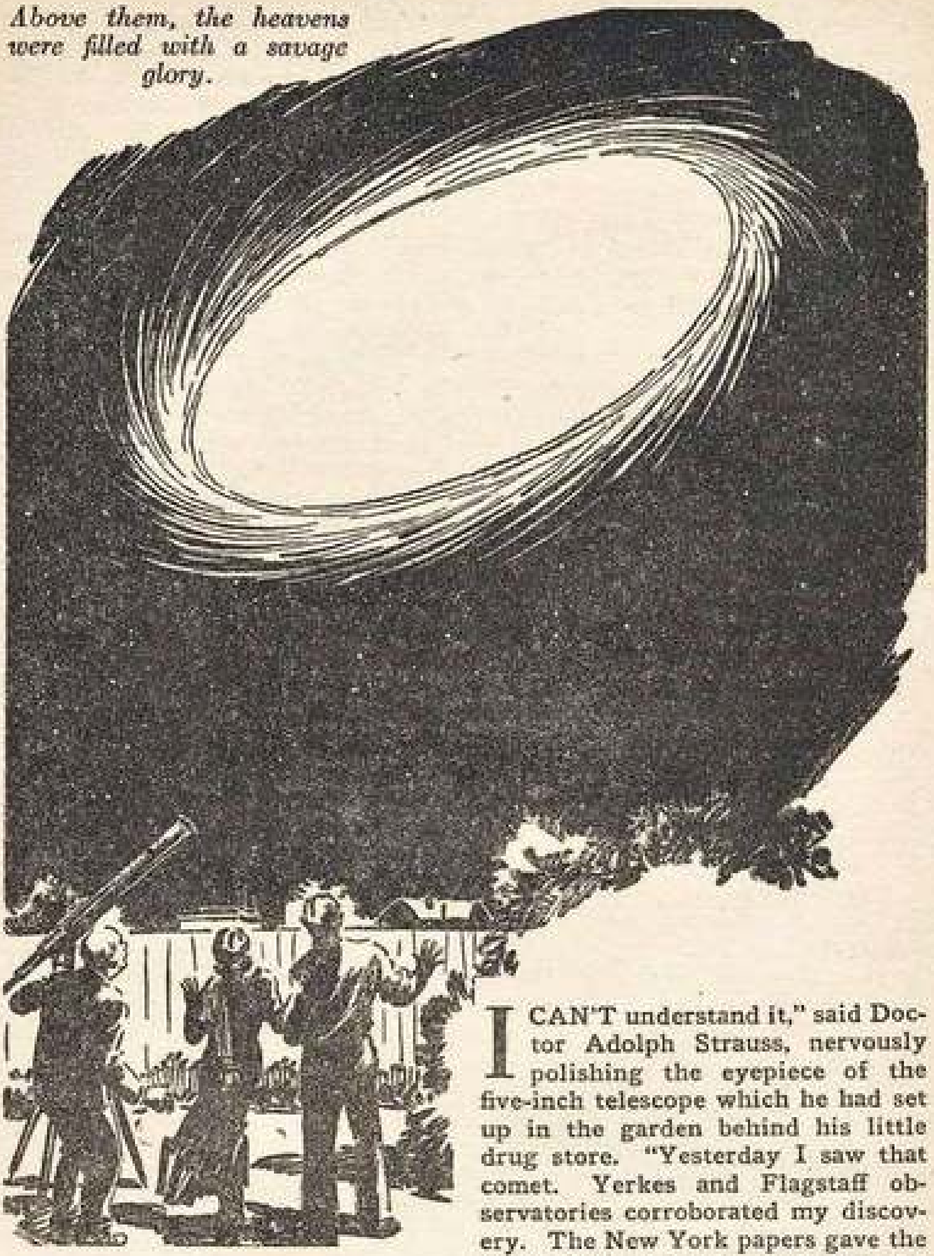
Amazing Stories - 1932 November



Something wailed through the sky like a dart of red and white. High—very high in the air. It seemed pointed with a long nose of light and the sword of radiance swept suddenly and struck a shining dirigible of metal squarely amidships. The dirigible of metal exploded with a terrific thunder.



On several successive nights the world was treated to the sight of fiery green apparitions ascending; of streaming, comet-like bodies that wound their way upward in long, swift spirals and disappeared in the upper ether.



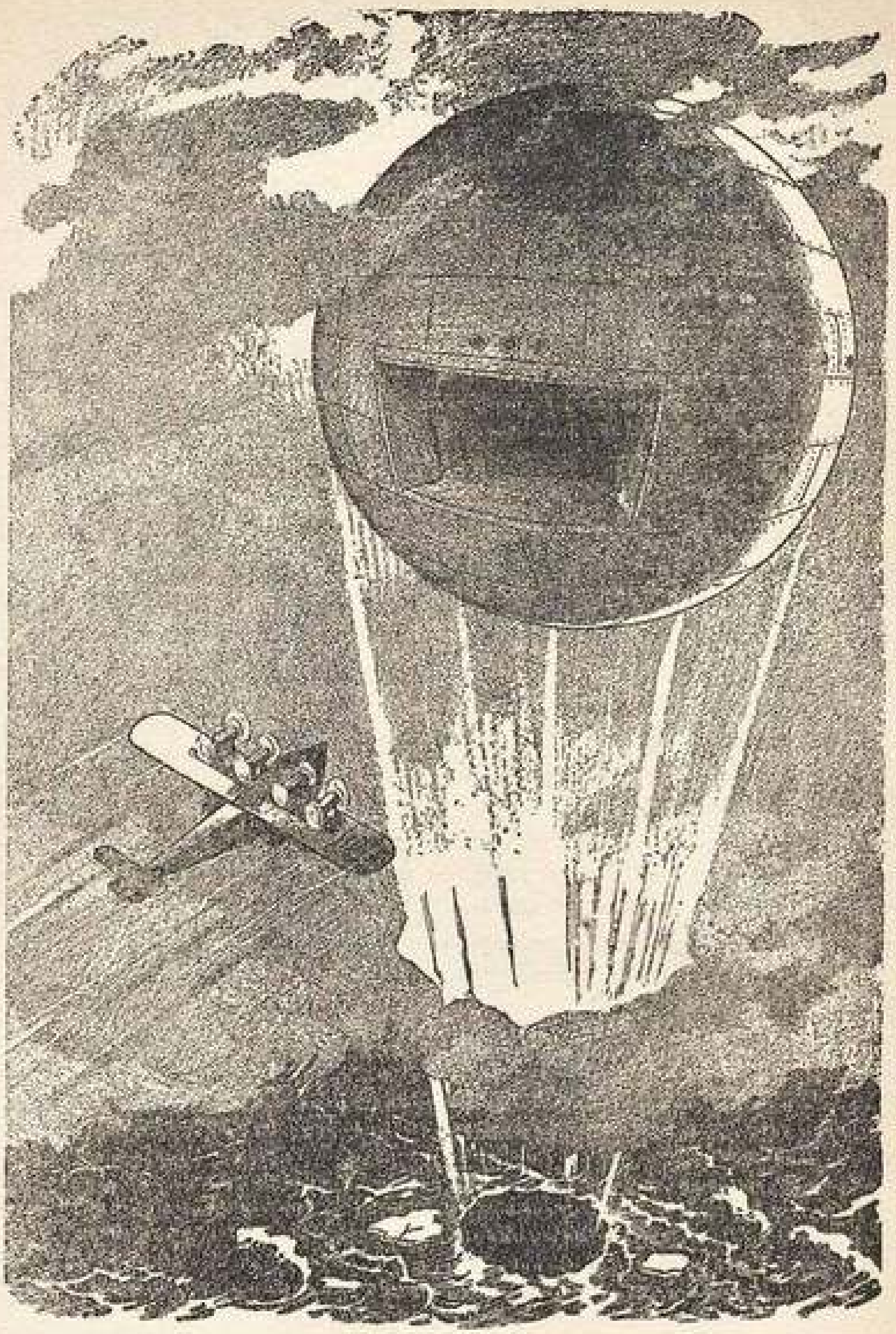
Above them, the heavens were filled with a savage glory.

A Story of the Second Dimension by

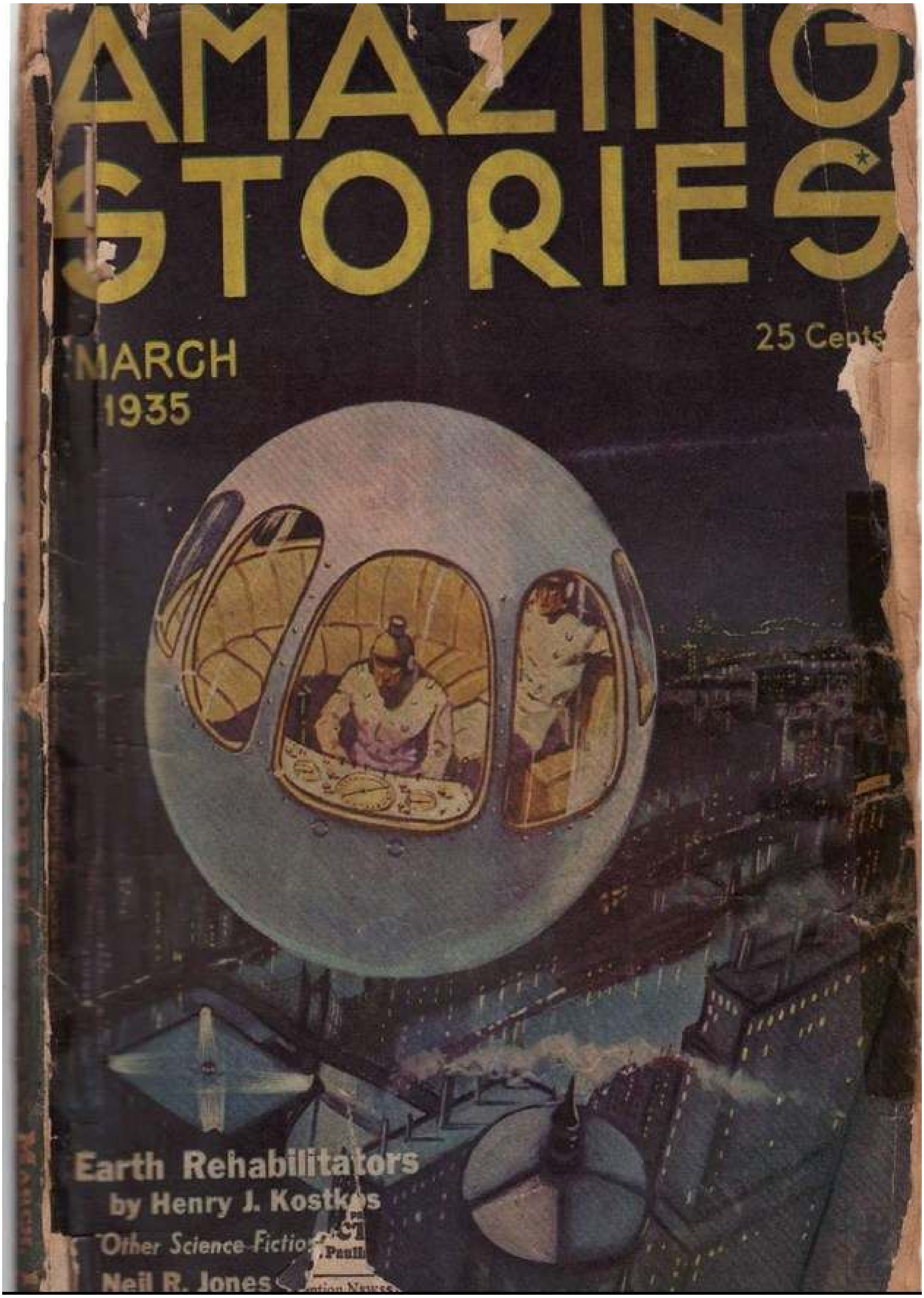
WALLACE WEST

"I CAN'T understand it," said Doctor Adolph Strauss, nervously polishing the eyepiece of the five-inch telescope which he had set up in the garden behind his little drug store. "Yesterday I saw that comet. Yerkes and Flagstaff observatories corroborated my discovery. The New York papers gave the story half a column with my picture. To-night the comet isn't in sight!"

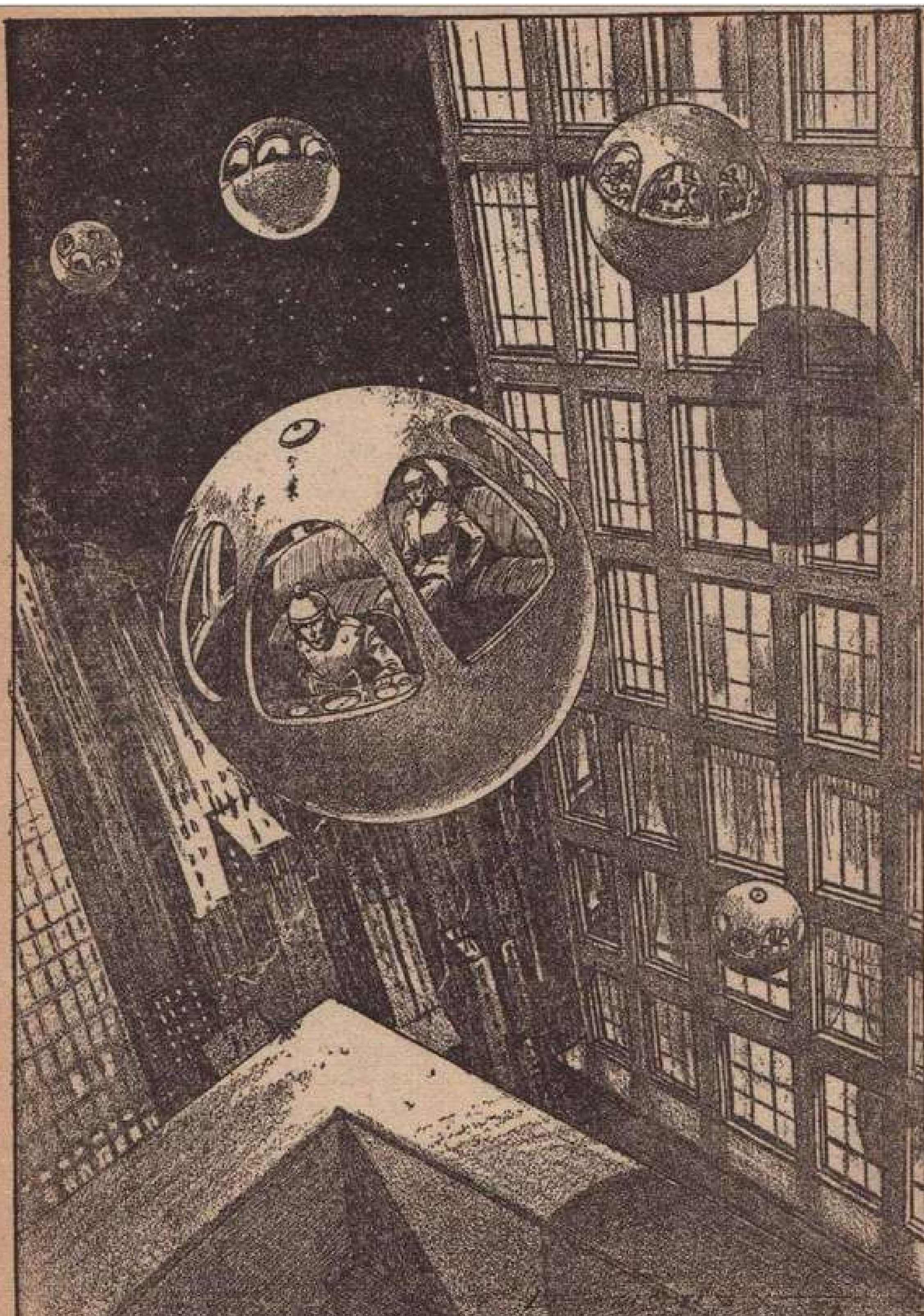
"Poor dad," said his son Frank, who was lying on his back in the grass, staring up at the darkening



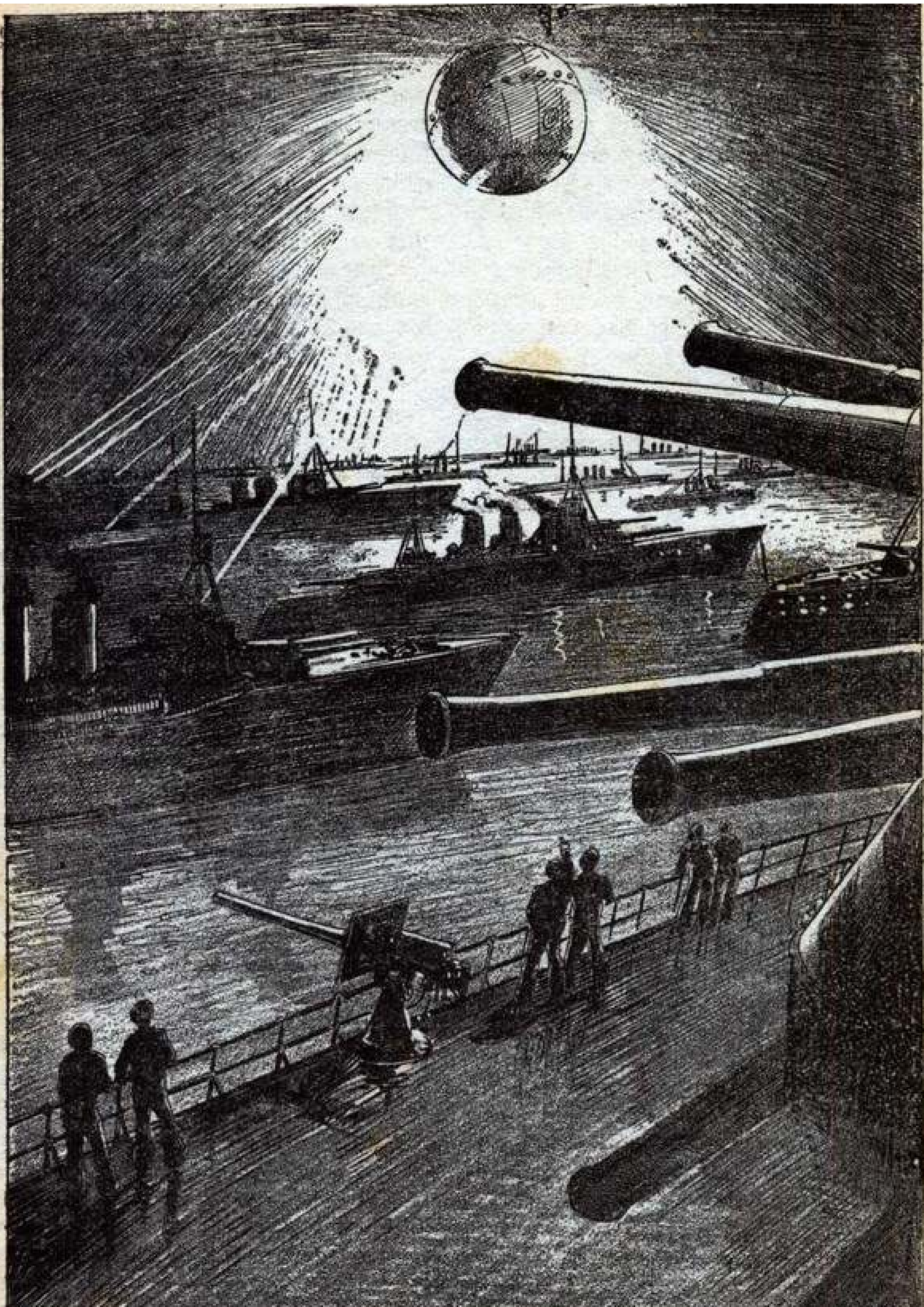
The hangar doors slid open—and the plane was pulled steadily inside!



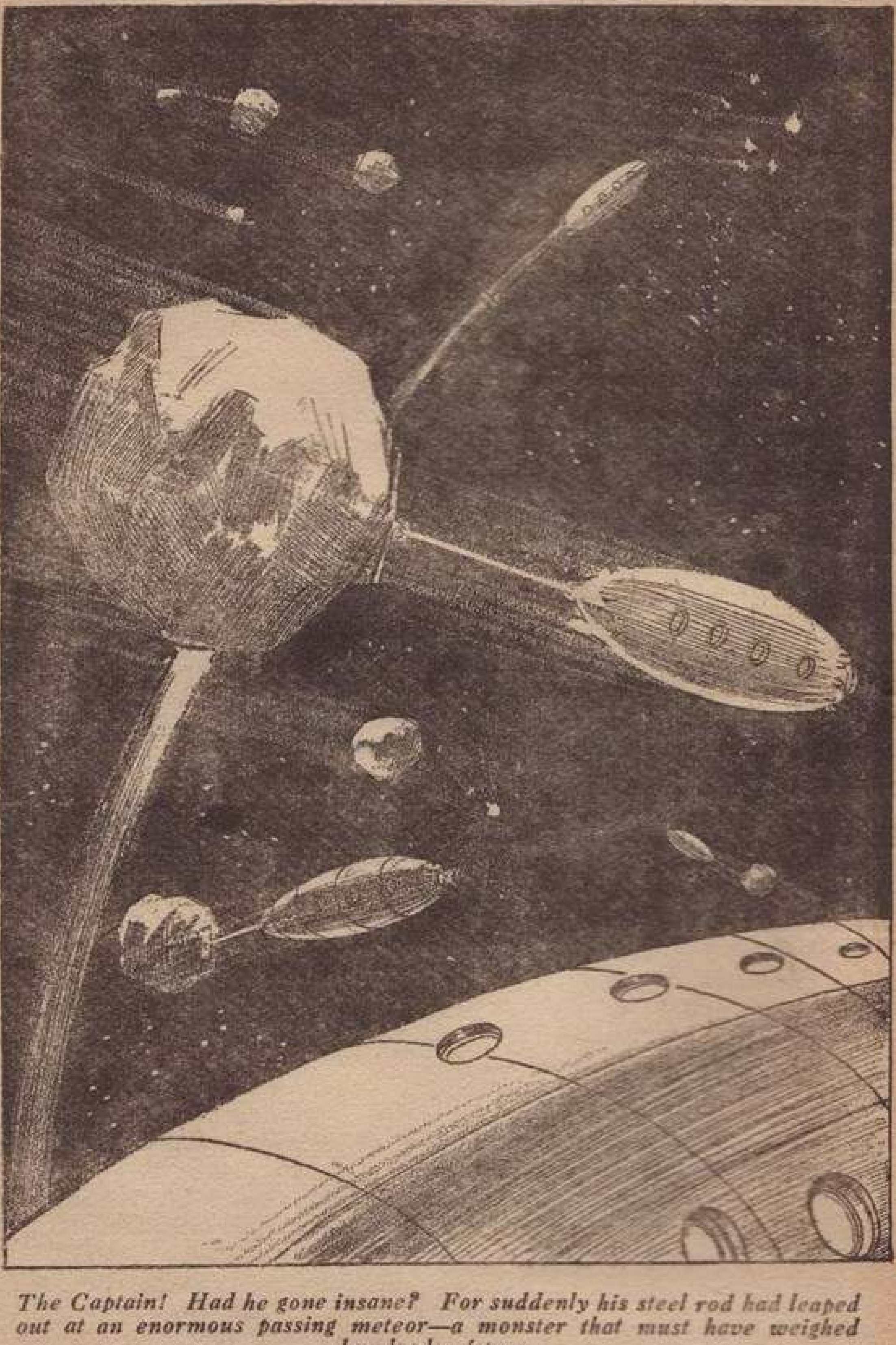
Amazing Stories - 1935 March



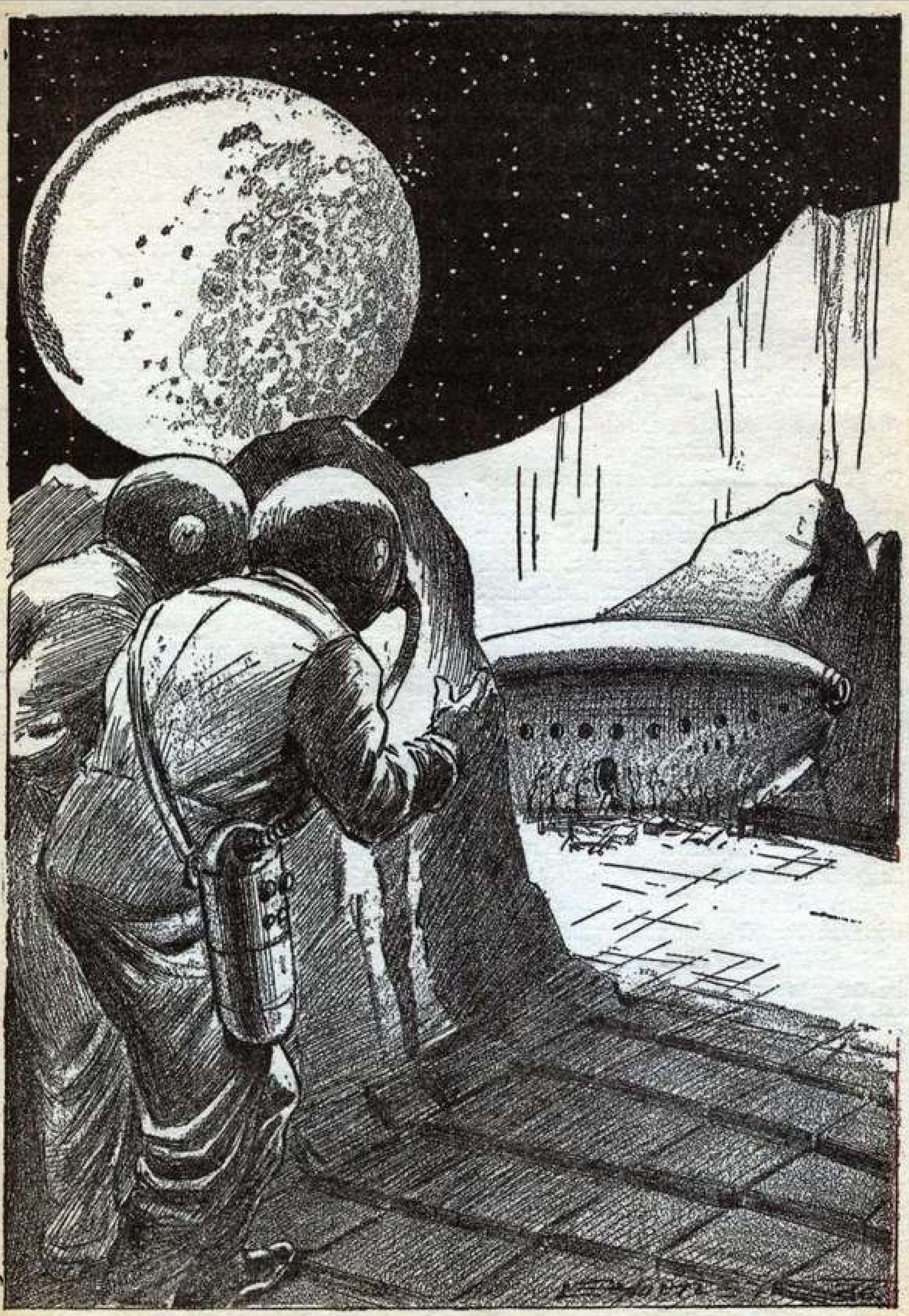
He left the cave cautiously, making sure that there was no Saturnian anywhere in sight, then signalled a passing ball-taxi and instructed the operator to drive him to Nita's dwelling.



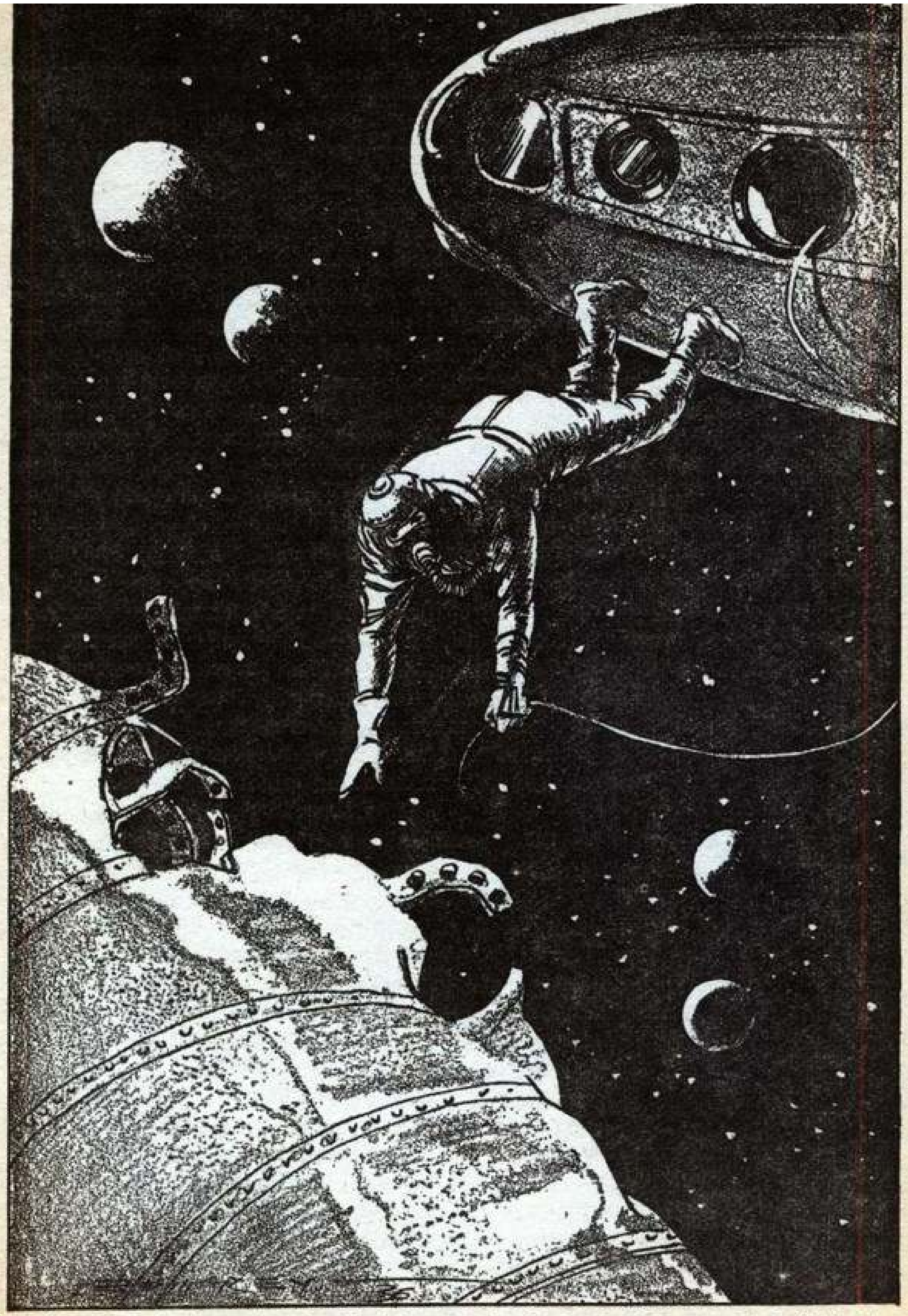
The terrific onslaught of beams from the invaders threw up the whitest sheet of flame from our screen that I had ever witnessed. It seemed that the screen could never hold, but it did.



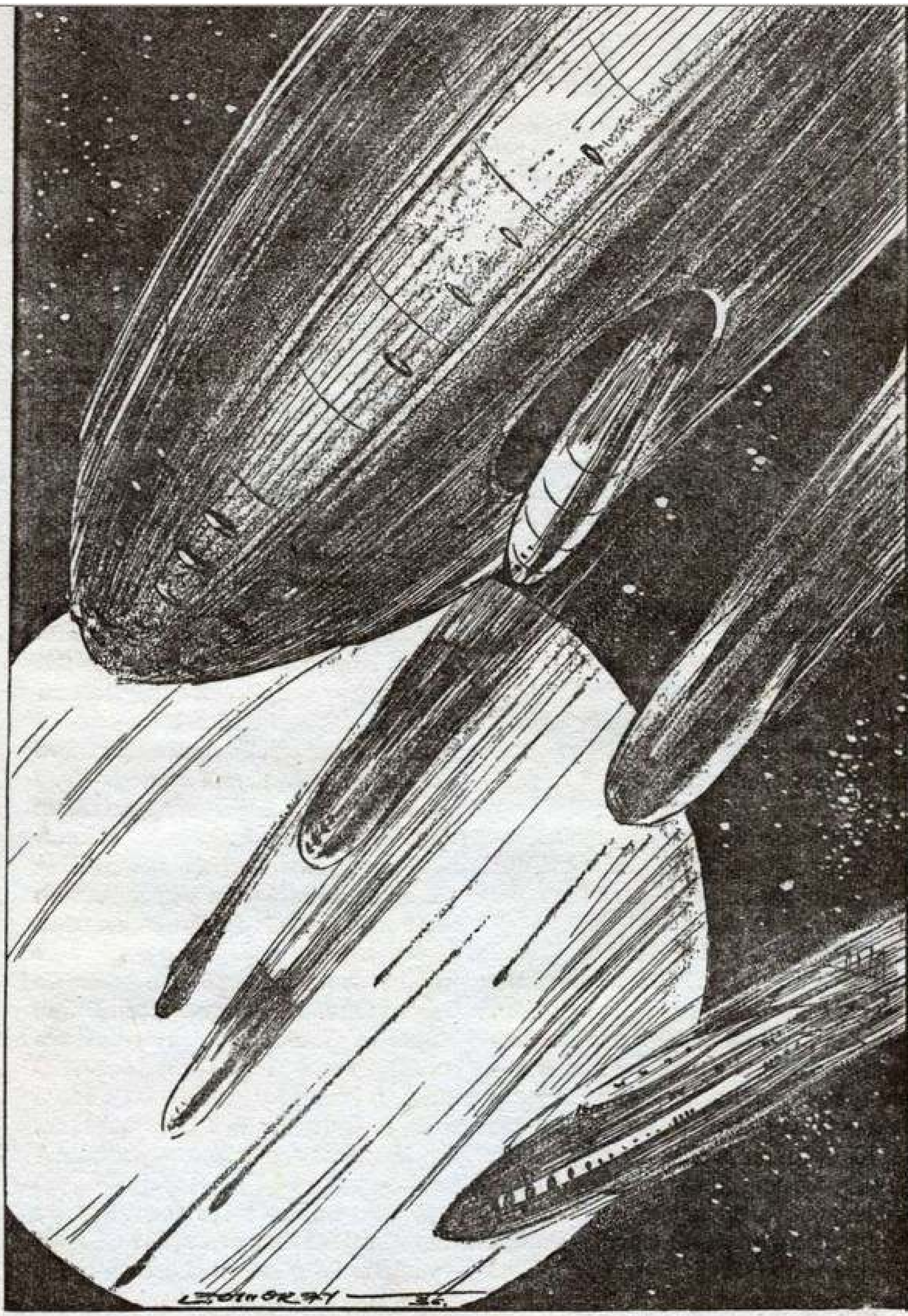
The Captain! Had he gone insane? For suddenly his steel rod had leaped out at an enormous passing meteor—a monster that must have weighed hundreds of tons.



The sixth, which I immediately recognized from its size and general appearance as the latest of the vessels to have disappeared into space, lay by itself somewhat off to the side.

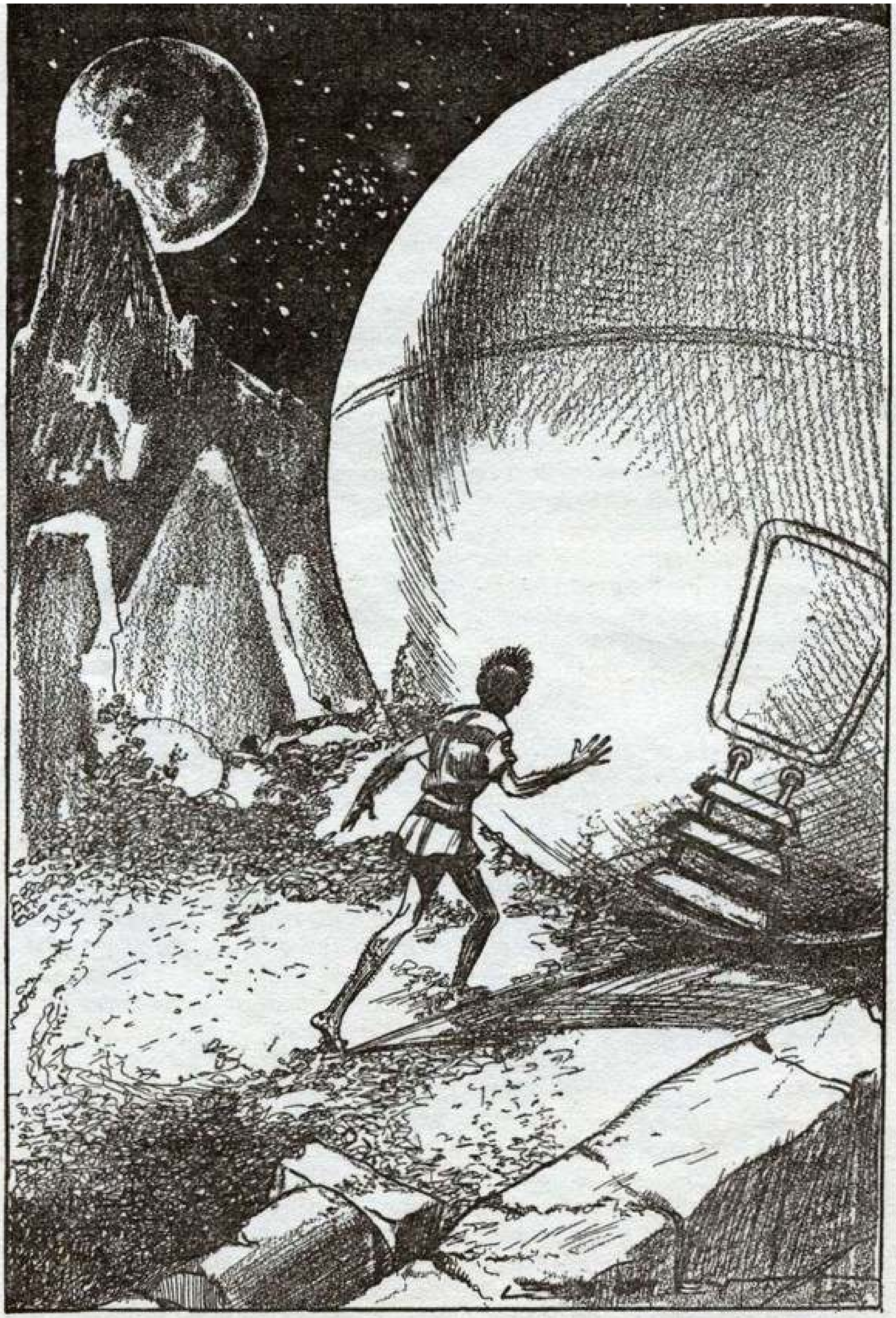


Then placing his feet against the side of the space flier, his head pointing towards the "Helios," the end of the unwound cable held in one hand, he kicked vigorously.

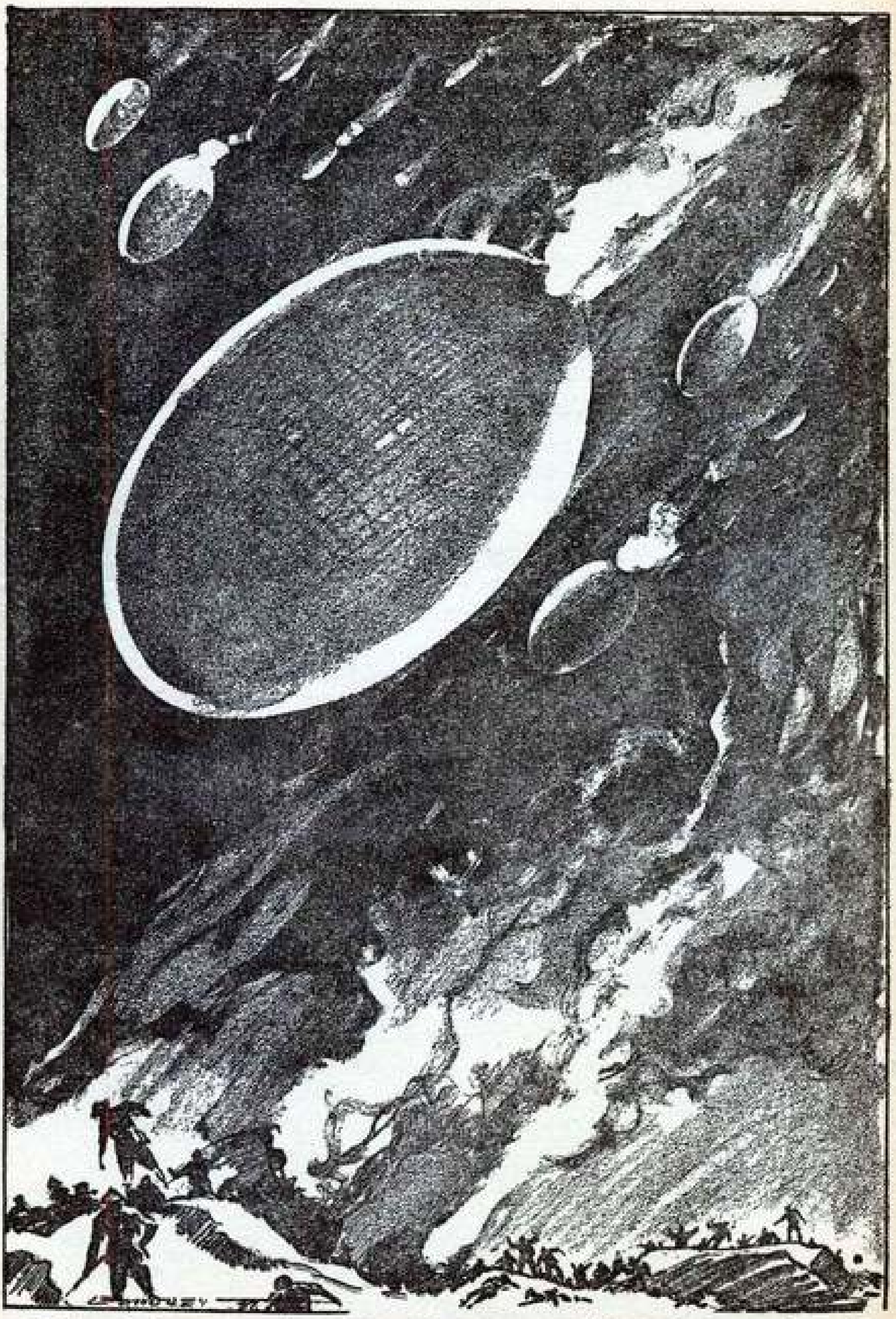


Instantly, according to instructions issued by Commander McLaurin, a fleet of ten of the tiniest, fastest scouts darted out.

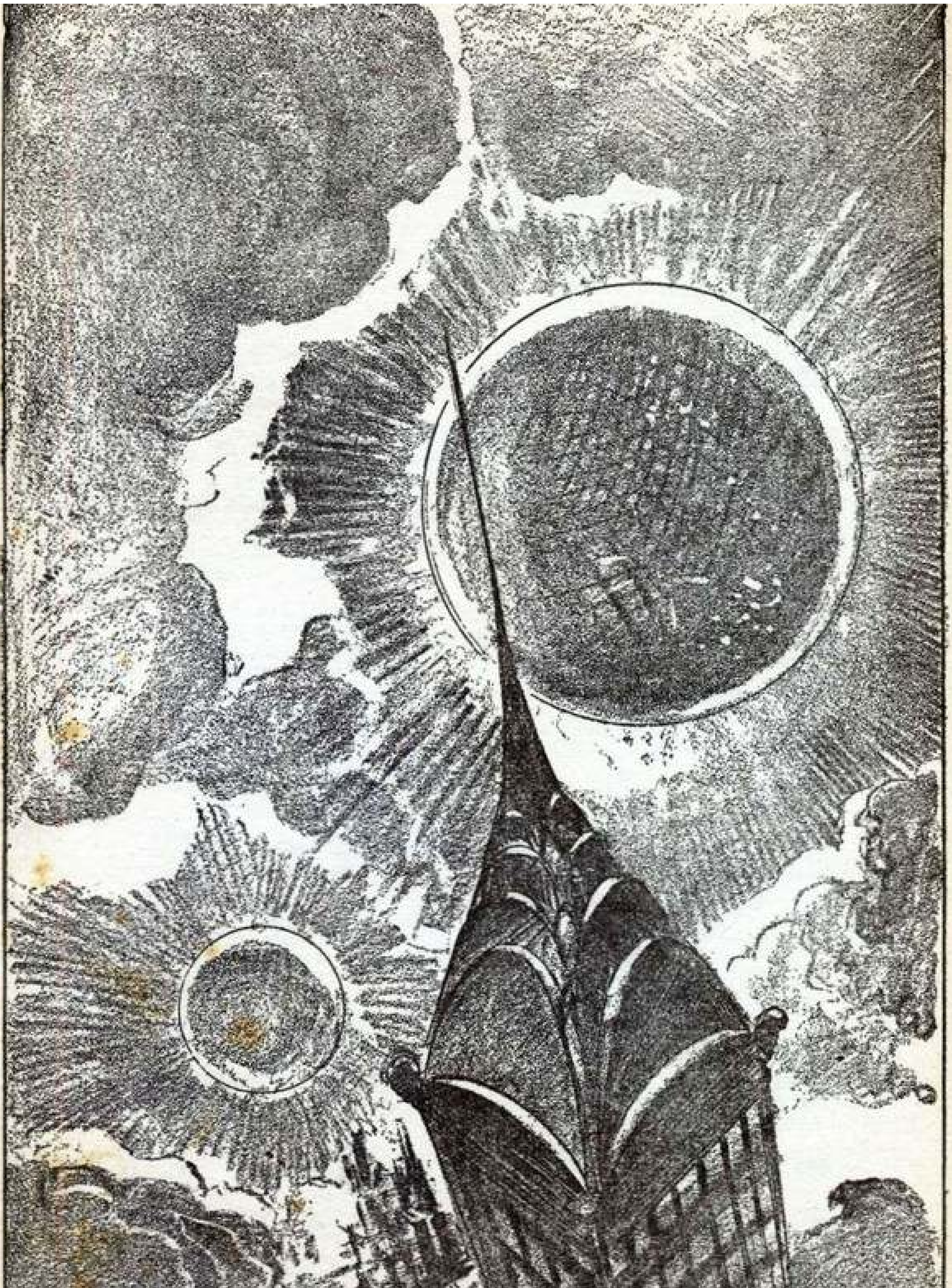
Amazing Stories - 1936 December



There was a closed panel in the surface of the globe, approached by a hanging ladder . . . .
The panel opened when my weight touched the ladder.



Within a few hours scores of meteor-like conflagrations were visible in the heavens above and all knew that they were the ships of the Martians, terraqueous eel-men disintegrating into uncontrollable cinders and ashes.



Side by side, like two inseparable parts of one object, the gigantic spheres leaped away from the solar system. Their hulls were pure diamond as protection against the Blue Beam should it be directed against them.

QUELQUES REMARQUES

De tous les « pulps » qui naquirent avant la seconde guerre mondiale et qui, bien souvent, n'eurent qu'une existence éphémère, c'est *Amazing Stories* qui, de par la qualité de ses textes et de ses illustrations s'imposa comme le meilleur.

Cette publication fut créée en 1926 par Hugo Gernsback et connut pendant un peu plus de dix ans une périodicité variable, avec des hauts et des bas. Elle publia des auteurs qui devinrent célèbres par la suite et ses magnifiques couvertures font encore aujourd'hui la joie de collectionneurs qui s'arrachent certains exemplaires à prix d'or. Les textes et les illustrations de cette publication faisaient alors preuve d'une inventivité extraordinaire et c'est là bien entendu que l'on peut trouver les parallèles les plus frappants avec certains cas ufologiques. Tel est le cas par exemple de l'illustration publiée dans le numéro de février 1937 (voir image de couverture) qui montrait des êtres issus de deux mondes différents et tentant de préciser leurs provenances respectives au moyen de dessins dans le sable. Cela évoque immédiatement certains cas de « contactés » dont évidemment le plus célèbre d'entre tous : celui de George Adamski.

En 1938 *Amazing Stories* fut reprise en main par Raymond Arthur Palmer (dit Ray Palmer), qui avait alors moins de trente ans. Ce dernier, qui avait le sens des affaires et ne reculait devant rien pour vendre du papier, la transforma profondément. Les illustrations devinrent moins inspirées mais plus provocantes et de plus en plus de textes furent présentés comme des études portant sur de véritables mystères cachés. Palmer rallia ainsi à lui des auteurs fortéens comme Vincent Gaddis ou Taylor Hansen. Le sommet de ces changements fut atteint quand, en 1945, Palmer commença à publier une série d'articles d'un certain Richard Shaver qui prétendait avoir pris contact avec une race d'êtres humanoïdes vivant à l'intérieur de notre globe. Beaucoup de puristes de la science-fiction en furent scandalisés. Une controverse naquit dans les colonnes mêmes de la publication et de nombreux amateurs de science-fiction résilièrent leur abonnement tandis que de nouveaux lecteurs, passionnés par les mystères de toutes sortes, la censure, les complots et d'autres choses du genre firent grimper le chiffre des vente. Palmer venait de séduire un nouveau type de lectorat.

C'est alors qu'eut lieu l'observation de Kenneth Arnold. Elle fut, pour Palmer, une aubaine inespérée dont il sut immédiatement tirer profit au point qu'il créa bientôt un magazine spécialement dédié aux soucoupes volantes et à diverses théories complotistes...

ADDITIFS

Les deux petites études que j'ai réalisées précédemment sur le même sujet et qui ont été signalées en page 2 du présent ouvrage avaient un caractère assez confidentiel. Il est donc très difficile de se les procurer. Or, comme elles complètent parfaitement le présent ouvrage, j'ai donc décidé de les reproduire intégralement à la suite de celui-ci. On les trouvera donc dans les pages qui suivent...

ENCORE QUELQUES DESSINS D'OVNIS PRE-ARNOLDIENS

Marc HALLET

Liège - Mars 2013

PAGE BLANCHE

INTRODUCTION

Nous sommes quelques auteurs sceptiques à avoir tenté de montrer de manière évidente l'influence que la science-fiction put avoir sur l'émergence du mythe ovni.

Reconnaissons-le cependant, peu parmi nous sont des experts en science-fiction et moins encore parmi nous ont eu la chance de pouvoir éplucher attentivement de nombreux numéros des revues de science-fiction américaines des années 1920 à 1947. En cause, bien sûr, la rareté de ces publications conservées par quelques collectionneurs peu partageurs et, de surcroît, leur coût sur le marché de l'occasion. De telle sorte que nos "découvertes" dans ce domaine furent souvent dues au hasard, à la bienveillance de confrères ou à des recherches en tous sens sur internet. Ces dernières ne nous ont cependant généralement fourni que des reproductions de couvertures (voir par exemple celles que j'ai incluses dans *Les Arcanes de l'Ufologie* publié à Liège, sur CD-Rom, en 2005) et non des dessins contenus au sein de celles-ci.

Les années passant, internet fournit néanmoins de plus en plus de documentation en la matière, et ce, grâce à des passionnés qui entreprennent de numériser partiellement ou complètement d'anciennes revues qu'ils possèdent. Ils suivent là un mouvement général qui s'est amorcé il y a déjà plus de dix ans et qui touche à présent de nombreux milieux spécialisés.

J'ai récemment eu l'occasion de télécharger de nombreux documents de ce genre dont, principalement, des *Amazing Stories* complets ou partiels. Plutôt que de diffuser ces lourds fichiers via des supports magnétiques et contraindre chacun à les éplucher un à un comme je l'ai fait, j'ai cru qu'il serait préférable de rassembler uniquement les documents nouveaux que j'ai ainsi pu récolter. C'est l'objet de la présente brochure au format PDF. Cela épargnera bien du travail à quelques-uns de mes amis et à d'autres qui ne m'en remercieront sans doute jamais ni ne me citeront... comme à leur habitude.

Une revue de science-fiction américaine se démarque de toutes les autres pour les ufologues du fait qu'elle tomba dans les mains de Ray Palmer et que ce dernier s'en servit pour, en quelque sorte, lancer le mythe des ovnis après avoir publié les célèbres textes de Richard Shaver.

Cette revue, c'était *Amazing Stories*. Elle vit le jour en avril 1926 grâce à Hugo Gernsback. Elle était alors déjà épaisse d'une centaine de pages. Gernsback commença par publier, sous forme

de feuilletons, des récits très célèbres de quelques auteurs célèbres comme H.G. Wells ou Jules Verne auxquels ils ajouta bien souvent ses propres écrits. Ce n'est qu'ensuite qu'il diversifia ses auteurs, y compris en faisant appel à de nouveaux talents. Bientôt, sa revue s'étoffa de plus nombreux dessins intérieurs en même temps qu'augmentèrent les pages de publicités. Le volume de cette publication augmenta ainsi peu à peu de 50%. Certains thèmes y apparaissaient de manière récurrente comme par exemple celui de l'enlèvement d'humains par des monstres ou des êtres venus d'ailleurs. Autre thème récurrent : un humain (souvent une femme) couché sur une sorte de table d'examen et en proie à des études expérimentales diverses. Deux thèmes qui ne cesseront d'inspirer également la littérature ufologique.

Après qu'*Amazing Stories* fut confiée à Ray Palmer, ce dernier en modifia la présentation en y ajoutant de plus en plus de rubriques relatives à des phénomènes étranges réputés authentiques. Mélanger subtilement la réalité et la fiction fut en quelque sorte sa constante marque de fabrique.

Je tenais à apporter ces précisions qui me paraissent utiles, avant de présenter la galerie d'illustrations que mes récents téléchargements m'ont permis de mettre à jour.

Je dois préciser que cette galerie d'illustrations ne comprendra pas des couvertures de revues, lesquelles peuvent assez facilement se trouver désormais sur certains sites internet spécialisés. Je n'ai pas davantage retenu les dessins montrant des vaisseaux sphériques car la sphère est un volume simple ou parfait (au choix) dont on pourrait dire qu'il est si banal qu'il n'est pas constitutif d'une preuve quant à l'influence que la science-fiction a pu avoir sur l'ufologie. J'ai donc retenu d'une part les objets cigaroïdes, et tout spécialement ceux comportant des hublots tout au long de leur fuselage comme le célèbre cigare volant décrit par les pilotes Chiles et Witted et, d'autre part, des engins discoïdaux. J'ai bien entendu ajouté à tout cela des illustrations montrant des êtres dont la morphologie était extrêmement semblable à celle dont ont été crédités les extraterrestres depuis les années 1950.

Beaucoup d'autres dessins du genre restent encore à trouver. D'autres que moi s'occuperont peut-être de cette tâche en fouillant systématiquement dans des collections privées ou publiques. Ce travail pourrait déjà avoir été fait en partie, mais il n'a hélas pas été rendu public à ma connaissance, du moins gratuitement. Et c'est là chose fort regrettable.

Marc HALLET

COMMENTAIRE DU CARNET DES ILLUSTRATIONS

LES VAISSEAUX VERNIENS

PAGE 1 : J'ai dit plus haut que Gernsback avait commencé par publier, en feuilletons, des textes déjà célèbres de H.G.Wells et Jules Verne. Or, dans les années 20, la conception même des vaisseaux aériens décrits par Jules Verne était devenue obsolète. Voilà pourquoi Gernsback en proposa une version nettement modernisée dans *Amazing Stories* de décembre 1927

LES CIGARES VOLANTS

Un des engins volants qui fut le plus souvent décrit dans la science-fiction entre 1920 et 1947 fut le cigare volant. Il était, d'une certaine manière, la forme la plus logique qu'on pouvait supposer qu'adopteraient les vaisseaux de l'avenir ou même celle que pourraient avoir les vaisseaux extra-terrestres. En effet, sa forme était directement inspirée d'un mélange entre l'avion et la fusée, les deux seuls moyens de déplacement aériens connus qui pouvait alors paraître comme appartenant à l'avenir.

PAGE 2 : Cette illustration montre, sur sa rampe de lancement, une fusée-cigare volant aux nombreux hublots. Tel quel, cet objet est rigoureusement semblable à celui qui fut décrit par les pilotes Chiles et Witted. [Amazing Stories - Avril 1931]

PAGE 3 : Cette illustration montre la pointe d'un cigare volant derrière les hublots duquel se trouvent des observateurs. Le cigare volant croise au-dessus d'une planète où se découpe une immense cavité cylindrique au milieu de laquelle se trouve un vaisseau cigaroïde. On retrouve là le concept de la

planète creuse et habitée intérieurement qui fut également beaucoup exploité dans la science-fiction et la littérature mystérieuse. [Amazing Stories - Juillet 1930]

PAGE 4 : Cette illustration n'est pas très différente de la précédente qui l'a peut-être même inspirée. On retrouve le vaisseau avec ses occupants derrière les hublots et, cette fois, un autre vaisseau cigaroïde presque parfaitement lisse. [Amazing Stories - Juillet 1932]

PAGE 5 : L'illustration en haut de la page montre un très classique cigare volant balayant le sol de ses puissants projecteurs lumineux. [Amazing Stories - Juin 1938]
A gauche, en bas de la même page, un dessin tiré d'une aventure du célèbre héros Buck Rogers illustrait le même concept. [Amazing Stories - Août 1928]
Des cigares volants étaient souvent représentés dans les bandes dessinées de Buck Rogers. En voici un exemple, datant de 1930, juste à droite de la précédente illustration. Ici, l'engin cigaroïde de Buck Rogers est aux prises avec une "roue volante" saturnienne (flywheel).

PAGE 6 : Cette illustration montre plusieurs vaisseaux cigaroïdes dans l'espace. [Amazing Stories - Août 1930]

PAGE 7 : Cette illustration montre une fois encore des vaisseaux cigaroïdes dans l'espace. Ils sont cette fois accompagnés d'autres engins sphériques. [Amazing Stories - Avril 1934]

PAGE 8 : Cette illustration montre une fois de plus des vaisseaux cigaroïdes avec, tout au long de leur fuselage, des hublots. [Amazing Stories - Mars 1935]

PAGE 9 : Cette illustration montre un grand vaisseau cigaroïde sur le point de pénétrer dans une gigantesque station spatiale cylindrique. On retrouve là, la notion développée dans l'ufologie de jadis, selon laquelle les cigares transportaient de plus petits engins spatiaux. [Amazing Stories - Janvier 1931]

PAGE 10 : Cette illustration montre des engins cigaroïdes pénétrant dans une immense cité sous bulle. [Amazing Stories - Septembre 1934]

PAGE 11 : Cette illustration montre des vaisseaux cigaroïdes fonçant vers la Terre. [Amazing Stories - Mai 1934]

PAGE 12 : Cette illustration montre un gigantesque vaisseau cylindrique aux prises avec des avions. [Amazing Stories - Octobre 1936]

PAGE 13 : Cette illustration montre un autre type de vaisseau cigaroïde [Astounding Science Fiction - Octobre 1943]

PAGE 14 : Etonnante illustration montrant, à la fois un vaisseau cigaroïde et une multitude de petits vaisseaux ressemblant à des soucoupes. [Wonder Stories Quaterly - Winter 1932]

PAGE 15 : Ce dessin illustrait une expédition polaire au cours de laquelle des engins volants étaient

précipités au sol par le poids de gros insectes. Ces engins se transformaient alors en véhicules automobiles pour pouvoir mieux combattre ces insectes. On remarquera la forme discoïde de l'engin volant assailli par les insectes. [Amazing Stories - Novembre 1926]

PAGE 16 : Des engins en forme de disques plats, translucides en leur centre. [Amazing Stories - Mai 1926]

PAGE 17 : Cette illustration montre trois vaisseaux discoïdaux martiens se plaçant en triangle équilatéral parfait autour d'un vaisseau terrien sphérique et le rendant prisonnier de leurs rayons. [Amazing Stories - Avril 1928]

PAGE 18 : Cette illustration montre un terrien fait prisonnier par des créatures d'ailleurs. On doit remarquer leur grande taille mais aussi et surtout leur tête volumineuse avec des yeux rond mais fixés dans des orbites semblant s'étendre vers les tempes à la manière des êtres décrits par Barney et Betty Hill. [Amazing Stories - Avril 1934]

PAGE 19 : Sur cette illustration, on voit un terrien entouré de nombreux petits êtres à grosse tête et, dans le ciel, par-delà les fenêtres, des engins volants tenant à la fois du cigare et de la soucoupe. [Amazing Stories - Juin 1926]

PAGE 20 : A nouveau de petits êtres à grosse tête. [Amazing Stories - Février 1941]

PAGE 21 : Cette illustration est si étonnante qu'elle mérite plus ample explications. Elle figurait en tête d'une histoire racontant comment le dernier de la race des Centaures avait aidé le chef du clan des "premiers-humains-plus-tout-à-fait-singes" à libérer sa compagne faite prisonnière par une race d'extraterrestres venus sur Terre pour chasser les êtres vivants et en faire de la nourriture. Ces extraterrestres, petits et chétifs, disposaient d'un vaisseau spatial qui ressemblait un peu à un oiseau sans ailes et dans lequel on entrait par une écoutille. [Amazing Stories - Mars 1944]

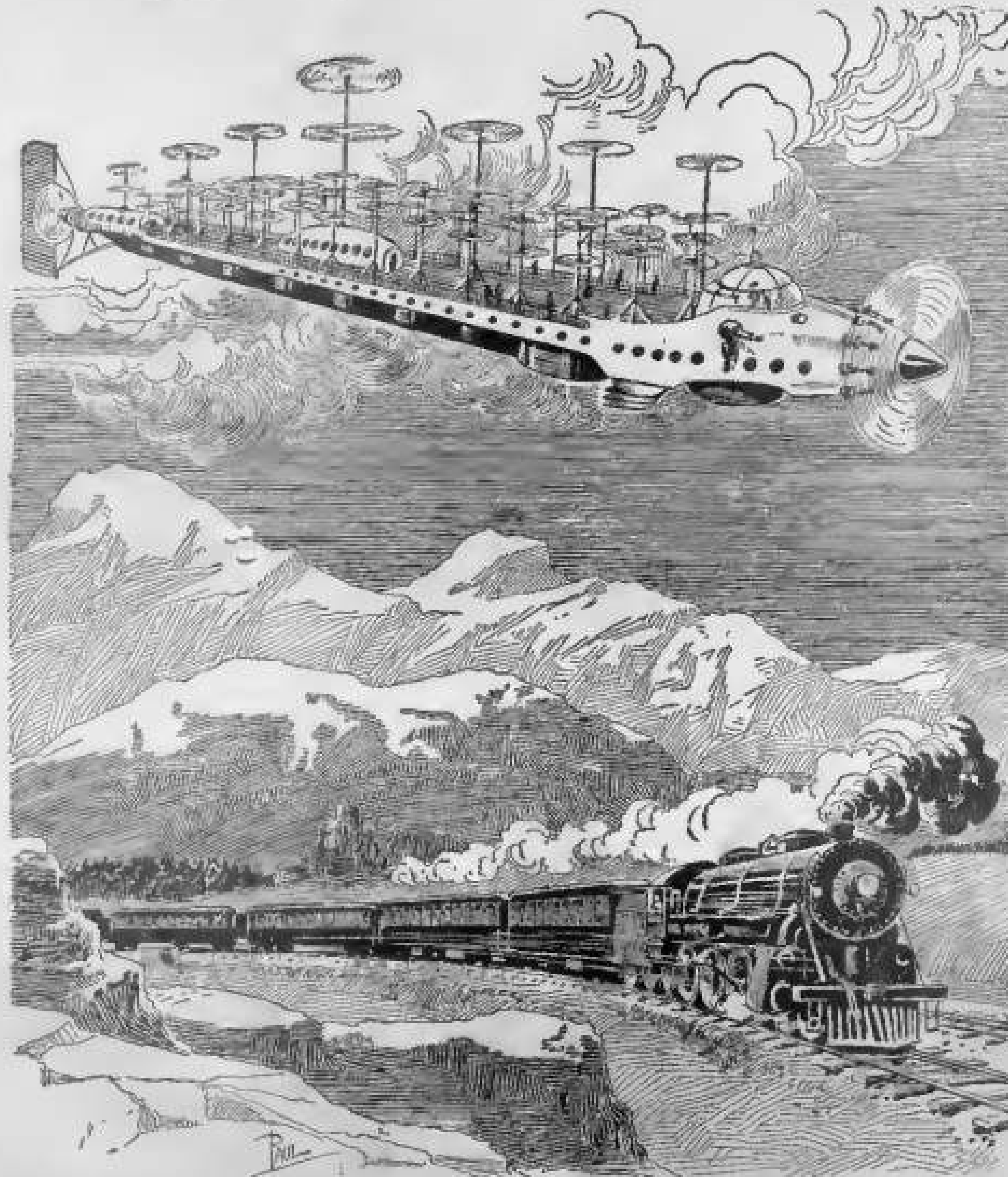
PAGE 22 : Cette illustration montre une scène martienne avec, au sol, de petits êtres malingres et à grosse tête et, dans le ciel, des vaisseaux quasi triangulaires ! [Wonder Stories Quaterly - Winter 1932]

PAGE 23 : Cette dernière illustration montre une fois de plus de petits êtres malingres avec une tête énorme par rapport à leur corps. [Wonder Stories - Août 1930]

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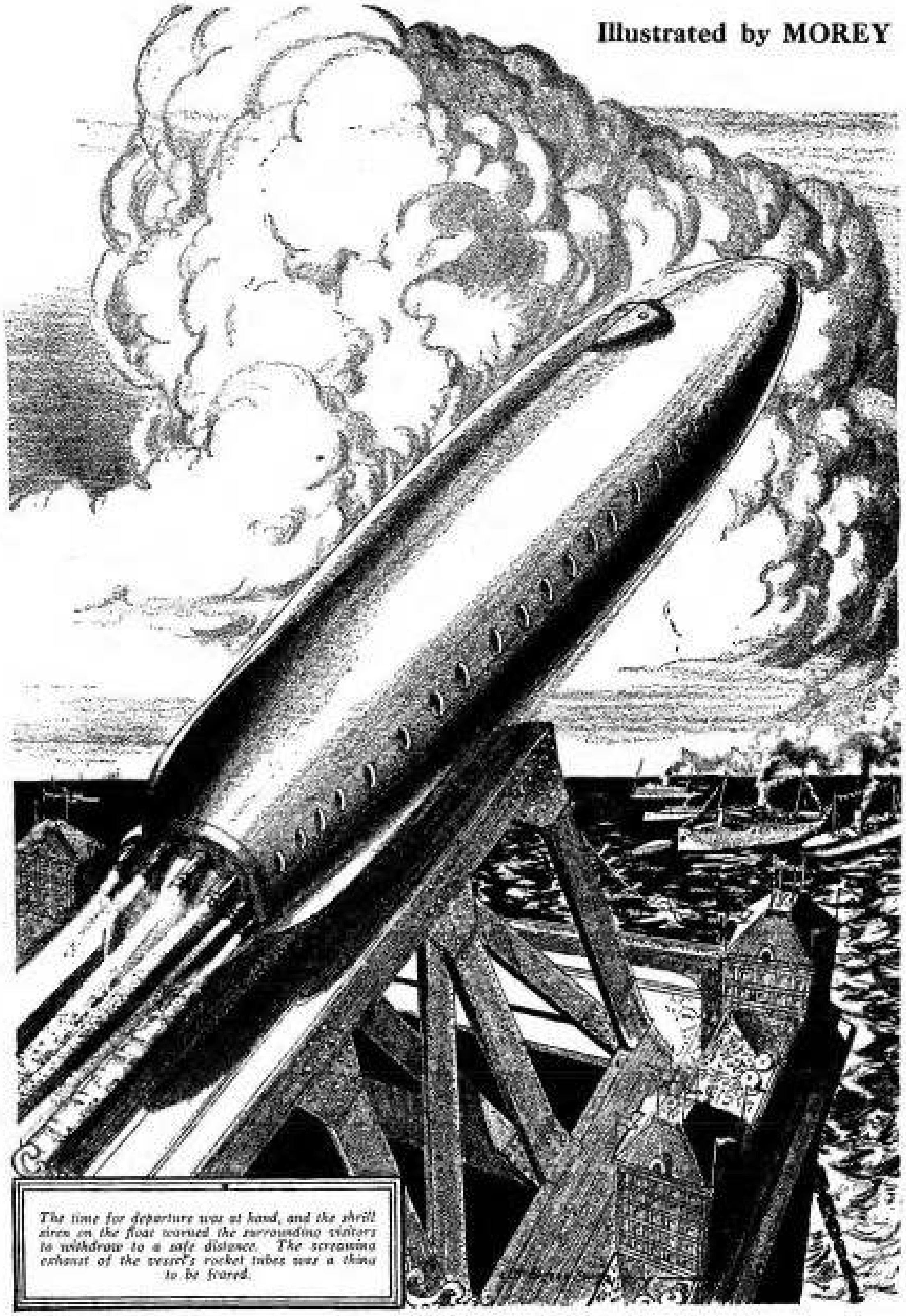
ROBUR THE CONQUEROR
or THE CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS
by Jules Verne

Author of "A Trip to the Center of the Earth," "Off on a Comet," etc.



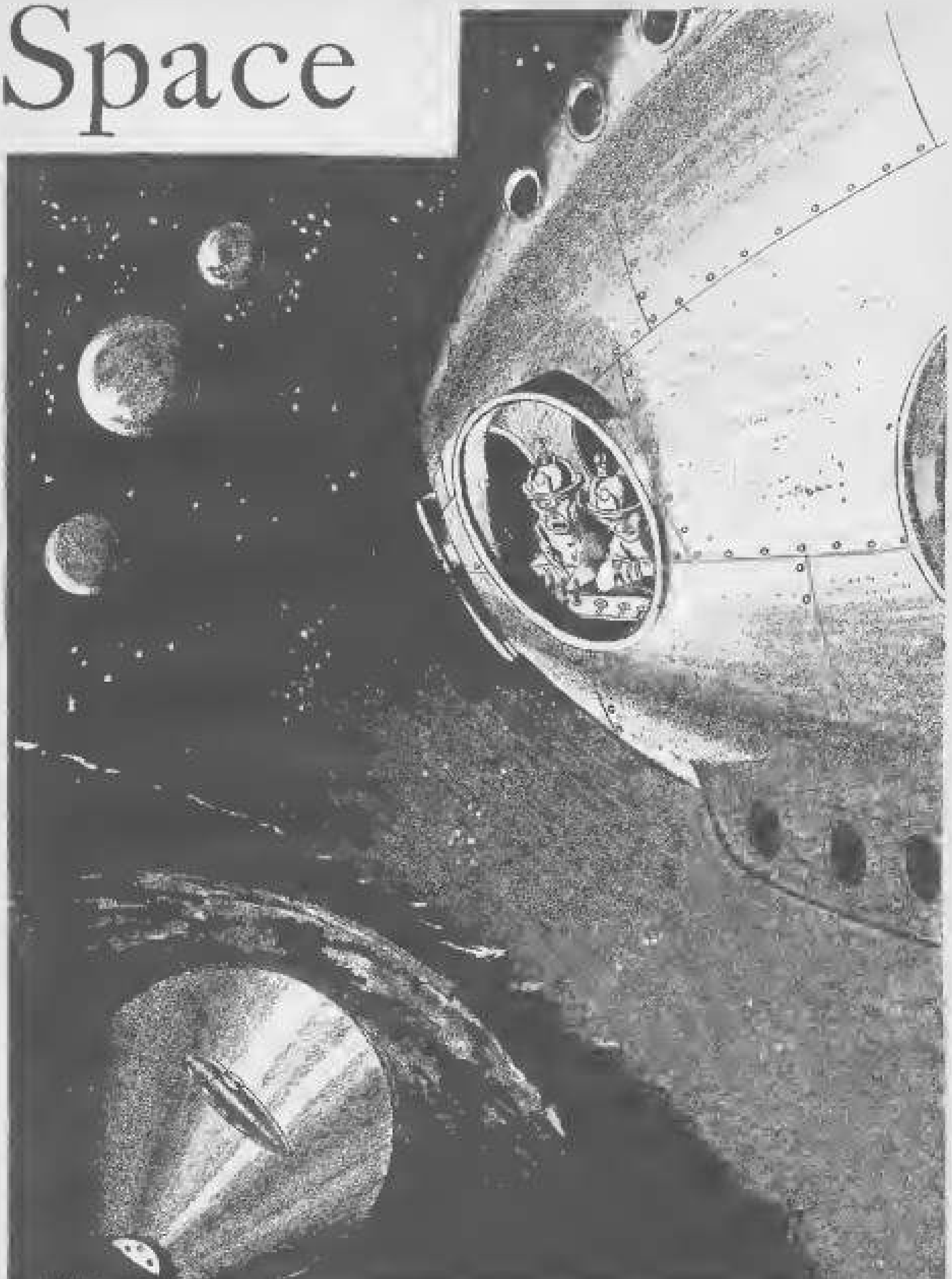
The Albatross continued her descent, slowing her ascension screws and moderating her speed so as not to leave the train behind. She flew about it like an enormous beetle or a gigantic bird of prey. She headed to right and left, and swept on in front, and long behind. . .

Illustrated by MOREY

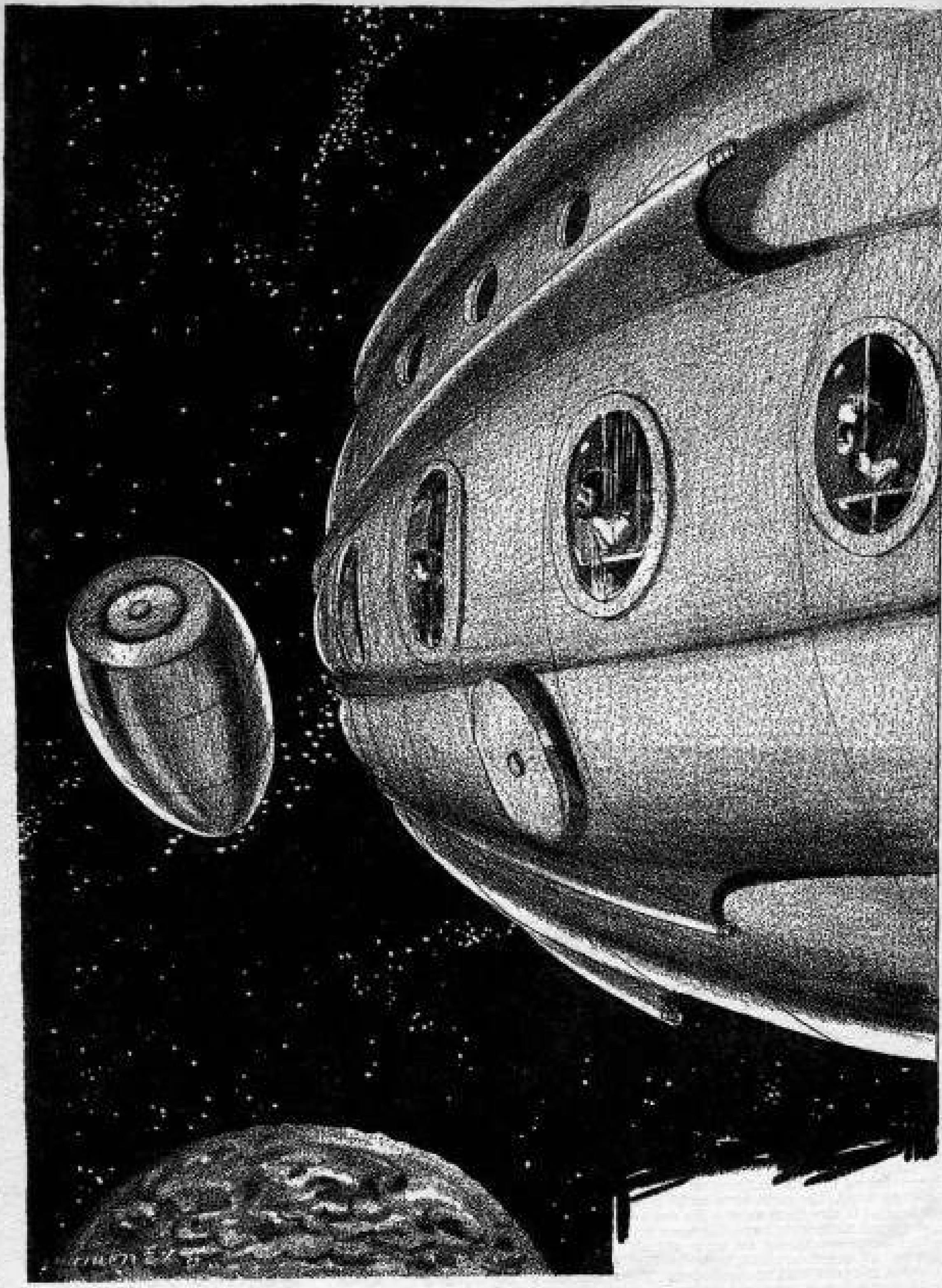


The time for departure was at hand, and the shrill siren on the float warned the surrounding visitors to withdraw to a safe distance. The screaming exhaust of the vessel's rocket tubes was a thing to be feared.

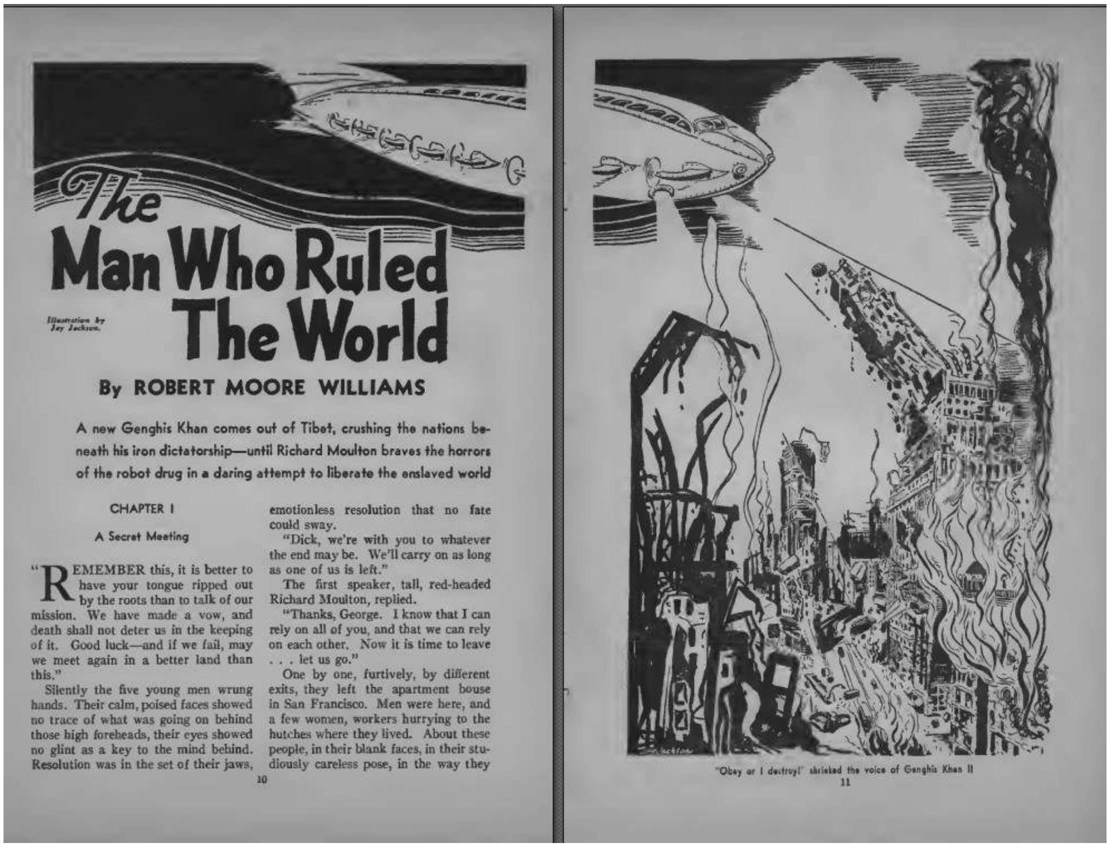
Space



As we approached closer, these areas proved to be the openings of great shafts, which apparently went far below the surface



He had come out here in anticipation of just such a thing as had happened; had hovered in space with the H-4 . . . hoping to rescue anyone who might be set adrift in the space car. . . .



The Man Who Ruled The World

Illustration by Jay Jackson.

By ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS

A new Genghis Khan comes out of Tibet, crushing the nations beneath his iron dictatorship—until Richard Moulton braves the horrors of the robot drug in a daring attempt to liberate the enslaved world

CHAPTER I

A Secret Meeting

"REMEMBER this, it is better to have your tongue ripped out by the roots than to talk of our mission. We have made a vow, and death shall not deter us in the keeping of it. Good luck—and if we fail, may we meet again in a better land than this."

Silently the five young men wrung hands. Their calm, poised faces showed no trace of what was going on behind those high foreheads, their eyes showed no glint as a key to the mind behind. Resolution was in the set of their jaws, emotionless resolution that no fate could sway.

"Dick, we're with you to whatever the end may be. We'll carry on as long as one of us is left."

The first speaker, tall, red-headed Richard Moulton, replied.

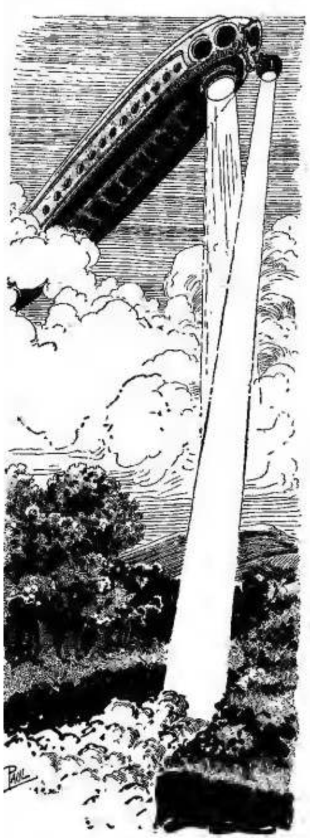
"Thanks, George. I know that I can rely on all of you, and that we can rely on each other. Now it is time to leave . . . let us go."

One by one, furtively, by different exits, they left the apartment house in San Francisco. Men were here, and a few women, workers hurrying to the hutches where they lived. About these people, in their blank faces, in their studiously careless pose, in the way they

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"Obey or I destroy!" shrieked the voice of Genghis Khan II

11



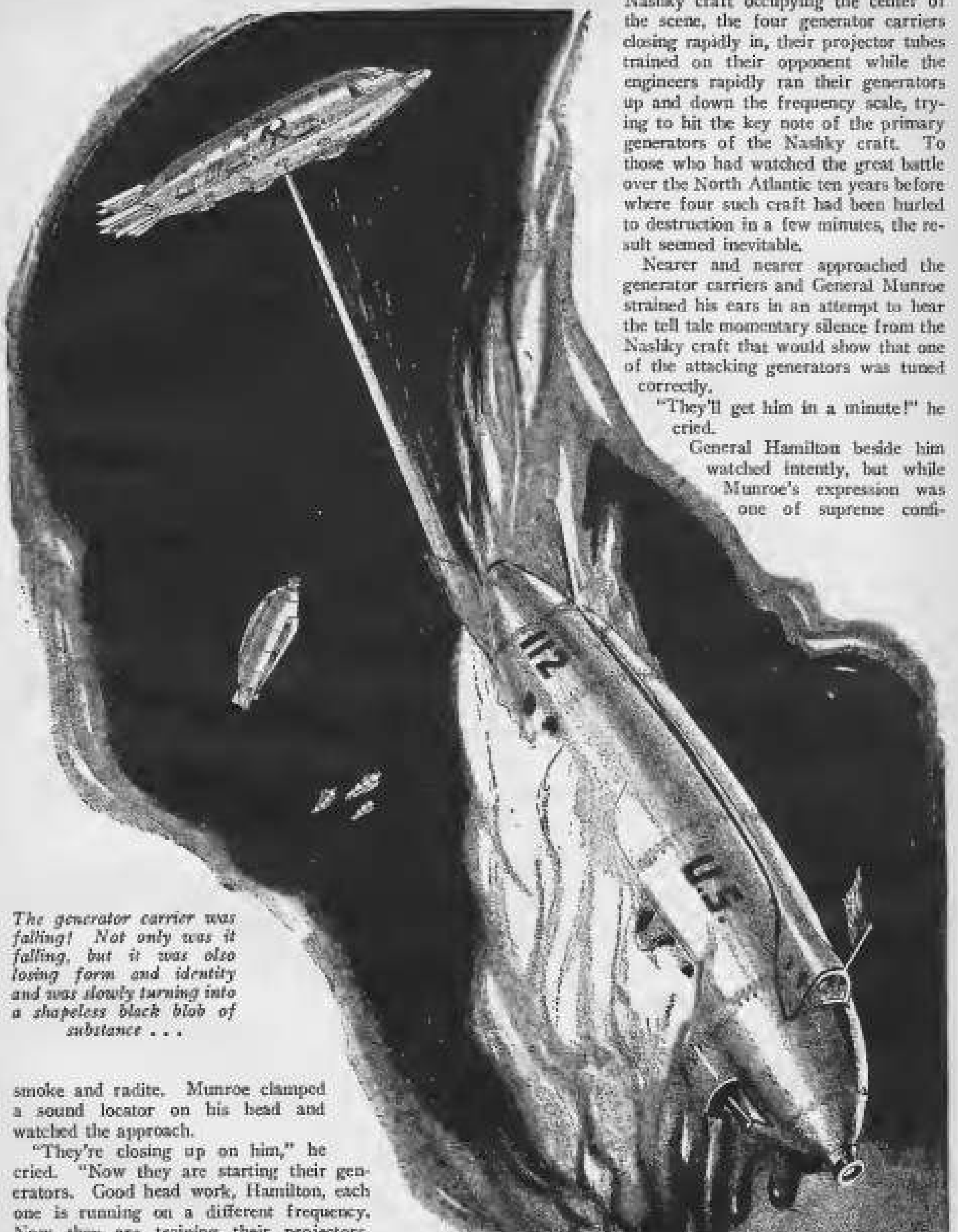


Nashky craft occupying the center of the scene, the four generator carriers closing rapidly in, their projector tubes trained on their opponent while the engineers rapidly ran their generators up and down the frequency scale, trying to hit the key note of the primary generators of the Nashky craft. To those who had watched the great battle over the North Atlantic ten years before where four such craft had been hurled to destruction in a few minutes, the result seemed inevitable.

Nearer and nearer approached the generator carriers and General Munroe strained his ears in an attempt to hear the tell tale momentary silence from the Nashky craft that would show that one of the attacking generators was tuned correctly.

"They'll get him in a minute!" he cried.

General Hamilton beside him watched intently, but while Munroe's expression was one of supreme confi-

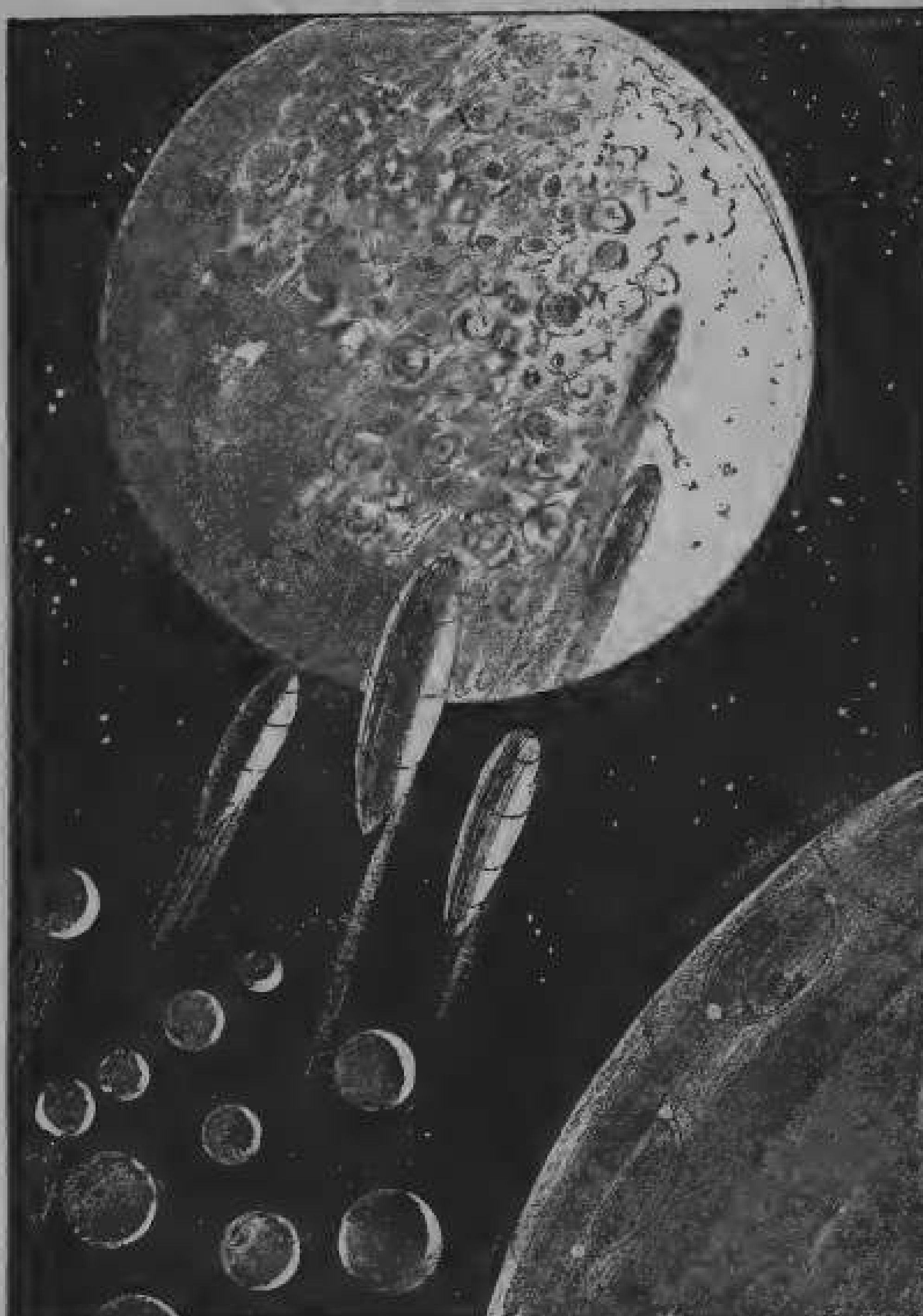


The generator carrier was falling! Not only was it falling, but it was also losing form and identity and was slowly turning into a shapeless black blob of substance . . .

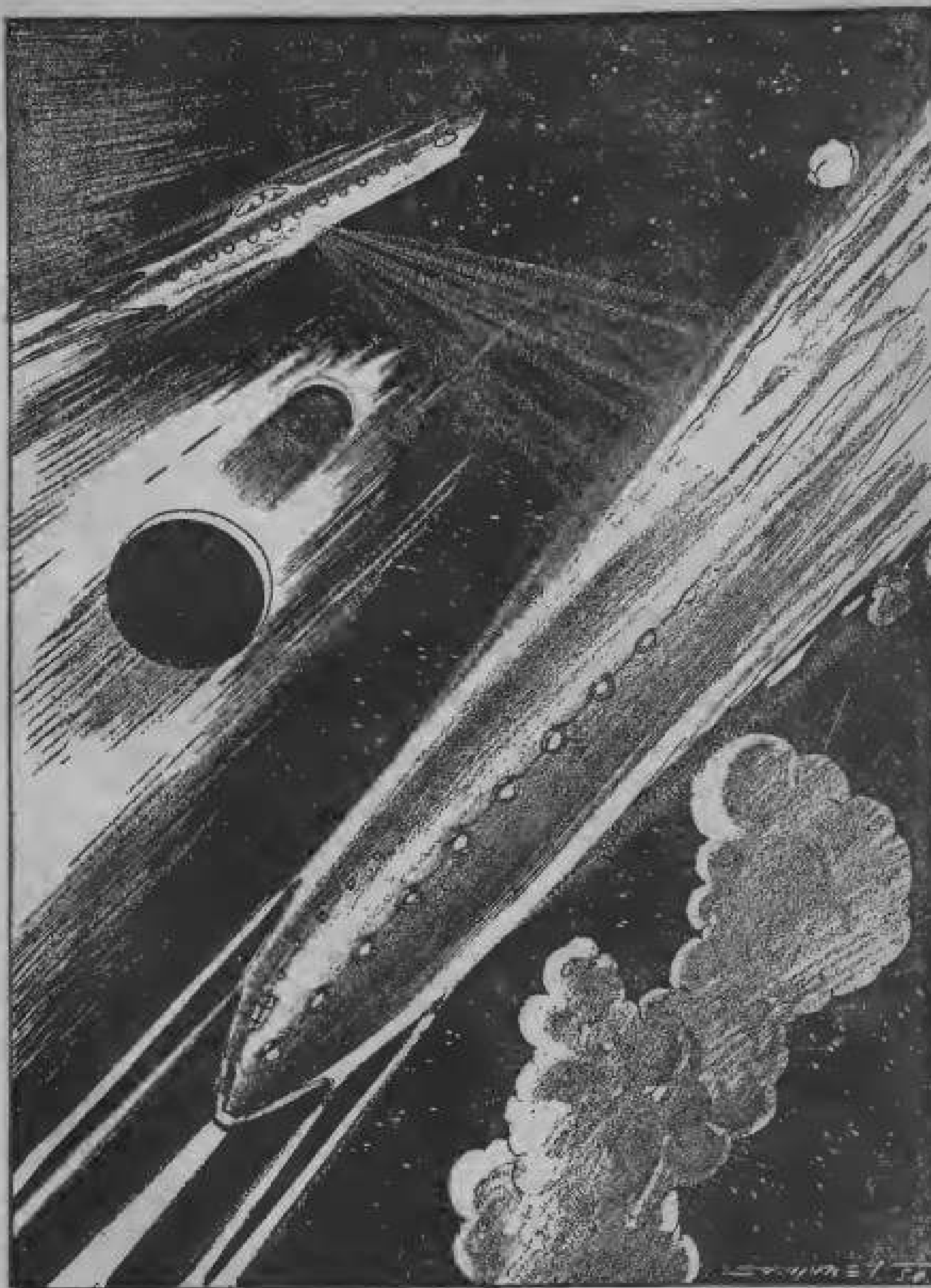
smoke and radite. Munroe clamped a sound locator on his head and watched the approach.

"They're closing up on him," he cried. "Now they are starting their generators. Good head work, Hamilton, each one is running on a different frequency. Now they are training their projectors. There they go!"

The fire from the cruisers abruptly ceased and the four generator carriers dashed toward the stranger. The smoke subsided and the five ships were plainly visible, the



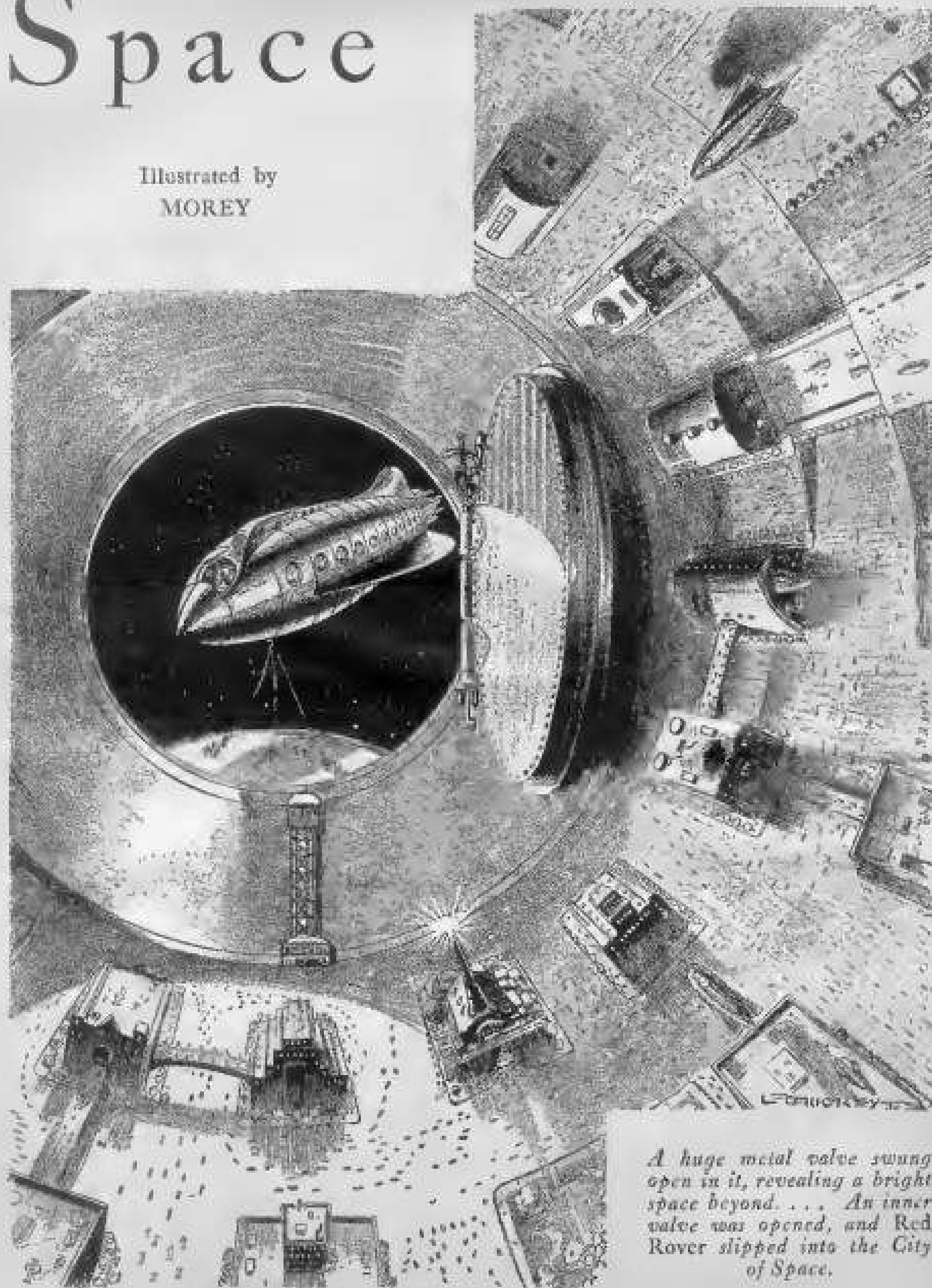
Even as I looked the haze opened, as a man in a hurry flings wide a door, and a host of silver spheres, like flies rising from Ados, shot swiftly upward toward us.



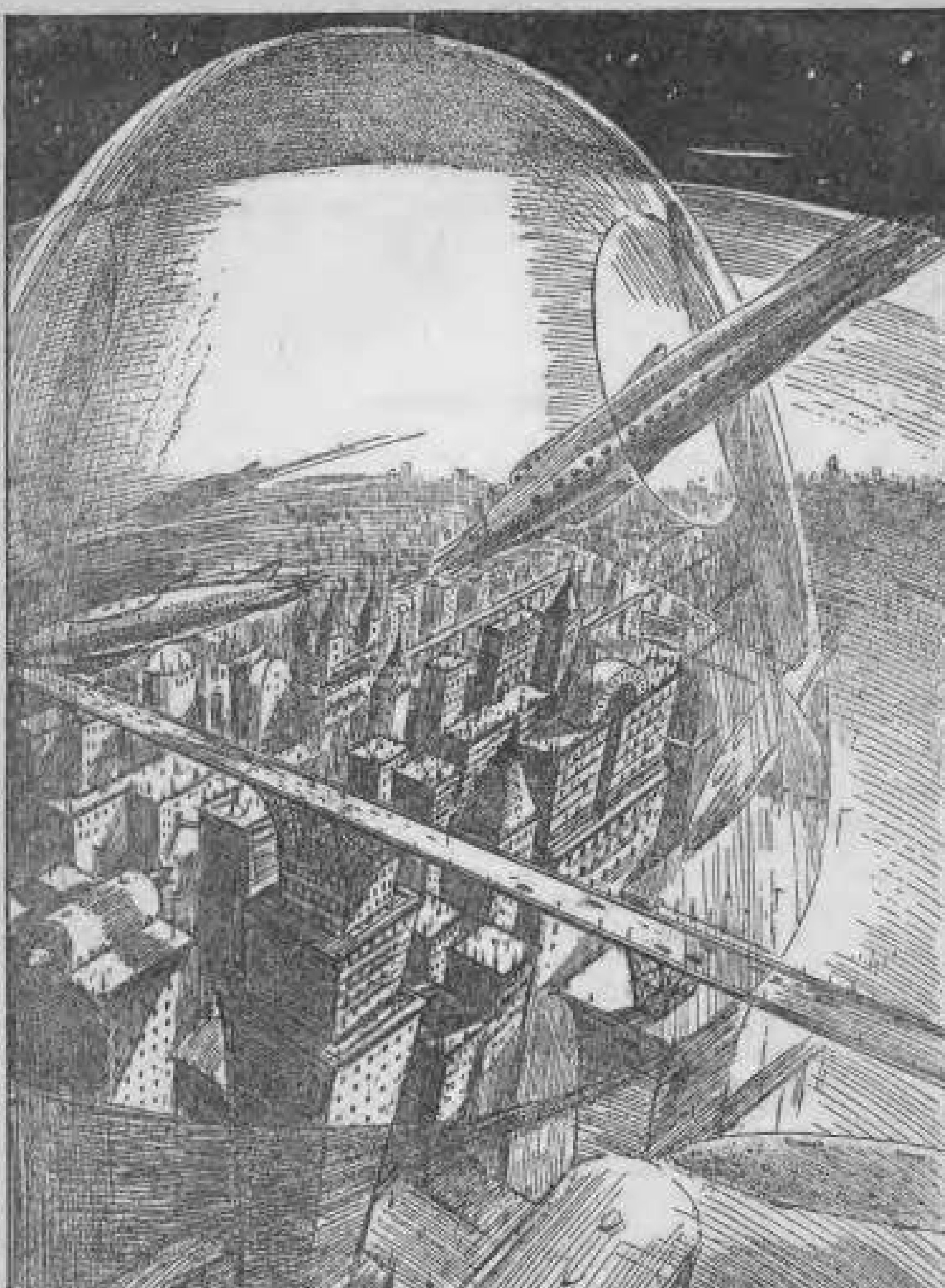
Slowly her nose pointed downward, while a dim red glow rose to incadescence, telling of broken power-leads.

Space

Illustrated by
MOREY



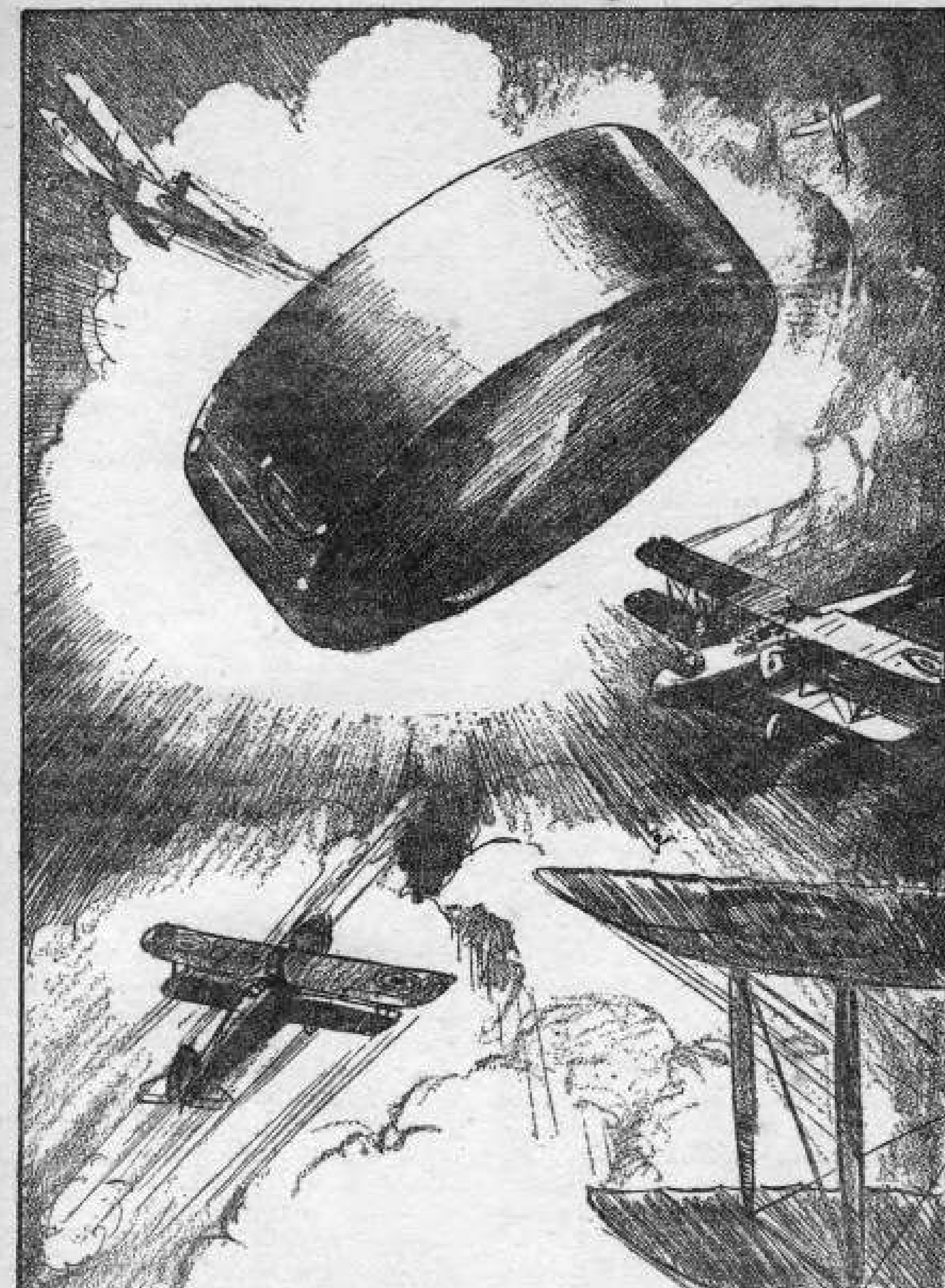
A huge metal valve swung open in it, revealing a bright space beyond. . . . An inner valve was opened, and Red Rover slipped into the City of Space.



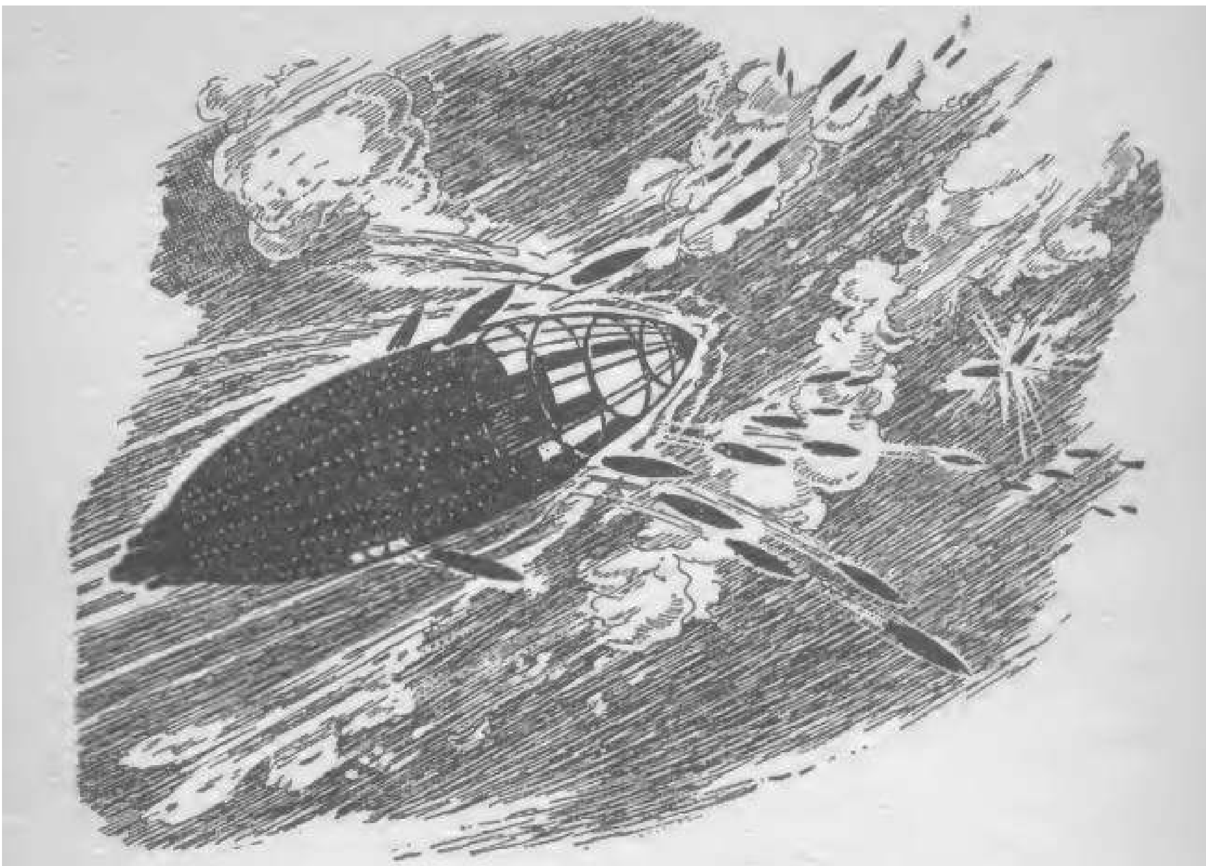
In the center of the dome, a series of openings appeared to give the space flyer from the earth an entrance.



Three days later into our atmosphere came a long, shining projectile, shooting flame and fire from its nose.



Planes circled overhead, also firing upon the drum-ship, but with no apparent effect. The shells simply bounced back.



The Revolt of the Star Men

By RAYMOND GALLUN



(Illustration by Paul)

A bulk dropped down on the nose of the craft. A pair of hands gripped the barrels of the machine gun and tore them from the mountings.

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BEYOND The POLE

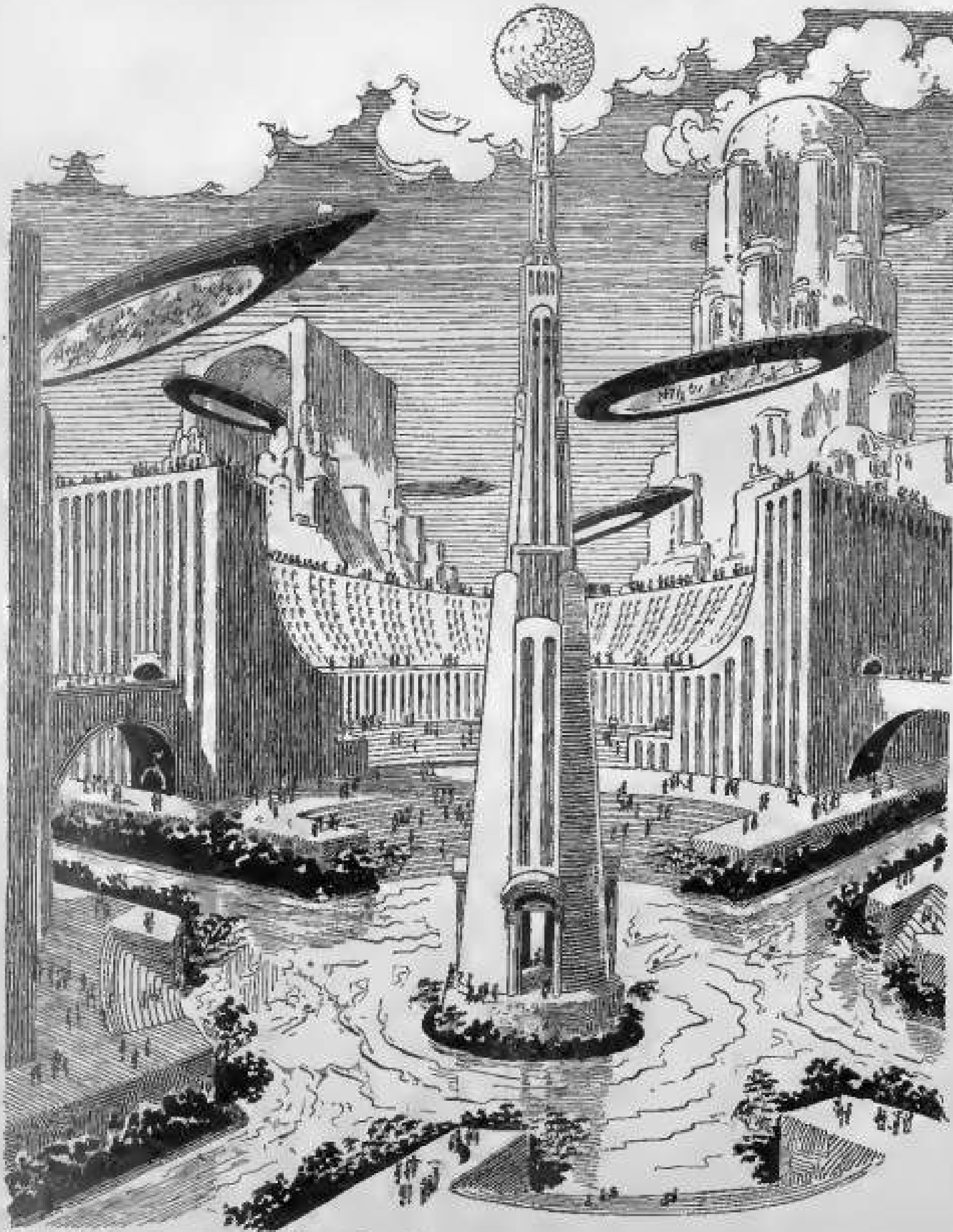
~ By A. Hyatt Verill ~



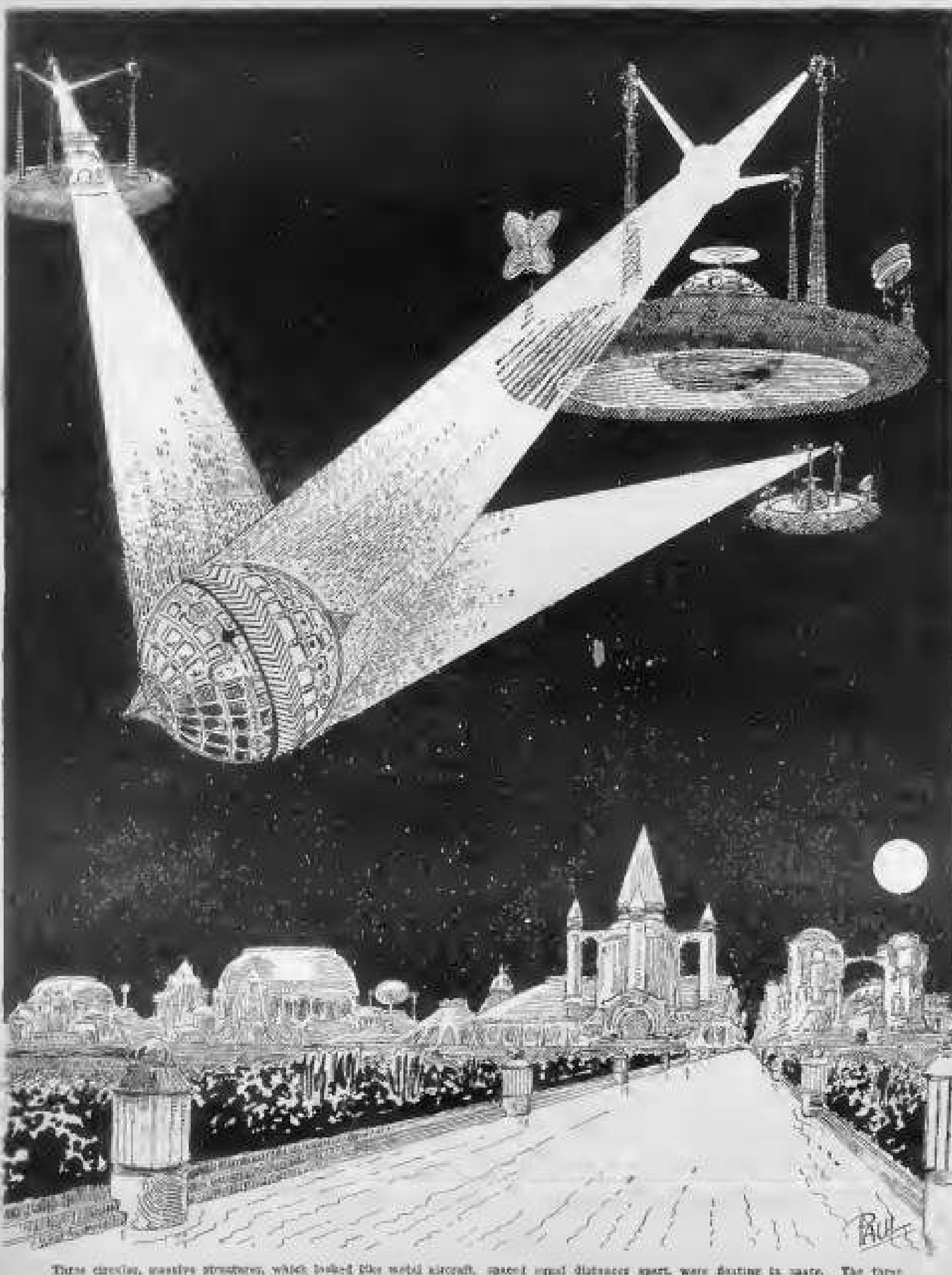
. . . The airships are next to useless. Let an airship rise aloft and the swarming queen ants light upon it by hundreds and bear it to earth with their weight, but the wheeled vehicles, protected, transformed to miniature forts of metal and filled with armed beings carry terror and destruction among the ants, crushing them beneath the wheels while arrows and bullets strike them down.

The INFINITE VISION

By Charles C. Winn



They were looking down upon great buildings a thousand feet in height, above which swarms of enormous airships darted gracefully through the air. And the decks were covered with tiny figures!



Three circular, massive structures, which looked like metal aircraft, spaced equal distances apart, were floating in space. The three flyers marked an equilateral triangle while in the exact center, but about one mile lower down than the flyers, our *Interstellar* was floating. Three shafts of an intense yellow ray were turned on us, and it was this light, or rather the peculiar properties of the rays, which had made us captives to the Martians' superior intelligence.

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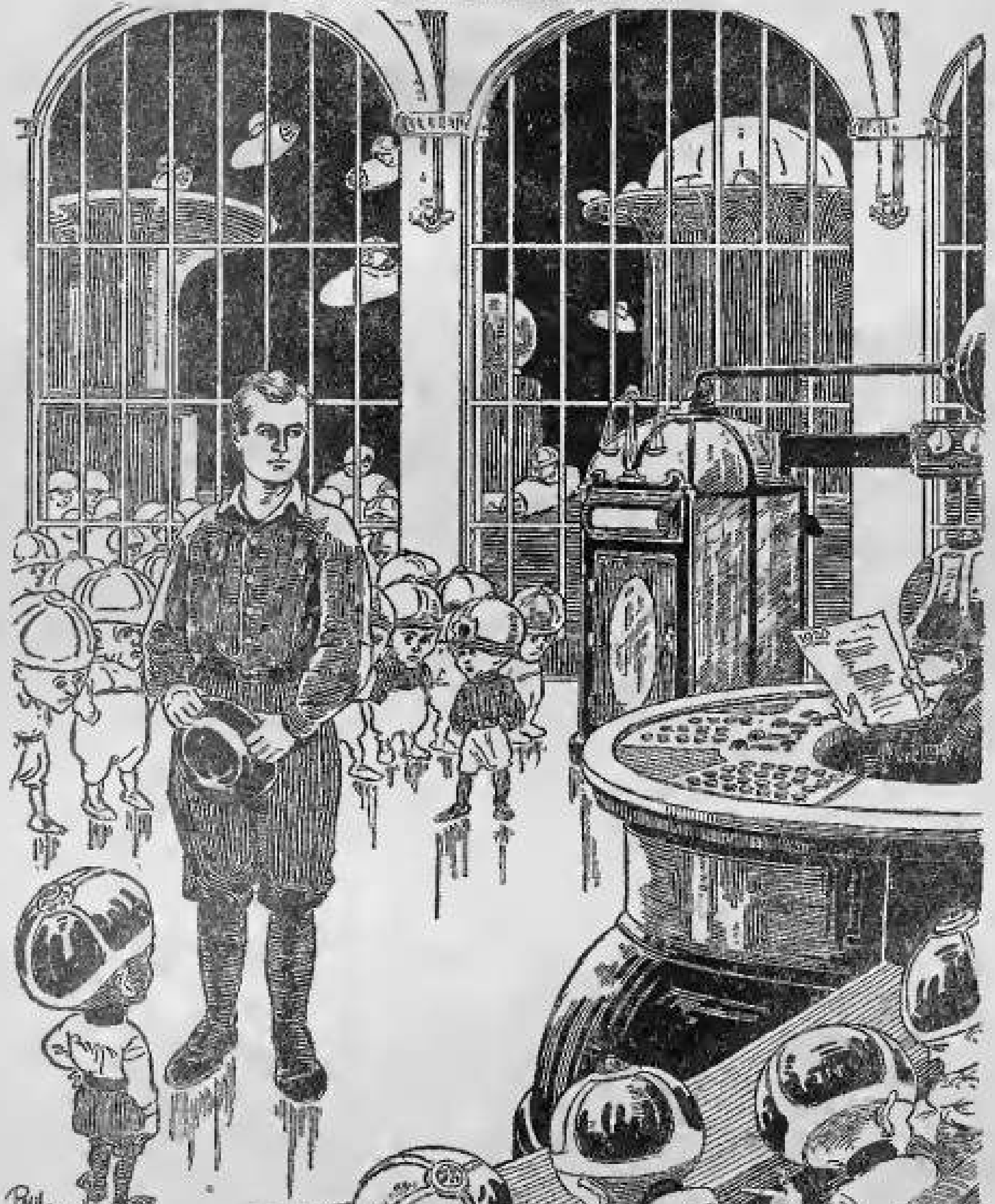


Others of the red men came from nowhere, seeming to spring up from the very floor, and he was carried, kicking and struggling vainly.

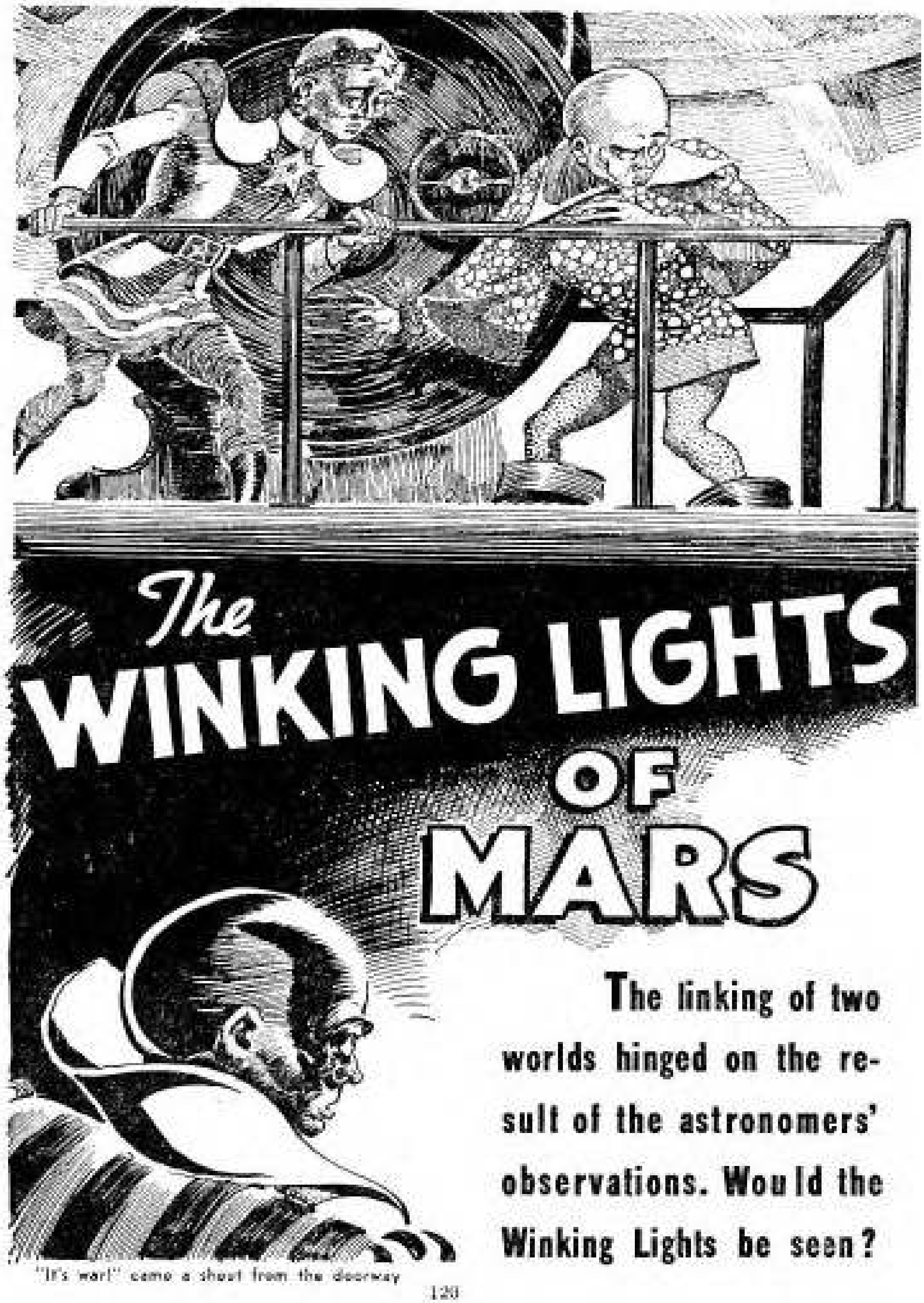
The COMING of the ICE

~ By G. Peyton Wertenbaker ~

Author of "The Man From the Atom"



Strange men, these creatures of the hundredth century, men with huge brains and tiny, shrivelled bodies, atrophied limbs, and slow, ponderous movements on their little conveyances. . . . It was then that I was forced to produce my tattered old papers, proving my identity and my story.

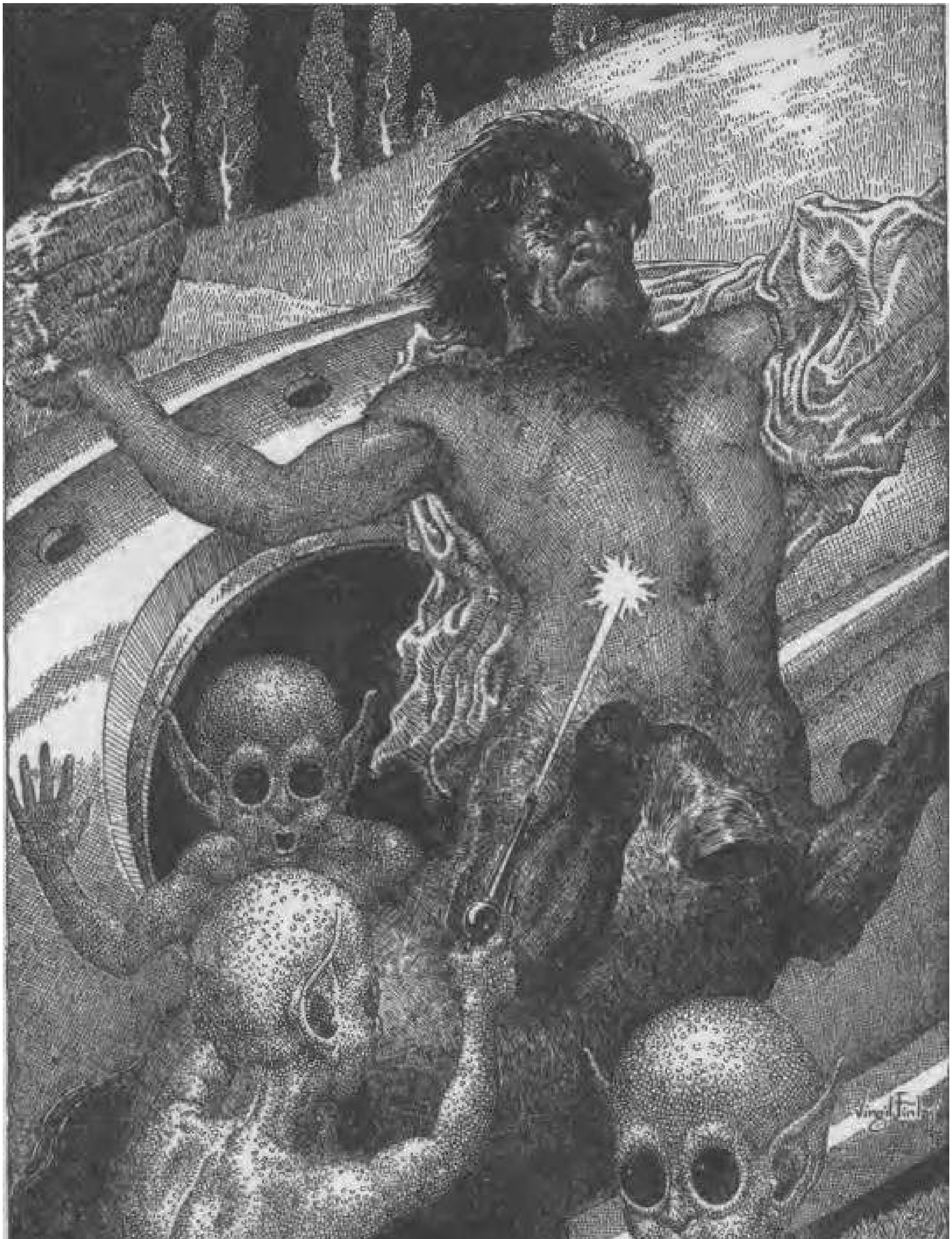


The WINKING LIGHTS OF MARS

The linking of two worlds hinged on the result of the astronomers' observations. Would the Winking Lights be seen?

"It's war!" came a shout from the doorway

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Virgil Finlay

The Martian

By A. R. Hilliard
and Allen Glasser



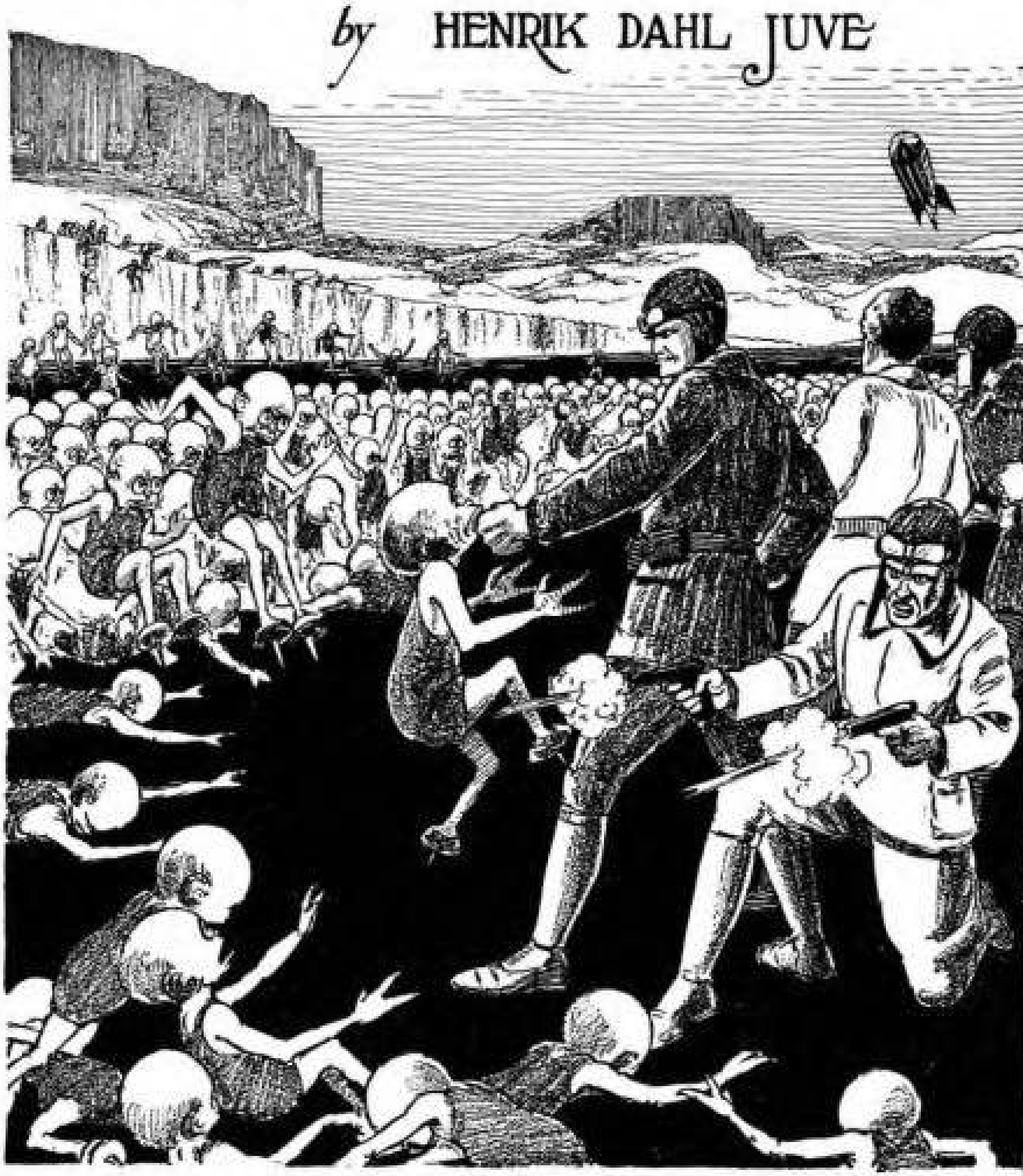
(Illustration by Paul)

The water was evaporated by the ever-shining sun until there was none left for the thirsty plants. Every year more workers died in misery.

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The Martian Revenge

by HENRIK DAHL JUVE



(Illustration by Paul)

Masters fired desperately, but with slow deliberation. But it was hopeless to stem the tide that rolled in upon them in relentless fury.

PAGE BLANCHE

LES THEMES UFOLOGIQUES DANS LES

COMICS PRE-ARNOLDIENS

Marc HALLET

Liège - Mars 2013

PAGE BLANCHE

INTRODUCTION ET EXPLICATIONS

A la suite de la diffusion récente de mon résumé concernant quelques illustrations pré-arnoldiennes touchant la thématique ufologique, mon ami Wim Van Utrecht m'a signalé un site américain que j'ai pu explorer longuement. Ce site - http://comicbookplus.com/ - comme son nom l'indique, s'intéresse plus spécialement aux "comics" c'est-à-dire aux bandes dessinées américaines et étrangères, anciennes ou récentes. J'ai évidemment examiné plus particulièrement les comics américains des années 20-30-40.

Qu'ai-je constaté ? Qu'au point de vue de la science-fiction, quelques thèmes récurrents seulement semblaient alimenter l'imagination des auteurs. Ainsi semblaient-ils se soucier davantage de créer des monstres extraterrestres extraordinaires plutôt que des engins interplanétaires vraiment nouveaux. C'est bien simple : presque tous les engins interplanétaires étaient des dérivés de fusées avec ou sans ailerons. Mais voyons cela de façon plus détaillée...

PAGE 1 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - September 1940] Ici, on voit un vaisseau spatial sans aucun doute inspiré, à l'époque, de la fusée. On peut aisément deviner que le même concept inspira, plus tard, le cigare volant muni de hublots tout au long de sa carlingue.

PAGE 2 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - September 1940] Cet engin interplanétaire se pose à la verticale et fait ainsi un peu songer au célèbre "cigare des nuées" d'Aimé Michel qui fut souvent vu dans cette position en plein ciel.

PAGE 3 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - July 1940] Cet engin interplanétaire illustrait une série d'aventures du héros Jon Linton, mais...

PAGE 4 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - July 1940] ... il n'était pas vraiment différent d'un autre qui apparaissait dans la série *Space Patrol* de Basil Wolverton. Ce qui montre bien qu'à l'époque on se souciait peu d'imaginer des engins interplanétaires vraiment différents les uns des autres !

PAGE 5 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - June 1940] Dans cet extrait de *Space Patrol*, on voit apparaître (en bas à droite) des êtres de petite taille, avec une grosse tête presque chauve et des yeux très bridés. Une thématique cent fois reprise ici et là...

PAGE 6 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - June 1940] Ne quittons pas *Space Patrol* pour montrer que contrairement aux vaisseaux interplanétaires, les auteurs d'alors débordaient d'imagination pour créer des créatures d'autres mondes...

PAGE 7 : [Planet Comics - February 1940] Néanmoins les nains à grosse tête chauves et aux grandes oreilles faisaient partie des "classiques". En voici un méchant qui ressemble étrangement à Sarkozy !

PAGE 8 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - August 1939] Le nain à grosse tête (généralement "méchant") est aussi utilisé pour dépeindre le "savant fou". Mais, bien souvent, le savant fou à des cheveux longs ou ébouriffés. En voici un exemple...

PAGE 9 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - July 1940] J'ai parlé tout-à-l'heure des vaisseaux interplanétaires cigaroïdes inspirés de la fusée. Une autre notion apparaissait déjà à l'époque : celle des bases spatiales ou des transporteurs spatiaux. On la retrouvera dans l'ufologie avec les cigares volants transportant des soucoupes... Ici un vaisseau cigaroïde sortant d'une base spatiale...

PAGE 10 : [Amazing Mystery Funnies - July 1940] ... et ici un autre y entrant ainsi que des extraterrestres sortant d'un vaisseau qui a pénétré dans une base spatiale.

PAGE 11 : [Planet Comics - March 1940] Ainsi donc, les Comics de l'époque développaient surtout un petit nombre de thèmes centrés sur des affrontements entre peuples et races différents et les illustrateurs s'attachaient surtout à créer des créatures extraterrestres effrayantes...

PAGE 12 : [Planet Comics - January 1940] Mais au sein de ces bandes dessinées en fin de compte assez conventionnelles, pouvaient apparaître, parfois, quelques surprises...

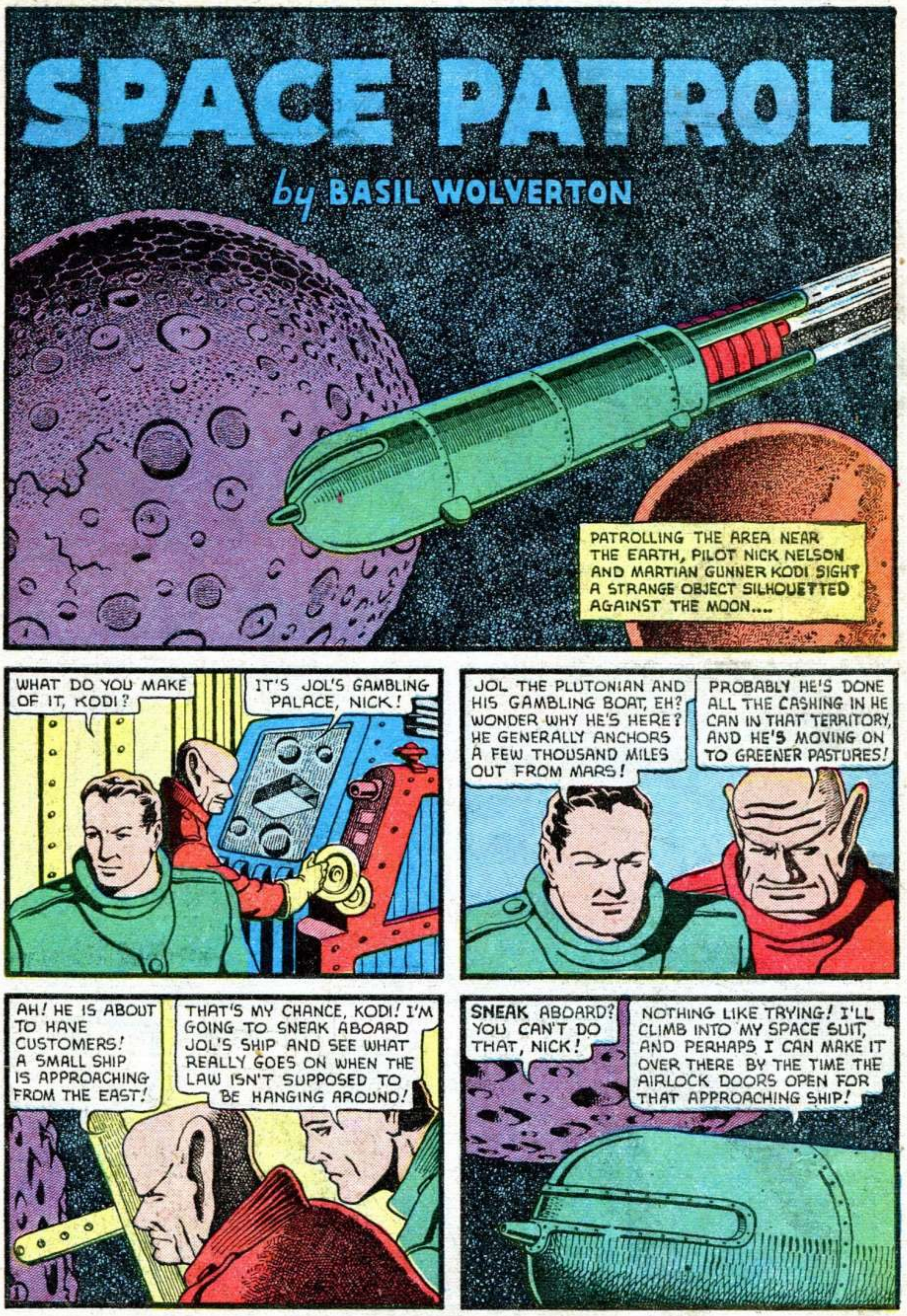
PAGE 13 : [Planet Comics - January 1940] ... comme ici (en bas à gauche) où un vaisseau cigaroïde rencontre un vaisseau interplanétaire qui fait déjà davantage penser aux futures soucoupes volantes...

PAGE 14 : [Planet Comics - March 1940] ... ou comme ici où un vaisseau cigaroïde affronte des vaisseaux triangulaires.

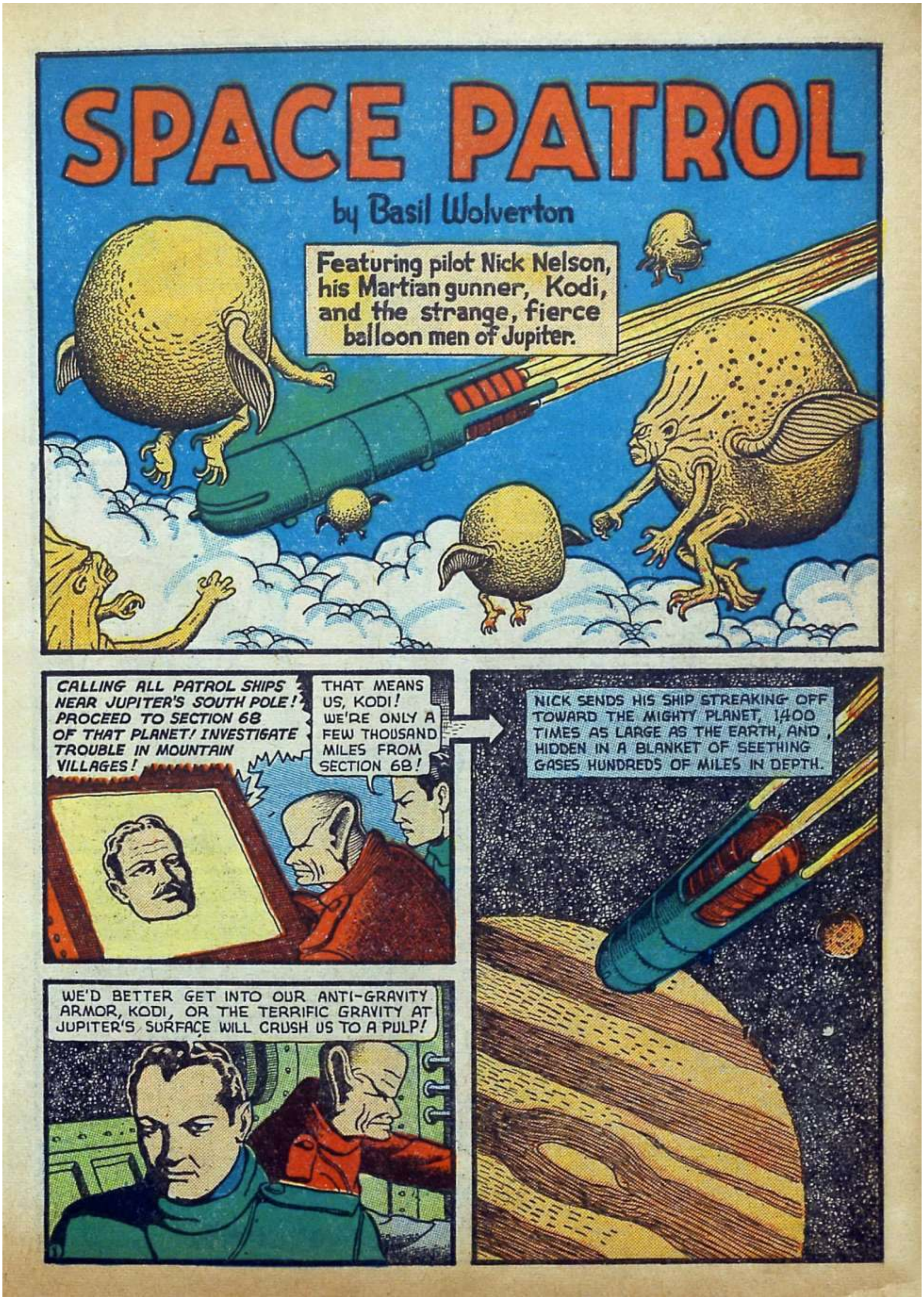

EDITORS NOTE: ALPHA'S ODD ABILITY TO CREATE MATTER FROM THOUGHT IS DUE TO THE 5TH DIMENSIONAL MAN'S POWER TO USE MENTAL FORCE TO BIND FREE-PROTONS AND ELECTRONS TOGETHER INTO ATOMS OF MATTER AND THUS CREATE MATERIAL THINGS.
HELIUM ATOM
THE BATTLE FAR BEHIND, JON'S SPACE SHIP ROARS OVER A STRANGE CITY.
QUINTON CITY! MADE BY MENTAL FORCE, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE HERE!
MENTAL FORCE?
OH, YES! SOMETHING LIKE YOUR REAL ESTATE DEVELOPMENTS OF EARTH!
BUT MUCH MORE SUBSTANTIAL! LOOK!
A SUBURBAN COMMUNITY MATERIALIZES.
LAND IN THAT PARK.
JON LANDS IN QUINTON CITY.
I MUST TAKE YOU TO OUR HEAD MAN, ROREPME THE THIRTIETH. THE PALACE IS AHEAD.
6


MAKE THE FUEL AND REPAIRS WITH MENTAL FORCE, OF COURSE. WHAT IS THE FUEL? AND THE DAMAGE?
THE FUEL'S URANIUM. THE CONTROLS ARE JAMMED!
URANIUM? THAT'S ELEMENT 93. NOW, A LITTLE THOUGHT!
COME ON! THE FUEL TANKS ARE FULL, AND THE CONTROLS REPAIRED.
WE HOPE!
IN SO SHORT A TIME? IMPOSSIBLE!
CURIOUSLY, THE THREE FOLLOW ALPHA INTO THE SPACE SHIP.
JON TOUCHES THE CONTROLS AND THE SHIP SHOOTS UPWARD.
WELL, I'LL BE...
LOOK BELOW YOU, JON, AND SEE WHAT WE JUST MISSED!
WOW! WHAT A BATTLE, ALPHA!
AND A MOMENT LATER...
6


JON LINTON
flyer
scientist
adventurer
TIME:
THE YEAR 2000 A.D.
PLACE:
THE PLANET VENUS, THE ASTEROID LOGOS AND IN INTERPLANETARY SPACE.
CHARACTERS:
JON LINTON, YOUNG SPACE FLYER AND NOTED INVENTOR.
DR. KANE, ELDERLY MAN OF SCIENCE, JON'S TEACHER, AND FATHER OF
LISA KANE, JON'S ASSISTANT.
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
HAVING ONCE AGAIN BESTED HIS MAD, BRILLIANT ENEMY, SATAN REX, AND FOILED ONE MORE PLOT TO WRECK THE EARTH, JON LEAVES SATAN A CAPTIVE ON THE PLANET VENUS, AND STARTS BACK TO EARTH.
WITH ROCKETS ROARING, JON'S SPACE SHIP, WITH JON, DR. KANE AND LISA ABOARD, LEAVES THE EVER CLOUDY ATMOSPHERE OF VENUS, BOUND FOR EARTH.
IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET BACK TO EARTH, JON.
AND HOW!
SPEEDING ALONG AT 125000 MILES AN HOUR—
JON! LOOK OUT, METEOR AHEAD!

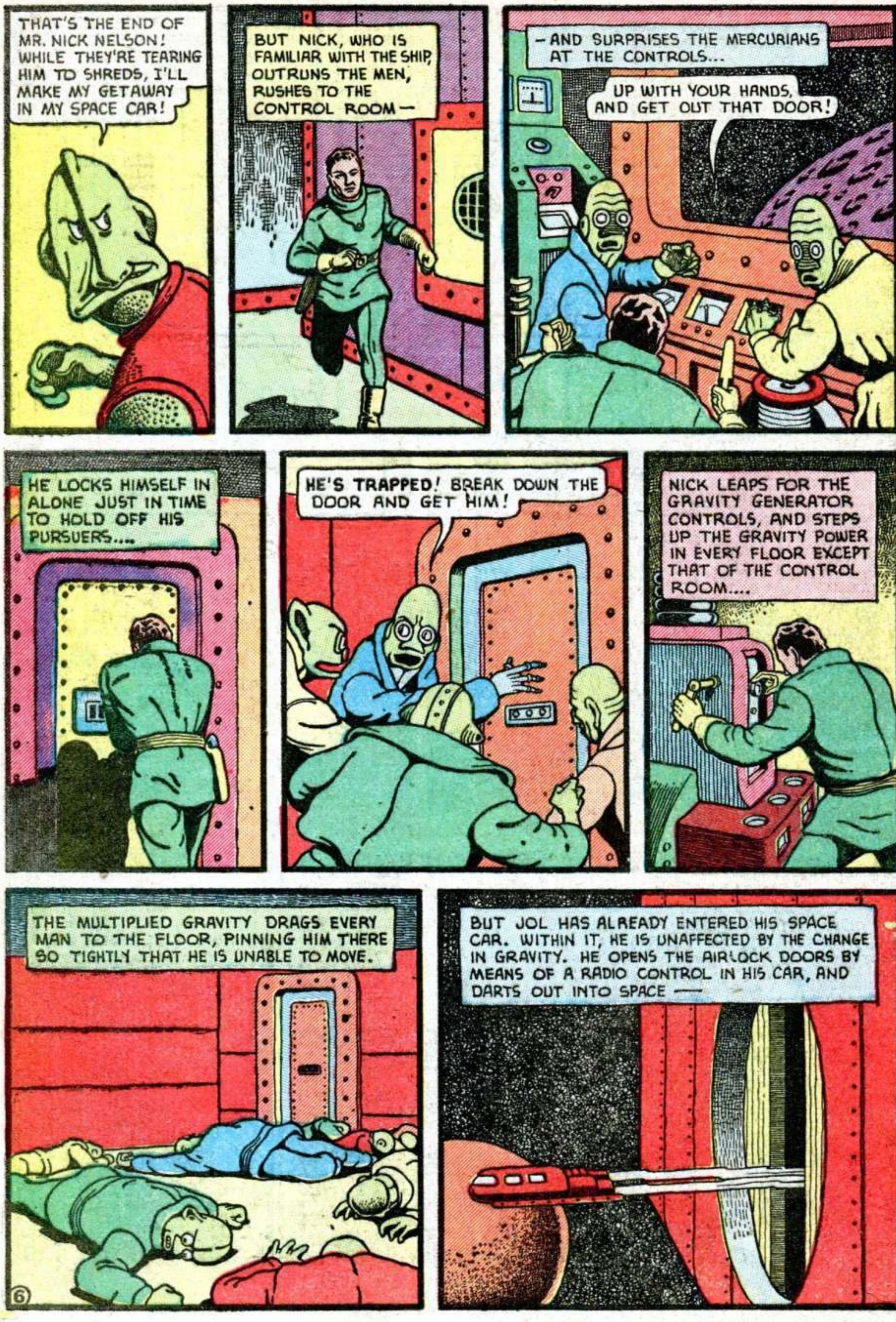

SPACE PATROL
by BASIL WOLVERTON
PATROLLING THE AREA NEAR THE EARTH, PILOT NICK NELSON AND MARTIAN GUNNER KODI SIGHT A STRANGE OBJECT SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE MOON....
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, KODI?
IT'S JOL'S GAMBLING PALACE, NICK!
JOL THE PLUTONIAN AND HIS GAMBLING BOAT, EH? WONDER WHY HE'S HERE? HE GENERALLY ANCHORS A FEW THOUSAND MILES OUT FROM MARS!
PROBABLY HE'S DONE ALL THE CASHING IN HE CAN IN THAT TERRITORY, AND HE'S MOVING ON TO GREENER PASTURES!
AH! HE IS ABOUT TO HAVE CUSTOMERS! A SMALL SHIP IS APPROACHING FROM THE EAST!
THAT'S MY CHANCE, KODI! I'M GOING TO SNEAK ABOARD JOL'S SHIP AND SEE WHAT REALLY GOES ON WHEN THE LAW ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HANGING AROUND!
SNEAK ABOARD? YOU CAN'T DO THAT, NICK!
NOTHING LIKE TRYING! I'LL CLIMB INTO MY SPACE SUIT, AND PERHAPS I CAN MAKE IT OVER THERE BY THE TIME THE AIRLOCK DOORS OPEN FOR THAT APPROACHING SHIP!

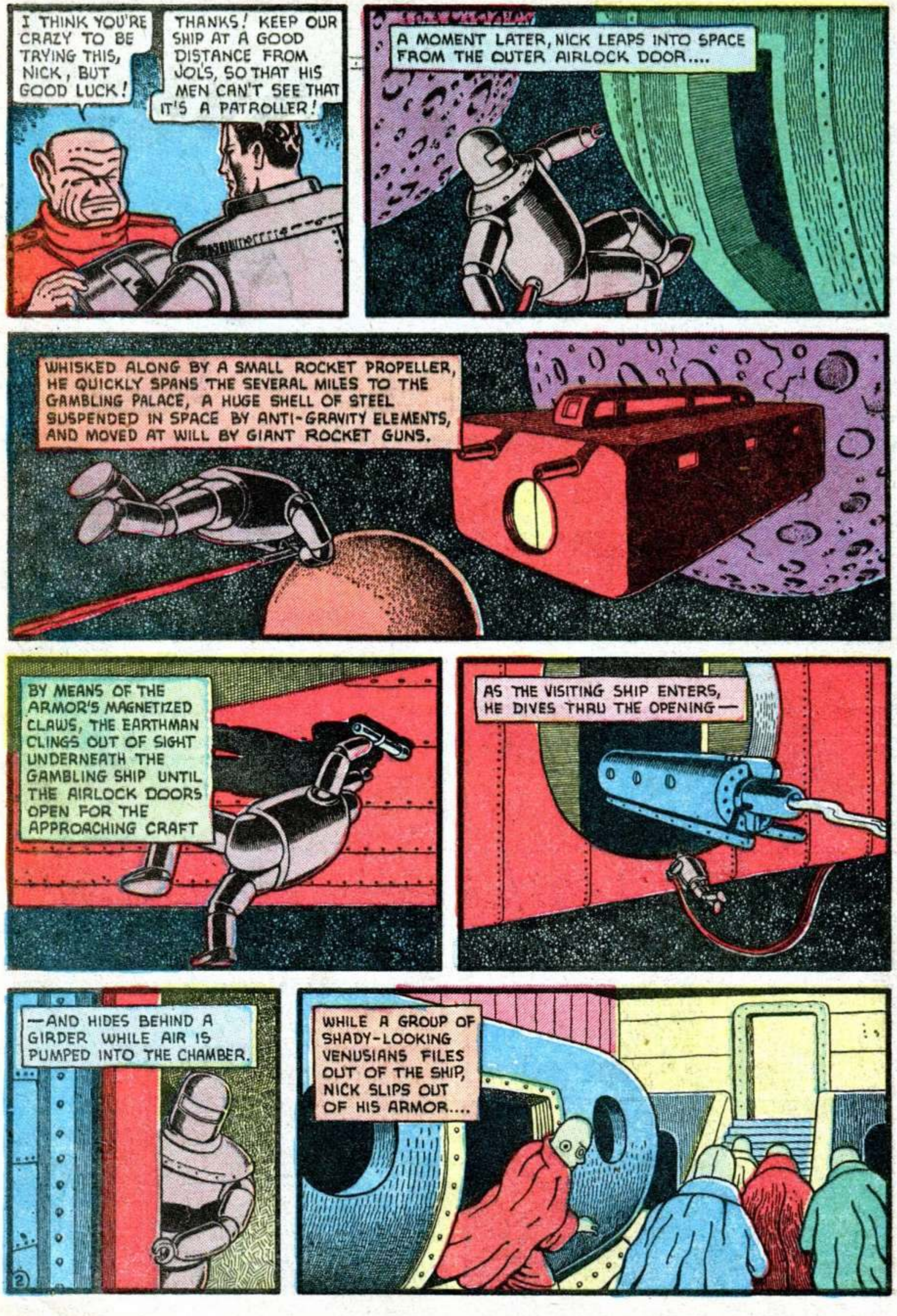

AND A WEEK LATER JON'S SPACE SHIP EASES THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF VENUS.
WHAT A QUEER LOOKING LAND! EVERYTHING'S BLUE!
THERE'S A CITY.
WE'RE THE FIRST EARTH BEINGS TO SET FOOT ON THIS PLANET.
IT'S — EERIE!
NOT THE FIRST, LINTON — I AM! SIEZE THEM!
SATAN! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT!
FROM BEHIND THE BLUE ROCK —
THESE DEUTRON GUNS ARE QUITE DEADLY, LINTON. — MARCH!
I JUST WALKED INTO IT!


SPACE PATROL
by Basil Wolverton
Featuring pilot Nick Nelson, his Martian gunner, Kodi, and the strange, fierce balloon men of Jupiter.
CALLING ALL PATROL SHIPS NEAR JUPITER'S SOUTH POLE! PROCEED TO SECTION 68 OF THAT PLANET! INVESTIGATE TROUBLE IN MOUNTAIN VILLAGES!
THAT MEANS US, KODI! WE'RE ONLY A FEW THOUSAND MILES FROM SECTION 68!
NICK SENDS HIS SHIP STREAKING OFF TOWARD THE MIGHTY PLANET, 1400 TIMES AS LARGE AS THE EARTH, AND HIDDEN IN A BLANKET OF SEETHING GASES HUNDREDS OF MILES IN DEPTH.
WE'D BETTER GET INTO OUR ANTI-GRAVITY ARMOR, KODI, OR THE TERRIFIC GRAVITY AT JUPITER'S SURFACE WILL CRUSH US TO A PULP!


SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT....
OH, I'M HIT!
WHERE DID THAT SHOT COME FROM? LOOK THERE!
YOU HAVE KILLED MY MASTERPIECE- YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS, EARTH MEN!
DO AS I SAY, YOU FOOLS, OR I WILL DESTROY YOU, FOR I AM ALL-POWERFUL HERE! COME WITH ME!
BETTER DO AS HE SAYS!


UPON ENTERING THE OPEN CHAMBER MONTAN'S VOICE SHATTERS THE SILENCE.
PLACE THE GIRL IN THE CENTER TUBE!
-NOW GRAY, WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GIRL!
-YOU RAT!
-LISTEN, GRAY -- MUSIC! -HEAR IT? -- IT'S COMING FROM THE CENTER TUBE!!
-GOOD LORD! -THE VIBRATIONS WILL KILL RITA! -IT'S MURDER TO MUSIC!
HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICAL RAYS SPURT FROM THE ALREADY HUMMING TUBES AS MONTAN FORCES MACHINERY INTO ACTION.
EXACTLY! -AND UNLESS YOU HELP ME PERFECT MY SUPER GAS, I SHALL BE FORCED TO MAKE HER POP LIKE A PAPER BAG!! -WELL, IS IT "YES" OR "NO"?
-YOU WIN MONTAN! -RELEASE RITA, AND I'LL HELP YOU PERFECT THE GAS!
-A WISE DECISION, GRAY! -HERE'S THE GIRL! -NOW, LET US PROCEDE TO MY LAB! -THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!
-YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID, -GET MOVING!
-DEFT FINGERS PRESS VARIOUS BUTTONS THUS RELEASING RITA FROM CERTAIN DEATH!
©GM


THAT'S THE END OF MR. NICK NELSON! WHILE THEY'RE TEARING HIM TO SHREDS, I'LL MAKE MY GETAWAY IN MY SPACE CAR!
BUT NICK, WHO IS FAMILIAR WITH THE SHIP, OUTRUNS THE MEN, RUSHES TO THE CONTROL ROOM —
— AND SURPRISES THE MERCURIANS AT THE CONTROLS...
UP WITH YOUR HANDS, AND GET OUT THAT DOOR!
HE LOCKS HIMSELF IN ALONE JUST IN TIME TO HOLD OFF HIS PURSUERS....
HE'S TRAPPED! BREAK DOWN THE DOOR AND GET HIM!
NICK LEAPS FOR THE GRAVITY GENERATOR CONTROLS, AND STEPS UP THE GRAVITY POWER IN EVERY FLOOR EXCEPT THAT OF THE CONTROL ROOM....
THE MULTIPLIED GRAVITY DRAGS EVERY MAN TO THE FLOOR, PINNING HIM THERE SO TIGHTLY THAT HE IS UNABLE TO MOVE.
6
BUT JOL HAS ALREADY ENTERED HIS SPACE CAR. WITHIN IT, HE IS UNAFFECTED BY THE CHANGE IN GRAVITY. HE OPENS THE AIRLOCK DOORS BY MEANS OF A RADIO CONTROL IN HIS CAR, AND DARTS OUT INTO SPACE —


I THINK YOU'RE CRAZY TO BE TRYING THIS, NICK, BUT GOOD LUCK!
THANKS! KEEP OUR SHIP AT A GOOD DISTANCE FROM JOL'S, SO THAT HIS MEN CAN'T SEE THAT IT'S A PATROLLER!
A MOMENT LATER, NICK LEAPS INTO SPACE FROM THE OUTER AIRLOCK DOOR....
WHISKED ALONG BY A SMALL ROCKET PROPELLER, HE QUICKLY SPANS THE SEVERAL MILES TO THE GAMBLING PALACE, A HUGE SHELL OF STEEL SUSPENDED IN SPACE BY ANTI-GRAVITY ELEMENTS, AND MOVED AT WILL BY GIANT ROCKET GUNS.
BY MEANS OF THE ARMOR'S MAGNETIZED CLAWS, THE EARTHMAN CLINGS OUT OF SIGHT UNDERNEATH THE GAMBLING SHIP UNTIL THE AIRLOCK DOORS OPEN FOR THE APPROACHING CRAFT
AS THE VISITING SHIP ENTERS, HE DIVES THRU THE OPENING—
—AND HIDES BEHIND A GIRDER WHILE AIR IS PUMPED INTO THE CHAMBER.
WHILE A GROUP OF SHADY-LOOKING VENUSIANS FILES OUT OF THE SHIP, NICK SLIPS OUT OF HIS ARMOR....
2


WEIRD ADVENTURES OF OTHER WORLDS - THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE
PLANET
COMICS
10¢
MAR.
NO. 3
FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES
War of the Worlds in "The Weird Void of Outer Space"
FLINT BAKER
IN SPACE WAR
CAPT. NELSON COLE
AND MANY OTHERS


BACK AT FLINT'S HOME...
IN PRISON, GENTLEMEN, YOU WERE CONDEMNED TO DIE. YOUR LIVES AREN'T WORTH MUCH MORE NOW, FOR I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'LL EVER SEE THIS EARTH AGAIN. NOBODY WILL SIGN UP AS MY CREW ON A TRIP TO *MARS*, SO I CHOSE YOU THREE EX-MECHANICS FOR MY CREW.
WE'RE WITH YOU, MR. BAKER! FROM NOW ON OUR HEARTS BELONG TO YOU! HA-HA!
AT FIRST THE MEN WERE SKEPTICAL. THEN, AFTER TWO WEEKS OF FLINT'S INSTRUCTION, THE CONVICTS ARE RARING TO GO, THE DANGERS OF THIS STRANGE TRIP NO WORRY TO THEM. THEN, ONE EVENING........
A TERRIFIC DETONATION, AND FLINT BAKER'S ROCKET SHIP IS LAUNCHED INTO SPACE, LEAVING BEHIND THE EVER-DIMINISHING EARTH!


FOR A SECOND SARKO GETS THE UPPER HAND. IT LOOKS BLACK FOR FLINT!
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A LOUD REPORT AND SARKO GASPS!
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR OL' RAY GUNS! I'LL PUT MY OPPONENTS OUT OF COMMISSION WITH MY 38!
MIMI AND VIGA FREED, THEY ALL REACH THE SHIP. ALL EXCEPT GRANT, WHO DIED BRAVELY!
FLINT! THAT SHIP IS SENDING US A MESSAGE! --- OUR PEOPLE HAVE CONQUERED THE ONE-EYED MONSTERS!
WHAT A STORY THAT WOULD MAKE IN OUR NEWSPAPERS GOSH! - IF I ONLY HAD A PHONE!!
PERHAPS I CAN SHOW YOU SOME MORE MATERIAL FOR "GOOD STORIES."
DON'T MISS THE ADVENTURES OF FLINT BAKER SPACE PILOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE.


LIKE HUGE BLACK STING-RAYS THE SPACE PIRATES CRUISE IN SEARCH OF PREY.
THE LEADER OF THE FLEET IS THE INGENIOUS ARCH-VILLAIN FELON.
I WILL HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF SPACE, WHEN MY GREAT INVENTION, THE INTERCEPTOR, IS COMPLETE!
A FREIGHTER CARRYING VALUABLE CARGO, SPEEDS ON ITS ROUTE WHEN SUDDENLY FELON'S SHIPS SWOOP DOWN ON IT- A BATTLE IN SPACE BEGINS!
POWERFUL MAGNO-RAYS PARALYZE THE TRANSPORTS MOTORS.
CRIPPLED, THE BIG SHIP IS AT THE MERCY OF THE DEADLY PIRATE CRUISERS.
2

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